

EASTER NUMBER

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART. LITERATURE SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

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COMFORT

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Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

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Crumbs of Comfort

Woman is the Sunday of man.
Hope is the gardener of the heart.
Sorrow makes us very good or very bad.
The breaking of a heart leaves no traces.
Love makes time pass, and time makes love pass.
The best shelter for a girl is her mother's wing.
Wisdom is to the soul what health is to the body.
Envy is the homage that inferiority pays to merit.
Love dies oftener from indigestion than from starvation.
He who lives but for himself lives but for a little thing.
The thought of eternity consoles us for the shortness of life.
Men would be saints if they loved God as they love women.
Recollection is the only paradise out of which we cannot be driven.
To select well among old things is almost equal to inventing new ones.
To forgive a fault in another is more sublime than to be faultless one's self.
It is but a step from companionship to slavery when one associates with vice.
Friendship that begins between a man and a woman will soon change its name.
Do not take women from the bedside of those who suffer; it is their post of honor.
Intelligent people make many blunders because they never believe the world is as stupid as it is.
We swallow at one mouthful the lie that is sweet and drink drop by drop the truth that is bitter.
How many people would be mute if they were forbidden to speak well of themselves and evil of others?
The moment past is no longer; the future may never be; the present is all of which man is the master.
How many women would laugh at the funerals of their husbands, if it were not the custom to weep.

Tea and Dorothea

By Grace Sanderson

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IT was late in the afternoon of the twenty-third of December—the day before Christmas eve—and Dorothea Moreland, coming in from a round of Christmas shopping, had found Tom Marton comfortably ensconced before the cheerful grate fire in the cozy little sitting-room, awaiting her return. And now, as he sat across the tea table from Dorothea, Marton was in the seventh heaven of happiness. Though, of course, no one was aware of this but Tom, himself.

When Dorothea had entered the softly lighted sitting-room a few moments before, Marton told himself that he had seldom seen a more beautiful picture, as she paused for a moment, her slender, graceful figure silhouetted against the background of rich, red drapery that framed the doorway. And now that she was near him, he could only sit and drink in her warm, dark beauty in silent delight. Not that Dorothea was not always beautiful, but somehow, this afternoon, she seemed especially so—a symphony in brown from the top of her shapely little head with its crown of rich, rippling, nut-brown hair, to the toes of her small, shapely velvet shoes. Her eyes were large, sparkling and dark—almost the same shade of brown as her hair, and her complexion was a pale, clear olive. The only note of brightness about her was the vivid scarlet of her full, pouting lips and the small cluster of holly berries plumed against the waist of her brown velvet dress.

As for Tom Marton, he was quite as much a picture in his way as was Dorothea in hers. He was a finely built, stalwart young fellow, with a healthy blond complexion, and just at the present his cheeks were richly tinted from his recent exposure to the sharp winter wind, which added considerably to his attractiveness. His eyes held a childishly innocent look—somewhat strange in a man—and when he spoke it was in a drawing, musical voice that women always loved to hear.

Dorothea held the small, silver tongs suspended above the cut glass sugar bowl and looked at Tom inquiringly. "How many lumps do you take, Tom?" she asked, with a little gleam of mischief in her dark eyes. "Three, isn't it?"

"Dorothea," said Tom, protestingly, "you've evidently got me mixed up with someone else. Make it one. Don't you think I'm sweet enough, already?"

"You are looking particularly happy this afternoon," was Dorothea's comment, as she dropped a lump of sugar in the cup and handed it to him.

"I am in your presence," said Tom, by way of explanation.

"It is comfortable in here," said Dorothea, glancing at the white paneled windows with a little shiver. "The bright fire, the warmth—"

"And the tea," interposed Tom, lazily.

"Yes and the tea," Dorothea put her two little brown feet on the fender and toasted them luxuriously.

"What have you been doing, lately?" asked Dorothea, suddenly, as she carefully inspected the toe of one small shoe. "I haven't seen you for at least a week."

"Nothing in particular," said Tom, absently, as he glanced at Dorothea with a veiled expression in his dark blue eyes, "just about the same old thing."

"And just about the same old thing," said Dorothea, severely, as she bit a half moon from the side of a tiny cake—"means that you have been amusing yourself flirting with some girl—and making the girl fall in love with you. You are such a flirt," she continued, rather vindictively, "that it would be impossible for you to ever fall in love."

"I have given you," returned Tom irreverently, looking at her reproachfully over the top of his teacup, "five of the best years of my young life."

"If you have ever given me more than five hours of your young life," said Dorothea, scornfully, "I don't know when it was."

"And you have never appreciated the time I have given you," added Tom, mournfully.

Dorothea laid down her cake and stared at

him with unblinking brown eyes for at least a minute.

"I think, Tom Marton," she said, with icy deliberation, "that I appreciate you just as much as it is possible for you to be appreciated."

"I don't know whether to take that as a compliment or not," said Tom, somewhat doubtfully.

"Neither do I," returned Dorothea, quietly.

"Which shall it be? Which shall it be?" quoted Tom, looking at Dorothea with mild inquisitiveness.

"You may take your choice," replied Dorothea, in her most impersonal voice. "You know it does not make the least little difference to me."

"Compliment number two," said Tom Marton. "I really believe," he said reflectively, after a moment of silence, "that I shall end by marrying my stenographer. She is positively the only young woman of my acquaintance who understands my peculiar disposition."

"Well, I don't see how she could possibly fall in love with you," commented Dorothea, dryly, "if she does understand your peculiar disposition."

"And her smile held a little trace of impish mischief in it."

"The word 'love,'" said Marton, carefully, "was not mentioned in my former assertion. And I am not quite sure," he added dreamily, "that I really understand what the word 'love' means."

"And I am quite sure," said Dorothea, reaching over to pour Tom his second cup of tea, "that you don't. It is necessary to have experienced it in order to know the true meaning of the word 'love.'"

"It used to be," said Tom regretfully, "that when a man—I said a man—loved a woman well enough to bestow upon her his name—and sometimes his fortune—"

"Sometimes," echoed Dorothea, softly.

"That she promised to love, honor and obey."

"But now," interrupted Dorothea, eagerly, "it is the man who promises to love, honor and obey."

"You are quite wrong there," said Marton, dryly, "the man promises to hurry, hustle and pay. That is the daily motto these days for the average American man with the average American wife. For the wife to be a suffragette means the husband is a sufferer."

Dorothea smiled her appreciation. "And you really think you will marry your stenographer?" she inquired, returning to the former subject with careless interest.

"I might."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"I will have to kill her husband first," said Tom, placidly.

"Tom, what dreadful things you do say," Dorothea poked the tea grounds in the bottom of her cup thoughtfully. Then she remarked: "I'm certainly glad I'm not in love."

"Well, don't boast about it—that's when things always happen," he reminded her warningly.

"I thought I was going to fall in love, once," said Dorothea, musingly, "but I found that I was mistaken—and I'm awfully glad I was, too," she added, with conviction.

"So am I," said Tom, cheerfully, "but what was the name of this fortunate young man who doesn't realize the trouble he has escaped?"

"His name—oh—er—his name was Jack—John, I mean."

"John—that's a good old-fashioned name," replied Tom, promptly. "I suppose his other name was Smith?"

"No, it wasn't Smith."

"Possibly Brown."

"Twasn't Brown, either."

"Oh, well—I don't see the difference. What's in a name, anyhow?"

"I think," said Dorothea, glaring at him fullily, "that you are the meanest—the very meanest man I ever knew."

"Your pardon," Tom bowed humbly. "It's the truth that always hurts."

"Don't be silly," returned Dorothea, half smiling. "If you'll be good and quit talking, I'll tell you something else."

"I can't help being silly," said Tom sadly, "it's the nature of the brute. But go on and tell your story. I'll be good—pon my honor I will."

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April, 1912.

"That settles it," said Dorothea. "But you must promise first," she cautioned, "that you'll not tell Evelyn Waring."

"With the greatest of pleasure. I know that you and Evelyn Waring don't like each other."

"Nonsense—Evelyn talks too much, that's all. But about the man. It was something over a year ago. He was a lovely boy—had the sweetest disposition."

"Did he have any money?" interrupted Tom, sweetly.

"No,"—shortly—"he didn't have any money."

"Dorothea," said Tom, shaking his head skeptically, "you are positively inhuman."

"And," continued Dorothea, "he was perfectly devoted to me, he called on me a good deal—sent me five pound boxes of chocolates—flowers every day—the latest books. He certainly was good to me," said Dorothea, with a tender accent, "and I'll never forget him—even if I don't love him any more."

"I must admit that did look rather suspicious," said Tom, a trifle moodily, "but I have done those very same things myself—and you know I have."

"Ye-es, you have always been good to me." There was at the moment a vase of Tom's roses setting on the table—great, glowing, dark red roses. Tom Marton always sent Dorothea red roses. In the drowsy warmth of the room they diffused a perfume as rich as their beautiful coloring, and brought to Dorothea the remembrance of many such cozy half hours they had spent together. She leaned over and touched the flowers caressingly. And don't think that I don't appreciate them always, Tom—even if you are a flirt."

"But to return to our man," continued Dorothea, her attitude abruptly changing to one of delightful pensiveness. "I did not tell you that this particular man loved me."

Tom crossed his right foot over his left. "Go on," he yawned lazily, "I'm getting excited."

"Yes—he loved me," repeated Dorothea. "That, is, he said he loved me."

"Oh, ho, he said he did? It seems to me that I too, have said something, sometime, somewhere, that sounded very much like that."

"Oh you—," her small nose tilted disdainfully. "That is merely a habit with you, as I said before, you're too much of a flirt to ever fall in love."

"Perhaps you could reform me if you tried," suggested Tom, softly.

"I think not—your case is hopeless. But, Tom, he told me the same thing so many times—that finally I began to believe him. And each time he told me he said it lovelier than before."

"Maybe it got to be a habit with him, too," suggested Tom, teasingly.

"I don't think so."

"Did he ever quit telling you that he loved you?"

"Ye-es."

"Curiosity, thy name is Tom Marton." She paused for a moment, clasped her hands about her knees and looked dreamily into the fire. "But I don't mind telling you the reason," she said suddenly, flashing him one of her dazzling, piquant smiles, "he was too good looking and he would flirt with other girls."

"Humph—I'm glad I'm not so deuced good-looking. Do you consider him as hardened a flirt as you do me?" asked Tom, with interest.

She looked at him reflectively. "Just about the same," she answered sweetly.

"How did you get rid of him?" was Tom's next inquiry.

"I told him that I had decided that I had made a mistake—that I would be a sister to him, and so forth."

"I see," murmured Tom under his breath. "And did he accept your kind offer with thanks?"

"He did not. He said that he had three sisters, and that was all he needed; he also had two grandmothers, cousins and aunts to spare, but they were all married. The only place he knew of where I could fit in acceptably was to be an old maid aunt."

Marton chuckled appreciatively. "What became of the poor boy?" he questioned, a moment later. "Did he marry?"

"He?" Dorothea's tone was full of scorn. "No indeed—not he. He is still a human butterfly, flirting around from flower to flower, and when he gets tired of one he wings his way to another, leaving them alone, like a last rose of summer."

"Perhaps he is looking for an angel," suggested Tom, "and will have his marriage made in heaven."

"Perhaps he is—but he'd better have it made here—and then he will be sure about it."

Marton rewarded Dorothea with an amused smile.

"Tom," said Dorothea after a moment's deep meditation, "Are you and Evelyn Waring ever going to marry?"

Tom regarded her for a moment with a glance of half amused, half quizzical surprise. "Why Dorothea," he questioned quietly, "what has led you to believe that Evelyn Waring and myself are going to marry?"

"Oh—several things. But Tom—quit fencing and tell me—there's a good boy. Are you and Evelyn Waring really going to marry?"

"Dorothea," Tom looked at her calmly, and with something that drove the delicate color into her pale face. "Evelyn Waring and I are never going to marry."

Her little sigh of relief was quite inaudible.

"Then Tommy—" and Dorothea leaned over the table quite eagerly—"I have a girl already picked out for you—a really suitable girl, and if you would only quit flirting and settle down like a good boy, why you would be the finest fellow in the world."

Marton bent upon Dorothea a look of dangerous sweetness, which however, she did not see. "Thanks little girl," he said softly. "But you know the habits of a lifetime are hard to break. And besides that, just think what an awful punishment you would be inflicting on the poor girl."

"But I believe you would reform," protested Dorothea, "if the truly right girl came along."

"Who knows," mused Tom, thoughtfully, "perhaps I might. But really," he spoke a trifle deprecatingly, "I am somewhat like his Satanic Majesty, not quite so bad as I'm painted."

"Tom."

"Ma'am."

"Stop joking. I really am in earnest Tom. I would like very much for you to consider this girl—she is everything that you are not—and you know everyone ought to marry their opposites. And besides that, she has heaps of money."

"But Dorothea," protested Tom, with mock seriousness, "you surely wouldn't want me to promise to marry a girl I have never seen."

"No-o-o. But at least you can promise to consider the matter."

"No Dorothea," and he spoke with such unusual gravity that Dorothea looked at him in momentary alarm. "I could not promise to even do that, although I would do anything in my power to please you dear."

Dorothea threw him a little glance of startled inquiry. "And why not, Tom?"

"Because—" he paused meaningly. "I happen to have a girl already picked out. A girl I have known for years. Dorothea," his face had lighted up with a fine enthusiasm, and his voice was soft and tender. "I know I have done many things to deserve the appellation, you have bestowed upon me—a flirt—but from this time on I am cured, for the girl I love is as far above the others as the Christmas stars are above the earth. She is the one love of my life—the most beautiful woman I have ever seen—and Dorothea—the best part of all is that this girl loves me."

With a little gasp Dorothea drew back as if he had struck her, and a hurt, pitiful expression came into her dark eyes. "Oh, Tom," she whispered, "and—and you never told me?"

"I am telling you now, dear," he answered, "because I have just made up my mind."

"Oh, I—I—don't suppose—you would be willing to tell me her name, would you?"

"Wouldn't mind it in the least," said Tom.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

A Few Words by the Editor

PRESIDENT TAFT once remarked: "The administration of criminal law in this country is a disgrace to civilization." President Taft, being himself a lawyer, and having been a judge, is ever ready to defend the courts, and when he, the first magistrate of this country, finds it necessary to thus publicly impeach the administration of criminal law in the United States, then indeed must something be radically wrong. No less than eight thousand nine hundred and seventy-six people were murdered in this country in 1910. Now how many do you think of those who committed these murders were capitally punished, or in other words, put to death? Probably ninety-nine out of every hundred of our readers would, if they had to answer this question, reply that in their opinion at least one out of every four or five was hanged or electrocuted.

It will astonish, astound and horrify you to know that only one out of eighty-six of these red-handed assassins was executed. In sporting parlance if a man takes human life, the chances are eighty-six to one against his suffering the extreme penalty of the law.

You will naturally ask, how does the terrible record of 1910 compare with other years. It will grieve you to know there were nine hundred more murders in 1909 than in 1910, and fewer executions, for in 1909 one in every seventy-four murderers was put to death. These figures are vouched for by Judge De Courcay, justice of the Superior Court of Massachusetts. You will thus see that instead of growing less murderous and lawless, we are growing more so.

How does this gory record, horrible and revolting, compare with that of other countries? In 1896 for each million of the population in the United States, there were one hundred and eighteen murders, while in Italy amongst a passionate and quick-tempered people, there were only sixteen murders to the million; in Great Britain less than nine; in Germany less than five; in Canada with conditions very similar to ours, but where there is wholesome respect for the law and a prompt and fearless execution of its mandates, there were only thirteen murders to each million of the population as compared to our deplorable one hundred and eighteen. Surely these figures should make us bow our heads in shame.

London has a population of seven millions, and yet in 1910 there were but nineteen cases of murder. Did any of these murderers escape the hand of the law? Indeed they did not. Great Britain does not believe in dallying with crime, or tempo-

rizing with criminals. Laws are passed to be enforced and are enforced. Exact justice is meted out to rich and poor alike. There is no theatrical display, no hysteria, no trial by newspaper, no sensationalism. The law is just public business, and it is administered without fear or favor. No obstacles are placed in the path of justice, because no obstacles would be tolerated. If a man is innocent, he is quickly released; if he is guilty of murder within two weeks after sentence, his life is snuffed out by the hangman.

It will interest you to know how London dealt with its nineteen cases of murder. Of the nineteen murderers, five committed suicide before arrest, the balance were either executed or committed to insane asylums. Contrast this record with that of New York City where in 1910 as against London's nineteen, there were one hundred and nineteen cases of homicide, and only forty-five of those cases resulted in conviction. How many of those convicted were executed? We are unable to state, but rest assured unless they were friendless and penniless foreigners, few of them went to the electric chair.

In Chicago, in 1910, there were two hundred and two murders. Only one of the assassins was hanged, fifteen others having been sent to the penitentiary and the balance set free. Thus you will see in Chicago the odds against the murderer being executed are more than two hundred to one.

Louisville, with a population of two hundred and twenty-four thousand, had, in 1910 a record of forty-seven murders (twice as many as London with a population more than thirty times greater) and of those who committed these forty-seven murders, not a single soul was hanged.

In 1909 and 1910 there were one thousand and forty-eight indictments for murder in the State of Texas alone, besides a large number of murders that got by without even an indictment.

To show to what lengths frivolous and preposterous technicalities are allowed to clog the wheels of justice, in Alabama a conviction for stealing hides was set aside, because the indictment failed to state whether they were goat, mule, cow or sheep hides. In South Carolina an indictment was dismissed because "father" was spelled "farther," and another indictment was dismissed because in the spelling of a word one letter was omitted.

We feel it our duty to place these terrifying facts before you. To keep you in the dark would be criminal. It has been claimed that capital punishment does not deter men from

murder. It certainly does not in the United States, for the simple reason that only in rare instances is it ever resorted to. If we assumed the same attitude toward assassins as does our neighbor across the border, this detestable and brutal blood-letting would quickly cease.

In Europe the professional criminal, the lawless and hot-headed are ever haunted by terrifying visions of noose or guillotine, while with us the desperado and gun-fighter has only pleasant and cheery visions of a clever and cunning lawyer, a forgetful and indulgent public, and impressionable and sympathetic jury and a lenient judge. If sentenced to death, the criminal knows that interminable appeals will give him years of life, during which time his crime will be forgotten, and the death sentence commuted by an obliging governor to imprisonment of brief duration. His cell door will ultimately swing wide and his liberty will be restored by a pardon on petition of sentimental or weak citizens.

A man in New York state offered to get a murderer free for twenty thousand dollars. He succeeded in his task, but failed to collect his money. Now he is suing the man whose pardon he secured for failing to keep his end of the bargain.

The remedy for this deplorable condition of things is plain enough: The trial of murderers within thirty or sixty days of the commission of their crimes; executions to take place within two weeks of the passing of sentence; rigid enforcement of the law; the brushing aside of legal technicalities; appeals only to be allowed when circumstances absolutely justify the reconsideration of a case, which is exceedingly rare; the arousing of a whirlwind of public sentiment that will stiffen the backbones of judges and juries, and strike terror to the hearts of the lawless and deter foolhardy governors and boards of pardon from wholesale jail deliveries of red-handed assassins, who once released will renew their wanton slaughter of law-abiding, helpless citizens.

Press and pulpit should thunder against the blood lust which now disgraces us in the eyes of the nations, and drags our fair fame in the dust before the world. All that is best amongst our citizenship revolts against conditions as they are. The lawless and brutal must not be allowed to convert our fair land into a shambles. The brand of Cain must be removed from the national brow, and the process of removal must commence immediately, for with conditions as they are not a life in the country is worth a moment's purchase.

Comfort's Editor.

EASTER SERMON *By Uncle Charlie*

CHRISTIANITY has set a radiant arch of hope in the Heavens, and the keystone of that arch is the resurrection of our Lord. The festival of Easter could not have come at a more propitious or opportune time. Nature wakes from her long sleep, and casting off her winter winding sheet of snow and ice, decks the meadow with a mantle of green, and bids the flowers again burst forth into life and loveliness, nourishes the earth with revivifying showers, and replaces tomblike silence and cheerless desolation with abundant life, and a universal chorus of rejoicing, in which bird, beast and man exultingly join.

Nature seems to anticipate the anniversary of our Lord's resurrection, and decking herself in her radiant spring garments stands by the risen tomb to greet the Son of nature's God on His resurrection.

The grain of wheat or corn, or in fact any other seed, that has lain dormant, giving no signs of life, apparently sleeping the sleep of death through the winter, when planted in the earth and acted on by the influences of spring showers and sunshine wakes to life and new growth. It is indeed one of the greatest wonders of nature, but so common and ever present that most people scarcely give it a thought.

Here we see the miracle of the resurrection repeating itself in the humblest forms of nature, in a startling and astounding manner.

Up to the time of Christ's resurrection, for centuries hopeless humanity had been marching in one unbroken column into the shadows of death. Millions and millions had descended into the dark valley of oblivion, and not a single soul had ever returned. The earth was dotted with a myriad graves, but not from one of those sepulchres had a human being ever come forth and given evidence of life. Death was ever the conqueror, and not until the resurrection of Christ was the grim tyrant vanquished and robbed of victory, and the merciless grave deprived of its sting.

The grave, once the end of all human hopes and aspirations is now a stepping stone to a higher life. In speaking of the death of a departed loved one, we do not say that he is dead, but that he sleepeth. We do not mourn our friends as lost but gone before, gone to that home of many mansions which the risen Lord has prepared for those who love Him. We bury our dead, not in fear and trembling, but with hope and confidence. The burial service opens not with the dirge of despair, but with St. John's triumphant words: "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord. He that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever believeth in Me shall never die." And again the clarion voice of the militant Christian rings exultingly over the valley of the shadows: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day on the earth, and though worms destroy my body, yet in my flesh I shall see God; whom I shall see for myself and mine eyes shall behold and not another. Now is Christ risen from the dead,

and become the first fruits of them that sleep, for as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive."

With these comforting words to hearten and cheer us this blessed Easter-tide, let us see what we can do individually and collectively to bring about the resurrection of the true Christ spirit in every section of this mighty land. Great indeed is the

thousands. Arrogant wealth dictates to courts and legislatures and exacts tribute from the whole nation. The workers toil seven days a week without any opportunity to thank God and little reason either. With his vitality sapped by ceaseless toil the worker falls a victim to disease, is killed at his task or ends his days in the poorhouse; while his children, driven by the lash of necessity, are ground into dividends in mill and factory, or drift into crime or are swept into the vicious dens of the white slave traffic.

The very existence of the home, once the bulwark of the nation, is being threatened by an epidemic of divorce, which, if it goes on increasing at the present rate will soon result in more families being broken up by this blighting evil than are at present scattered and destroyed by death. In every avenue and walk of our national life we find insatiable greed and a mad desire to acquire riches without effort. This striving for wealth at any cost has dulled the finer sensibilities of the people, robbed them of that sense of honor and that reverent regard for truth, purity and justice that was once their pride and boast, and converted numbers of them into mere swashbucklers on the high seas of commerce, ready to hoist the pirate flag, and pillage and plunder all who cross their rapacious tracks.

Nearly half a million women are herded in dens of vice the country over, New York alone having a total of thirty thousand. In the great city on Manhattan Island last year a thousand girls disappeared as entirely and completely as though the earth had swallowed them up. Six thousand girls and women are yearly supplied to the white slave dens in New York City to replace a like number of their unfortunate sisters that have found their way to morgue and cemetery, for the average life of these unfortunates after they begin their career of shame and vice is less than five years.

We are horrified as we contemplate the bestial sensuality and the crime and atrocities of Rome under the Caesars, and yet in this great land of the free, the land of Pilgrim and Puritan, the land of Lincoln and Washington, God's last effort on behalf of the human race, this mighty land of churches and Bibles, we see our girls, the joy and pride of ten thousand homes, snatched from the family fireside and hurled headward to ruin and destruction every hour of the day. Little, alas, is done to prevent this terrible sacrifice of girlhood on the altar of lust.

In one section of our newspapers we read of a social function conducted on a scale of such mad extravagance as would have staggered Rome in its palmy days. On the same page we read of a boy, eight years of age, heir to twenty million dollars, living in magnificent isolation, whose slightest wish is catered to by a retinue of fifteen servants. His reign over his princely mansion is absolute.

In a parallel column we also read that in the city of New York five hundred thousand men are out of employment, (CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

Easter Hymn

He is risen, He is risen;

Tell it out with joyful voice:

He has burst His three days' prison;

Let the whole wide earth rejoice:

Death is conquered, man is free,

Christ has won the victory.

Come with high and holy hymning,

Chant our Lord's triumphant lay;

Not one darksome cloud is dimming

Yonder glorious morning ray,

Breaking o'er the purple East,

Symbol of our Easter feast.

He is risen, He is risen;

He hath opened heaven's gate:

We are free from sin's dark prison,

Risen to a holier state;

And a brighter Easter beam

On our longing eyes shall stream.

need for this resurrection, for all that is best in the national character is now sleeping the sleep that is almost akin to death.

Crime, corruption, graft and every form of evil and wickedness exist in an appalling degree on every hand. Bloodthirsty criminals, unwhipped of justice stalk the land and slay their



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and enclose on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

GOOD people frequently send us money to pay for subscriptions to be credited to COMFORT's Wheel-Chair Club and authorize us to send the paper to people who cannot afford to subscribe.

I shall be pleased to have the COMFORT sisters send us names and addresses of shut-ins or other unfortunates who would appreciate the gift of a COMFORT subscription.

For the coming month let part of your charity work consist in finding out from neighbors and friends those who are doing without COMFORT because they have not the means to subscribe.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I know I am very presumptuous to write to the Corner again so soon but if you can't print my letter please print my name and address in this column for Mrs. Goodwin whose address I lost in moving. She sent me postage for quilt blocks and I wish very much to send them to her.

Mrs. Wright. Patience can be acquired. I know by experience. I was a nervous, impatient girl. When I married I found myself in a strange atmosphere with much to vex and try me. My little ones came close together sapping my strength. I worked too many hours and slept too little. The little annoying trifles became worse and worse and my nerves were worn to a frazzle. I was entirely devoid of patience, although I loved my children dearly.

At last I found myself unable to endure it any longer. We moved to Dakota, away out on the prairie by ourselves. Our home was our own. I vowed to be patient; to conquer myself. It required constant watchfulness, but I won out. Today my friends say, "How patient you are with that flock of children!" You just have to guard your tongue. When the children do something that makes you feel like scolding them, just stop and hold onto yourself for a minute. Then quietly, but firmly reprove the child and unless the child obeys punish him with calmness and determination. A few days and you will find it easy to control them and to control yourself. I believe you are nervous and fretful like myself. I fretted and worried until my nerves all went to pieces and now I just dare not worry.

One of the essential things for mothers to learn is to overlook a lot of childish failings and whims. Don't expect children to have the reason and forethought of an adult. Children are often accused of motives in their thoughtless actions of which they know nothing but which will become imbedded into their young natures if perpetually dinned into their ears. It is true, many of us fail to fully appreciate mother until she is gone, but usually mother was more to blame than the child, and after she is gone the once ungrateful child forgets the things that made him or her disrespectful to mother and only kindly memories linger. If I fail to hold my children's esteem I shall feel that I have failed most miserably in my duty as a mother.

Don't be stinting of caresses, pet names, praises and loving words. These will give you a stronghold on the children. Take an interest in all their doings. Let them know you are always ready to champion them. Tenderly point out their wrongs, appeal to their pride by loving words and never for a minute let them get it into their heads that someone else loves them better than you do.

Of all things a home where father and mother quarrel is the most disagreeable. The majority of men and women who quarrel are the grumpy sort who hate to have their children around, can't tolerate their noise, and make the child's life miserable by perpetually telling it to sit down and be quiet; not to ask questions, etc., etc., etc. Such parents waste no time, love or much else on their children but let them know about forty times a day that they are in the way; that they were not included in their life's plans, etc.

I was intensely interested in the December letter. Since my last letter was published I have received a large number of letters from readers interested in Pastor Russell's sermons; also one letter from a Southern sister who declares Pastor Russell has just about ruined the South. I received also a lot of reading matter for which I wish to thank the senders.

Mrs. Hayes. Although I did not give much encouragement to the would-be homesteaders who wrote me while I lived in S. Dak., I want to say if your father will leave Tennessee and go to the Black Hills he will undoubtedly find relief from his asthma. The climate there is wonderfully helpful to lung trouble.

In January COMFORT I saw an inquiry regarding sick chickens for which the poultry editor had no diagnosis. I would like to suggest that perhaps the lady's chickens were suffering from what is known here as infantile paralysis. It is now thought by some that the disease is communicated from chickens to people, and I certainly would hate to eat any of her flock or their eggs. While we lived in Dakota I encountered a new disease in chickens which some called malignant roup. It began usually with sore feet which sometimes lasted a long time; the feet swelled, the toes drew up and finally rotted off, a joint at a time. Then the head swelled and blindness ensued. I lost many baby chicks with it and quite a few old hens. One hen we shot because red growths shut her eyes completely, and several others because their legs were rotting off. One hen I killed was so rotten the feathers fell out of her so bad I could hardly carry her away. Several of them had bald spots on them. My last young chicken I kept penned and they did not get it. The disease was quite prevalent and some called it the bumble foot or blood poison due to the cactus thorns piercing the hen's feet.

Wishing COMFORT and all its editors success and happiness. LONG LIVE COMFORT!

Mrs. J. H. DIEHL, 115 North Barclay St., Waterloo, Iowa.

Mrs. Diehl. Your talk on patience is excellent, and its teachings are to be studied and followed. I, too, like your emphatic talk about training

children, and you are right in believing that the accuser will many a time convey to the childish mind something heretofore unknown, and of course under such circumstances the idea conveyed must be harmful, and right here is where self-control develops patience; it should never be mistaken for indifference, for it is concentrated strength.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

As I have been a subscriber ever since I can remember I will write to you. Now I will describe myself. I am fifteen years old and have brown hair and eyes and weigh seventy-five pounds.

I have been in bed with rheumatism three years the third of last October. I can sit up three or four hours at a time, but can't bear any weight on my feet, but I try to be cheerful and lively and not give up to my afflictions. I live in a little village, there are four stores, a post-office and a cotton gin here.

My brother and sister are both dead. I wish all the sisters would write to me as it is so much company for me to read and write.

Best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson, Uncle Charlie and the sisters.

MISS BERTHA STALLINGS, Embro, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of this dear paper for a long time and like it very much. When I got my first paper I thought I would write to the Sisters' Corner sometime, but have always put it off for fear I could not write anything interesting. But now I come asking for the sympathy of the dear sisters, especially those who have lost a little one.

Our sweet little boy died January the eighth, the day he was just six weeks old.

Maybe some of the sisters will think I did not have him long enough to miss him much, but you who have lost a little darling will know how hard it is for me.

I have a good husband and a lot to be thankful for, but right now my lot seems very hard.

I get very lonesome sometimes, because my husband goes to work early in the morning and comes home just about dark. I am here all day by myself, and if some of the sisters would write to me I would be very thankful. I am eighteen years old, have been married one year and five months; have blue eyes and brown hair and weigh one hundred and two pounds.

Mothers be kind to your little ones, you don't know how soon they may be taken from you, and it would be very hard indeed to think that you were not as loving and kind as you might have been.

Hoping to hear from the sisters, I am sincerely,

Yours,

MRS. RUTH FARNSELY, Floyds Knobs, R. R. 3, Ind.

Mrs. Farnsely. How weak my pen when I would send to you a message of sympathy, for I feel afraid lest I but further wound your deep mother-love.

You will not seek in vain for sympathy from those who have lost little ones, for death is only first understood when he puts his hand upon one whom we love; yet we all according to our capacity do sympathize with each afflicted sister.

"Peace does not dwell in outward things, but within the soul; we may preserve it in the midst of the bitterest pain, if our will remains firm and submissive. Peace in this life springs from acquiescence, not in an exemption from suffering."—Ed.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I will again write to our dear COMFORT page and tell you all about our baby, as our dear editor has already told you of our getting one. Will give my experience thus far. She was only three weeks old when we took her, and is now eleven months, and I don't think a healthier baby could be found. She had been fed on malted milk, but I began feeding cow's milk, making it about one third water and just enough sugar to make it the same consistency of breast milk until about three months of age, when I left out the water altogether.

Sisters, you who have no little ones, adopt a baby by all means. You have no idea of the joy they are in the home. It would break our hearts to give our baby up. I don't really believe we could love our own any better. She is certainly a little sunbeam in our home. She has medium complexion, rosy cheeks, brown eyes and curly brown hair.

If any sister wishes to get a baby from the same lady and will write me, I will send her address.

For hives there is nothing better than onion tea. It is also good for kidneys. When constipated put a little sulphur in tea.

When baby has cold rub with quinine and lard, and give olive oil and cod liver oil. In hot weather bottle every day as you can find them. I will give a few hints on turkey raising as I have been very successful the last three years, raising seventy-nine first year, eighty-five second, and fifty-seven last year, all from six hens each year. Always sit turkeys so you can have two turkey hens to go together, as they can keep hawks and crows off. Have the little turkey bellows on a string of water, first they easy. Two hens will care for about sixty poult. Sit your hens in a large coop and see that they roost in same every night. Either floor it over, or move every few nights as dust is harmful to turkeys. I always turn turkeys out as soon as they can walk. Never allow them far from home for first few days. Feed several times a day. When small give fresh water every day. Dryness and cleanliness are the most essential points in turkey raising.

Never allow them in rain or dew until full feathered. Never raise turkeys with chicken hens if you wish to have success.

I forgot to speak of baby's bottles. I use the little graduated nursing bottle and bottle with nipple. In hot weather boil bottle every day in strong soda water; also nipple. I don't boil regularly in cold weather, but wash bottles every day in soda water and scald in clean water.

Sisters if you will wash babies' clothes every day you will find them much easier to keep nice and white.

If any of the sisters could send me a few household cuttings with name and color, I would be very much pleased. As mine froze I can give none in exchange.

LONG LIFE TO COMFORT,

MRS. PEARL LACKETT, Georgetown, Texas.

DEAR COMFORT AND FAMILY:

Here I come with my mite, hoping at least one hint will help someone.

Before giving my helps will describe myself and home. Am five feet three inches tall, weigh one hundred and thirteen pounds, blue-gray eyes and brown hair and mother and mother-in-law.

Modesto is a busy town of about six thousand inhabitants and growing rapidly. Weather never severe; summer nor winter.

Fruit raising and Alfalfa do extra well. Dairying is quite profitable. Land is high and going higher; selling from one hundred and twenty-five to one thousand dollars per acre, depending on location and improvements.

Spring will soon be here so if the sister suffering from neuralgia will gather the sticky leaves from the tip of the branches of peach and apricot trees, sew in muslin, pound, then place over the seat of pain she will find a cure, I believe. If the leaves are helping draw the pain out, it will hurt according to the pain. I mean if severe so that the remedy be, if it does not hurt then it is not helping any.

Magnesia will often correct fermentation in stomach and bowels.

Sugar and turpentine bound on a cut will draw out all soreness and poison, causing it to heal quickly.

A pint of warm whey added to the yeast dough will bring it up in a hurry, and as hurry seems to be an American disease will add another hurry item. By placing an oven used on blue flame stove on top your range you can do a double baking.

Mrs. Beeken. Salt River Valley, Arizona, offers a very good place for those suffering from catarrh. One can make a very good living there dairying. Mrs. Smithburger. Try drawing a deep, deep breath when children trouble you; it is wonderful how it quiets one.

Will come with more hints some day if I am not too tiresome. Yours for all that is good.

MRS. B. GRAHAM, Modesto, Cal.

Mrs. Graham. I like your suggestion about "drawing a deep, deep breath when children trouble you." I once heard a dear old lady say this same thing; and too that it had helped her over many a trying place. This wholesome little exercise holds the thoughts until that moment is passed when an outburst of feelings seemed the only vent to a tired mind and body, followed often by hours of remorse. Cultivate this dear sisters and learn how greatly your will-power will be strengthened thereby. We want more of these helps.—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS:

I am always anxiously waiting for COMFORT, and always turn to the sisters' letters first, also Uncle

Until a short time ago, scarcely one person in a thousand had ever tasted a really good soda cracker—as it came fresh and crisp from the oven.

Now every man, woman and child in these United States can know and enjoy the crisp goodness of fresh baked soda crackers without going to the baker's oven.

Uneda Biscuit bring the bakery to you.

A food to live on. Stamina for workers. Strength for the delicate. Bone and flesh for little folks.

It will cost you just 5 cents to try Uneda Biscuit.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Charlie's answers are read with great pleasure. He surely is doing a great work.

I have a request to make of you. About ten weeks ago I poisoned my finger with a rusty pin, and then I bruised it on the wash-bowl handle. My finger swelled as large as a child's wrist. The doctor lanced it before it was time and paralysis set in. Nobody ever will know what I suffered. I used about one hundred and seventy flax seed poultices, and several boxes of salve, but discharged for over six weeks. Now it has healed over, but my finger is stiff and the end of it is numb and pains me, and is nearly always cold. If there is anybody in our great COMFORT family that can tell me what to do to bend my finger again I would be very grateful to them. Either write direct to me or through COMFORT.

Hoping that somebody will send in something that will give me back the use of my finger,

Sincerely yours,

MRS. D. O. HOFFMAN, Vera, Ill.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I feel it my duty for the comfort of the dear little babies to write of the need of pure cold water. Mothers don't neglect it! Give them water from the very first and don't miss a day. I have a dear little girl seven months old that has drank more water, than four others all of her age. She is stout, has never been sick an hour, and hardly ever refuses a drink of cold water, which she gets several times a day and very often at night. When baby persists in nursing and it is painful to the mother, don't fail to offer the baby a drink of water. I have often done this, and baby would go right to sleep. Now this should be commenced the very first day, and don't think because baby makes a wry face, and don't seem to like it that it doesn't need it. I have heard it said if babies were given a teaspoon of water first they would not be bothered with colic, something my baby has never had, or any other troubles, and sleeps till about eleven o'clock every morning. I give the credit of her health to cold water, which day and night I have nearby.

Now for the benefit of the sisters who are interested in poultry. I did the White Orpingtons very hardy chickens and they grow quite large. Also are said to be excellent layers. We have not had them long enough to be sure as to the laying qualities, but they were the hardest little chicks I ever tried to raise. It seemed you could almost see them growing and they were hatched late in June, and as all poultry raisers know, last year was a hot season for all little chickens. And as for turkeys I think the Bourbon Reds are the kind to raise for all purposes. And when little poult become stupid and have bowel trouble, some wheat flour sprinkled over their feed is said to be excellent. I brown all my waste bread during winter for the young poult in spring. Just soak in cool water or sweet milk, then squeeze out till it is crumbly, it is an ideal feed.

Now I would like to hear from a few of the sisters who belong to aid societies; how they conduct meetings; their method of raising funds, etc.

With best wishes to all the sisters and Mrs. Wilkinson.

AMANDA LAHMAN, Hancock, R. R. 3, Box 47, Md.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

May I enter your happy circle to tell you how I enjoy COMFORT, especially the Sisters' Corner from which I get so much cheer and consolation. My heart goes out to the dear shut-ins; how I wish I could help them all.

Do any of the dear sisters know how to make aprons out of old shirts? For the benefit of those who do not know, I will explain how they are made. Take the back part of the shirt for the apron proper; the front is used for the ruffle which extends up the sides as well as around the bottom; the sleeves are used for the band and ties, and a pocket can be added from the scraps if so desired. When finished it makes a pretty rounding apron. This is one of the many ways I make use of my John's discarded shirts.

For the sister who asked for a pile remedy in October number I will give you this one which cured my cousin of piles and is also good for rheumatism. Place in a small muslin bag some ground nutmeg. (It is better to grind the whole nutmegs as that thought ready prepared is weakened by standing.) Tie about the waist next to the skin letting the bag hang as nearly over the afflicted parts as possible.

Could any of the dear sisters suggest a remedy for ingrowing toe-nails?

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson. I hope to get a number of new subscribers to your valuable paper just as soon as the weather moderates (as it is very cold here now) so that I can get out among my friends.

Hoping the Lord will bless Mrs. Wilkinson and all the dear sisters for their noble work I remain most sincerely yours COMFORT friend,

Mrs. JOHN L. WATTS, 1405 6th St., Southeast, Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. Watts. Ingrowing toe-nails cause such suffering that I will offer this simple remedy, which in some cases has greatly relieved. Cut the nail square across, and under each corner crowd a bit of absorbent cotton. At the center of nail, cut a V about an eighth of an inch across top, and deep as possible without going in to the quick.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I wonder if our dear Mrs. Wilkinson will let a Cleveland sister have a little space in the sisters' column?

Mrs. Florence Cayenberg. I know how to sympathize with you if you have pain in the hands and arms, as I have had that for about ten years, although now not so bad as in former years.

Before my baby was born two years ago, the pain grew constantly worse until it became almost unbearable. It would act just as you say, always in the night. I tried all kinds of liniments but of no avail, till a friend advised me to try bathing the hand and arm in hot water containing a tablespoonful of mustard. I also gave it a good rubbing and found it did me good.

I once called on my doctor who said he couldn't do anything for me as it was the nerves. I should wash as little as possible, and not strain the arm. I imagine working with the hands a great deal in water has a tendency to increase the pain. I think well of Mrs. Wilkinson's remedy and recommend it to all similarly afflicted.

I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for about a year, and enjoy reading it very much. Could hardly do without it now.

As spring will soon be here again I should be glad to have some of the sisters write me about their flower gardens. Am a lover of flowers and always anxious to learn about new ones, and the proper care of flowers in general.

With all good wishes to the COMFORT family, I am sincerely,

MRS. L. HOHNSEHN, 3402 Riverside Ave., S. W., Cleveland, Ohio.

MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a subscriber of COMFORT for a long time and greatly enjoy reading the Sisters' Corner and Uncle Charlie's pages. It is the only paper I know of that allows the "sisters" such a chance.

We have been married seventeen years and have five children from the ages of seven to sixteen; two are girls and three boys. No one knows the responsibility of children except those that have brought up a family. I am trying to keep my "children" as long as I possibly can. They are all at home and in bed when I crawl into my nest. Of course they go out occasionally when I do not, but I try and go with them. I can't bear the thought of growing old, and am trying to be young with them. I really don't know how much longer I can keep it up, but will as long as possible.

We live on a farm in the country and I think it's the place to bring up children. They are all in school and we are trying to give them a good education, and looking for talents to cultivate.

This month of January has been very cold; the thermometer registering as low as twenty degrees below zero, and a greater part of the month around zero. It makes me think of the sisters in the South and I wish I were as fortunate as they. Will some of them from Florida, Arkansas, Tennessee, New Mexico, California and Arizona please write in regard to health, climate, soil, crops, wages and water, as well as insects and pests (I want to hear the rough side as well as the pleasant).

Your loving sister,

MRS. A. H. COOMBS, Nashoba, Mass.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I want to write you about our town on the Columbia river, across which runs a bridge which is the largest of its kind in the U. S. and owned by the Hill railroad.

We live in the country on top of a high hill above Lake Vancouver where now are seen thousands of wild geese and ducks, and where there is also good fishing in the summer. The Northern Pacific railroad runs around the east side of the lake and we have lots of tourists here during the hot weather.

This is chiefly a fruit country; just a small town where everyone owns from five, ten to twenty acres of land. Prunes are the chief crop, with a few peaches and apples.

Some of you might like to know how the prunes are prepared for market.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

In Wolf's Clothing; or, At Great Sacrifice

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

By Charles Garvice

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A stormy evening—a deep valley between high hills. A man in stooping position examines the ground and slips into his pockets fragments that he picks up with a trowel. He hastily conceals himself as Nora Ryall, barely seventeen, goes down the valley and to the tumble-down stable, where she cares for her pony. Reginald Ryall, weak and wavering, is a strange contrast to his daughter, who inherits from a Scotch mother, strength and ambition. The Ryall land is mortgaged. Nora manages the estate, and her father complains of his narrow life—without a break and his intention of going to London. Nora's eye rests on an envelope addressed to a lady's handwriting. Sir Joseph Ferrand's land joins the Ryall estate and his cousin, Elliot Graham, is the caretaker. Mr. Ryall goes to London, leaving Nora free to ride over the hills with Bob, the sheep collie. She meets Elliot Graham who asks permission to ride on the Ryall estate. The following afternoon she discovers a stranger fishing in the Ryall water. She is a keen angler and shows him a better way to hook the fish. Requesting him to stand at one side she tries for one on the opposite bank. The cast is short and she stands on the bank of the river. Pretending she is slipping in he puts his arm around her waist. Nora utters a cry and before she can turn, the faithful collie pushes him, he loses his footing and slips in the stream. Elliot Graham witnesses the scene and inquires the trouble. Nora explains that Bob resents the stranger's familiarity. Elliot introduces Miss Ryall of Ryall—he has been fishing in the Ryall water without permission, and apologizes. Nora tells Elliot of Mr. Ferrand's audacity, and fearing a quarrel between them prevents Elliot from following him. Elliot wishes he bore the relationship of brother.

Three days later Mr. Ryall arrives home bringing a wife and Nora realizes her father has been entrapped by an adventuresome, and passes a sleepless night. Coming to the breakfast table she finds her father alone and looking disturbed. He admits Mrs. Ryall is disappointed with the surroundings and they eat the remainder of the meal in silence and Nora goes about her regular routine. Returning for lunch she meets Mrs. Ryall, who is surprised that Nora works. From what her husband had said she thought he was one of the landed gentry with servants and horses. The lunch does not appeal to her and she asks for something to drink. Nora makes her escape and rides across the valley.

After the river incident Elliot rides to the cottage where he lives, to see that the horses are all right. He meets a jingle drawn by a pony and recognizes a young lady as Miss Bartley. Expressing a desire to see the horses Elliot leads her to the stables. As he assists Miss Bartley into the jingle Selwyn Ferrand comes along. He apologizes for his appearance and turning to Elliot commands him to go about his business. Elliot hands Miss Bartley the whip and closes the door and she leaves the two men confronting each other. Ferrand does not know who he is and attempts to strike Elliot. Sir Joseph appears and reminds his son he's been making a fool of himself. Selwyn Ferrand meets a man shambling along, who admits he is Sir Joseph's confidential clerk. Stripley meets Sir Joseph and gives him two letters—one from Australia. He will answer the one bearing the stamp of Gilly and Roberts. At the mention of the Australian letter Sir Joseph casts a sharp glance at the unnaturally white face.

Matters grew worse. Mrs. Ryall is exacting in her demands for money and is anxious to know the Ferrands. Nora, going for a walk, meets Sir Joseph. In his confusion he hastily puts something into his pocket. Elliot Graham appears and she confides in him, and because she loves her would help her. She cannot understand—he has known her so little time and powerless to resist she allows him to kiss her. Nora hurries home. Her stepmother accuses her of meeting a man in secret—and he a groom. Nora denies he is a groom and accuses Mrs. Ryall, in her anger, slaps Nora across the face. Feeling the bitterness of the blow Nora leaves home. She overhears Sir Joseph and his lawyer talking, not dreaming they have reference to her. Meeting a boy with a bundle, she exchanges a brooch for a new suit of boy's clothes and goes to Portlash.

Mr. Ryall, returning from a fruitless search for Nora, finds Mrs. Ryall entertaining Sir Joseph, who invites them to dinner next day. It was one, such as Mrs. Ryall had never sat down to before, and after a glass of two of wine her tongue becomes loosened. Sir Joseph is attentive and Mrs. Ryall is satisfied. Entering Portlash Nora buys a pair of scissors and cuts her hair short. She assumes the garb of a boy and inquires for work. Not getting any she walks into the country. An old lady drives along—the pony stumbles and Nora springs to her rescue. The old lady invites Nora to ride. Getting home an old man comes out and she tells Jacob she has found a boy for him. Nora attends to the horse then brings order into a disorderly kitchen. Taking hot water to Miss Deborah she stops to admire some pictures, one of which bears a striking resemblance to Elliot Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. Ryall return the Ferrands' hospitality by giving a picnic. Champagne flows freely and the uproar reaches Elliot Graham as he walks down the valley. Florence Bartley expresses her pleasure to Mrs. Ryall and hopes Miss Ryall will be there next time. Elliot overhears her answer and the inference of an attraction for Nora in the city. Nearly a month after Nora takes her place in Miss Deborah's household. Mr. Trunton, the Newsworthy lawyer calls; that evening he tells Jacob he must go to Lonaway. Describing the place to Nora she requests to go and the next morning calls over with Captain Marks. Reaching a small farmhouse she passes to Mr. Hodges a notice to quit. She visits the other tenant Shuffley who receives the notice with the same amount of interest. Standing on a precipice she spies Captain Marks in his boat. She attempts to call to him, when she sees a second figure. She sinks to the ground, then rising flees to the farthest part of the island.

Elliot goes to London with three of Sir Joseph's horses. Meeting Mr. Stripley he offers Elliot hospitality and in his talk praises Sir Joseph. Elliot, hearing the word Australia looks up. Stripley catches the steady look and inquires if he were connected with a place called Wally Hollow. It was his father's place. Getting into difficulties Sir Joseph takes it with the debts and liabilities, his father signing an agreement that Sir Joseph shall hold Wally Hollow estate until liabilities are paid. Stripley realizes that Sir Joseph has the Wally Hollow estate in his grip, that it is worth £100,000 and belongs to Elliot Graham. Elliot returns to the city, and meeting Mrs. Ryall inquires for Miss Ryall. She admits she has been staying in the same house with Nora, who leaves the day before with her friends, and her special friend—it's all settled and a very happy match. Mrs. Ryall requests he does not mention meeting her, especially to Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph, seeing Mr. Ryall drive away calls on business. He wants a deed to a piece of land adjoining his estate. He is willing to give a thousand pounds and Nora's signature is necessary. He proposes to Mrs. Ryall that they manage the affair and gives her one hundred pounds to go to London for Miss Ryall's signature, she signing as a witness. Elliot deciding to go back to Australia is sent to Lonaway Island by Mr. Trunton, who wants someone to survey it.

CHAPTER XVII.

ELLIOT GRAHAM took a great liking to Cyril. The lad amused and interested him; and also puzzled him; for Cyril was a strange mixture of boyish impudence and audacity, and of a reserve and aloofness far beyond his years.

One day they strolled towards the cliffs, where Nora had located a particularly fine nest of one of the rarer sea-birds.

"Here we are," she said, "this is the place. Lie down and look just below you."

Elliot obeyed, and, extended to his full length,

peered over the edge of the cliff. "There's a shrub that looks as if it would hold. I can steady myself by that just long enough to get one of the eggs—to take them all would be cruel. Just give me a hand, will you, till I find my footing."

Elliot, looking down into the great depths below, where the waves were beating in sullen rage against the rocks, shuddered, and rose to his feet.

"You won't do anything of the kind," he said; "you'd slip and break your silly young neck. What do you want the eggs for? Anyhow you aren't going—it's too risky."

"Very well," said Nora, throwing herself down on the grass. They gazed out at the sea in silence for a minute or two; then suddenly Nora said:

"I hear Margery calling after one of the cattle—you'd better go and help her."

He rose at once, and went down. But there was no Margery in sight, and he returned, to find Nora clutching at the shrub with one hand, and feeling in the nest with the other. Elliot's heart grew sick, then fear gave place to anger.

"Come up, come up at once!" he said, sternly. "All right, wait till I get the egg," called up Nora.

Elliot swore under his breath; fear and anger combined were making him lose his head.

"You come up!" he commanded her. "Leave the eggs where they are, and come up at once, or I'll fetch you."

Nora finished her task with deliberation, then came up, laughing. Elliot leaned over as far as he could, and lugged her up the last few feet; then he clutched her by the collar, and said, in as fierce an outburst of anger as he had ever been guilty of.

"I'll teach you to play tricks on me, young man. I'm going to give you a good hiding."

Nora tried to struggle out of his grasp, then she clung to him and sobbed out, piteously:

"Don't—don't beat me. No, no, don't beat me! Oh, don't, don't!"

Elliot had raised his open hand, but the lad's piteous terror softened him.

the cliff, a couple of footmarks which she knew must be Elliot's. She saw the footmarks descending the slope, then they disappeared. At that moment she suffered as Elliot had suffered the day he had watched her balanced on the ledge. With eyes half blind with terror, she peered into the depths below.

A sea mist hung above the beach, and she could distinguish nothing. Presently a puff of wind came, the mist rose and dispersed, for a moment or two only, but long enough for her to see a form stretched out on a strip of sand between two boulders.

It was Elliot.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mrs. Ryall enjoyed her time in London exceedingly. She came home with an elaborate story prepared to tell her husband—of having met Nora in London, and obtaining her signature to the paper for Sir Joseph. The latter part, of course, would not be needed until Sir Joseph took over possession of the land. When she arrived home, Martha met her in the doorway.

"The master is ill, mum."

"Oh, is he? Nothing much, I suppose. Bring me a bottle of soda water to my room, and look sharp about it."

As she went through the hall she opened the library door and looked in. Ryall was sitting in the low armchair with his hands gripping the arms; his chin was sunk on his breast, and he looked as if he were asleep.

"Here, wake up, do!" she said, impatiently. "I have just come back from London; and this is a nice way to welcome your wife, I don't think."

He raised his head and looked at her vacantly. "You've got back, Amelia?"

"Yes, and I've had a rattling good time! You look a bit of color, Reginald. What's the matter with you?"

He was watching her with a curious intentness, suddenly he said:

CHAPTER XIX.

When Nora saw that it was Elliot lying there, apparently dead, her heart gave one great leap, then seemed to cease beating. But "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and it crept back to her chilled heart. It would be impossible for her to make her way round to the beach and reach him before the tide rose and covered the spot where he lay. And yet he must be reached, and carried beyond high water mark.

There was not a moment to be lost. It was the Long Cliff, where the Great Skua had built its nest—the descent which she had before abandoned as impossible—it had to be made now. She ran to the quarry, and, after much trouble, succeeded in finding a coil of rope. She took with her also a short crowbar and a mallet.

Panting under her burden, she reached the edge of the cliff. Rapidly letting the rope down, she tried it, and began to descend. She found the descent extremely difficult, but her excitement inspired her, and she scarcely felt the chafing of her hands and the terrible strain upon her arms.

Presently she saw something which filled her with despair—she had nearly reached the end of her rope! There was nothing for it but to drop. She fell on loose sand, and with such force that she was half buried in it. For a while she lay incapable of movement, then she dragged herself towards the prone figure. With a terrible dread she felt for his heart; and she uttered a low cry of joy as she felt it beating feebly.

With a low cry of joy she sank beside him, took his head on her lap, and called to him in tones which might well have wakened him from the sleep of death. He stirred, gazed at her for a moment, then spoke:

"Nora!"

For a moment she did not realize that he had addressed her by her real name, then she shrank back, and the blood surged hotly over her whole body.

"No; it's you, Cyril," he said, as if disappointed. "What are you doing here?"

He raised himself on his elbow, and looked round. He saw the sea close beside them, looked up at the cliff, and remembered.

"Yes, I slipped and fell—I must have come an awful cropper. Have I broken any bones?"

"I—I don't know," she said in a low voice. "Can you stand?"

He rose with difficulty, then sank down again with a sigh of relief.

"I appear to be all right, luckily for me. Where is the boat? How did you know I was here?"

"There is no boat," said Nora. "What! Then how on earth did you get here?"

"Don't talk," she admonished him. "You ought to rest—lie quiet, at any rate."

He looked upwards, and saw the end of the rope sway in the wind. He strode to her, and, gripping her by the shoulder, pointed upwards.

"Do you mean to say—do you mean to say," he said, thickly, "that you came down that cliff by that rope, and dropped—and dropped when you came to the end of it?"

She was silent.

"My God!" he said at last. "Why—why, it was almost certain death! And you risked it for me!"

He sank down beside her, his hand closed over hers, he looked at the sea, up at the cliff, and then at her face.

"Cyril! A boy who has done what you have done doesn't want any thanks; it's the finest thing I've ever heard of! And I called you a coward, didn't I?"

He rose and drew her to him, lavishing the boundless wealth of his gratitude and affection in his embrace. She yielded—for a moment or two his warm cheek pressed against her face—then suddenly she struggled out of his arms, put her open palms against him, and held him off.

"I'm—I'm all right," she panted. "Go away—go to the other end of the cliff there, and let me lie down and rest for a bit. I shall be all right then."

She threw herself down, and he covered her with his coat; then he walked away to some little distance, and gazed out to the sea. The wonder of the courage still held him like a spell.

As for Nora—she had made the discovery that she loved Elliot as passionately as he loved her. To this knowledge was added an intolerable shame. She could not bear the idea that he should ever find out her deception.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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The Appeal of The Baby

By Violet Knapp

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BERNARDINE felt distraught. She paced the room uneasily, now and then pausing before the glowing grate fire, and stroked the kitten curled up on a cushion in front of the coals.

"Well, here I am with my cat and cups of tea, leading a regular old maid's existence," she exclaimed aloud. "It is just what I've always pictured as most desirable, but—"

And her voice trailed off into silence. She walked to the window and pulled aside the heavy crimson curtains, feeling of the silky velour with a lingering caress as she did so. "How I love beautiful things, rich, luxurious things," she said. "And thanks to dear Aunt Constance, I now have them," but she heaved a sigh as she looked out upon the waste of snow and sleet before her. The porch lights showed massive granite steps and portico, leading to a wide driveway and walk, which disappeared in the snow-laden darkness. Bernardine mentally reviewed the past few months, as she stood there, the round of literary work which had kept her busy in the great city, the association with people of kindred tastes, her half smothered heart hunger in the midst of all the Bohemianism, the mingling with men in her line of work, on the ground of comradeship and equality the defiant defiance she had put up whenever domestic joys and comforts were lauded before her,—for she had stoutly maintained that woman's work was not limited or confined within the home circle, but that she should go out and elbow her way with the men, on an equal footing. This attitude of hers once begun forced her to continue it in defiance of her oft-expressed opinion, and she found herself trying to express almost a manliness in her carriage and dress. She signed her name "B. L. Cutting," and was often amused to have mail come addressed to "Mr. B. L. Cutting."

Then came the day of the Reynolds's house party when she met Rodney Loring. They were sitting next one another at dinner and had an almost uninterrupted opportunity to converse, and she found herself expressing her views on womanhood with much vigor. At length she had looked up at him and was amazed to find a pained, hurt look in his eyes.

"Do you then think that women and men are to be merely good comrades, and good fellows?" he ventured.

"Yes, eventually. Of course there are some lesser natures which now demand domestic employment and interests; but I, for one, could never be satisfied with the monotony and treadmill of the daily routine of getting meals, doing the mending, getting the children off to school, sewing buttons on my husband's coat, and having no time for the development of my higher nature. It is time women arose in their righteous wrath, and demanded a different place in the world. I am a writer, as you may not know, and am saying my say in print pretty often."

Mr. Loring looked at her half quizzically. He thought he detected in her vigorous talk, a disposition to defend a well defined opinion for the mere sake of defending it. He had never met this type of woman before, and she interested him, although unpleasantly.

After the men had joined the ladies in the drawing-room Mr. Loring had drifted towards Bernardine and the two had gone into the conservatory for a chat.

"Your views are quite novel to me, Miss Cutting," he said. "Down my way (I'm from Kentucky, you know), women mostly are contented to be plain-helpmeets and mothers. I don't mean that they do nothing else, for many do, but your views are extreme, it seems to me. Do you think you are happier, than the average woman of my home state?"

Thereupon followed a long talk and they parted good friends, for in spite of their difference of opinion Bernardine admired Rodney Loring more than any man she had every met. His manner was deferential and subtly courteous in a way that went to her head like wine. She decided it must be the boasted Southern chivalry, and that it was certainly very agreeable to be treated not as a mercantile equal, but as an object of homage. She lay awake for a long time that night, thinking of Rodney Loring and wondering if he would call soon, for he had asked permission to do so. She fell asleep half dreaming of his charming manner, and awoke with the determination to banish him from her mind, as a disturbing element. But he would not be banished. His face and genial manner had a way of haunting her even in the densest crowds, and when he called at her boarding house one Sunday afternoon she was unforgotten glad to see him, and proposed that they take a walk in the park as more conducive to a pleasant talk than the boarding-house parlor would be. Each found the other delightfully entertaining and expressed the wish that they might meet frequently, for each one had hopes of converting the other to their way of thinking. It was dusk as they returned to the boarding-house and they almost ran into a woman who was wheeling a go-cart with a chubby boy in it. Bernardine gave an exclamation of impatience, which was met by Rodney Loring, who merely said: "What a beautiful child! I love little children, don't you? There is something so innocent and appealing about them."

"I can't say that I do. In fact, I know little about them. My work as a journalist has called me in quite another direction and to tell the truth, I never held a baby in my arms in my life."

Rodney gave an exclamation of surprise, and said gravely, "You don't know, then what you have missed. I know whereof I speak, for I had a little boy of my own once, but he left me three years ago and I have never quite recovered."

The pain in his voice was so evident, that Bernardine could only apologize for her thoughtless disregard of children and express her profound sympathy. There was a womanly sweetness in her tone and manner that went straight to his heart and warmed it.

"I have hopes of you yet," he said. "You are more of a woman than you realize. I wanted you to know that I have been married, but I lost my wife at the birth of the boy. That was six years ago. I have led a rather roving life since he left me too, and I suppose I feel more keenly than most people the preciousness of a home and loved ones." He raised his hat and bade her a rather abrupt good night.

They had met frequently after this, and Bernardine found him a delightful companion and conversationalist, on all topics except the one of woman's sphere. This they had learned to avoid. Bernardine was climbing the journalistic ladder and her success was very gratifying to her vanity and ambition, and she had decided that she would travel during the coming summer, and get material for a book she contemplated writing in the near future. She wished to gather material for some of the characters in England, so had set sail in July for Liverpool with high hopes. Just before she sailed she chanced to overhear a conversation about herself which proved to be illuminating and entertaining. It was at a reception given to a noted English novelist who was visiting New York, and as she stood near a window she heard Minnie Lawrence and her brother Phillip conversing outside on the balcony.

"I tell you, Min, Loring, is an all-around good fellow. Eva Burden will get a plum if she catches him."

"But, Phil, do you think she has any chance? I always supposed he was growing fond of Bernardine Cutting. He always wants to talk about her when with me."

"Well now, Sis, I happen to know a whole lot about Rodney's state of mind, and let me

give you this tip: Bernardine is just the girl for him if—and it is a big if—if she were different. She is too masculine, too taken up with the woman idea, hang it all! I don't know how to express it exactly, but you know what a man wants is a wife, a woman, not a female lecturer and politician arguing morning, noon and night."

"Yes, I think I know just what you mean, and I think Bernardine is a goose, to let her ideas stand in the way of such a fine chance as that. My! I only wish—"

"What do you wish, Sis? That Rodney would turn his eyes towards you? Well, he won't, so there," he exclaimed with brotherly frankness. "He likes Bernardine down to the ground, and feels she is just all right at heart, but that she needs waking up some way, and he doesn't know how to do it."

Bernardine fled to the dressing-room with flaming cheeks, indignant through and through at hearing herself discussed so calmly. How had Rodney Loring dared to talk her over with Phillip Lawrence! Then she remembered that it was really no more than she had done in regard to Rodney with Minnie. The two girls had often discussed him pretty freely. But the conversation she had overheard had left a bad taste in her mouth, and she was glad of the excitement of the voyage. She had been in England only three weeks when she received a cable announcing the death of her only relative her Aunt Constance Cutting, a wealthy woman who lived in a small city in Vermont. The message bade her return at once. So packing her manuscripts and few belongings she caught an out-going steamer and returned to America where she found that she was the sole heir and beneficiary of the entire fortune of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, provided that she would give up her literary work and come and live in her aunt's old home until she married. A smile of incredulity overspread her face as she heard the lawyer read this, and the thought went through her like a knife, "Nobody wants me. I am too masculine. I am a female lecturer and politician. What a man wants is a woman." She had difficulty in keeping back the tears which sprang to her eyes, unaccustomed tears of loneliness and self-pity. She had gone at once to the Vermont home and tried to take an interest in the town and its society. She was an object of interest naturally, and was able to form a club for women, "the object of which shall be to promote a wider interest in municipal and national affairs, and a broadening of our own mental horizon." The Granville ladies thought she sounded very grand indeed, and were delighted to join and have the opportunity of going weekly to the Cutting mansion and drinking the excellent Cutting imported tea.

"The furniture is elegant, you know, and the china is as thin as thin can be, and the napkins we have are scalloped and embroidered with monograms, and the silver is a dream," exclaimed one good lady upon her return home after a few meetings. But after a while the charm of playing the role of chateleine and authority on municipal reforms began to pall, and Bernardine looked forward to the winter with a little feeling of dread.

She had had one letter from Minnie Lawrence since she took up her residence in the Green Mountain State and it seemed to her quite full of "Mr. Loring and I," or "Phil and Rodney." "Evidently Rodney goes there pretty often," she had said with an unconscious sigh as she put the letter back into its envelope. She waited a month before replying and then did not mention Mr. Loring's name.

So now tonight after the Woman's Club had just gone and she had eaten her solitary dinner she stood by the window gazing out into the storm, but not really seeing it for her mind was busy going over the past. She was startled out of her reverie by seeing a shadowy figure emerge out of the darkness beyond the circle of light cast by the porch lamps, and come quickly up towards the steps. Bernardine turned away thinking it was a caller, and she did not want them to see her gazing out of the window. She waited for several seconds but did not hear the bell. She walked to the hall door and opened it, but there was no sound. Evidently the maid had not heard the bell either. She resolved not to summon them but to go to the door herself and see what the visitor wanted. As she opened the heavy mahogany door a heavy gust of wind swept the snow in her face. No one was in sight.

"It makes me a little uneasy. We three women are alone in the house, and people think I have valuable here, and I almost wish we had a man on the premises." She felt so strange to be expressing a wish for the masculine element that the quick color mounted to her face. Then she remembered that Hannah did not know that she had any particular "views,"—and she suddenly felt a hatred of the word, and daringly resolved not to have them any more. Here Hannah broke in on her thoughts with, "Yes'm I wish to goodness we had. There are so many queer people around sometimes it makes me feel creepy to think you and I and cook are here all alone. Can't you telephone for someone?"

"No, no, Hannah. I know no one well enough for that. Don't give the matter another thought."

"Twas nothing." A loud peal of the bell startled them both, and Hannah gave a nervous little scream.

"Hush, Hannah! What would anyone think to hear you?"

"I don't dare to go to the door, Miss Cutting. I really don't."

"Very well, I will go myself, then," said Bernardine moving down the hall, but with an inward tremor such as she had never felt before.

"Hannah's state of nerves is certainly catching," she thought. With unnecessary vigor she threw wide the door, and half drew back, expecting to see some strange person on the threshold, but she found herself confronted by only the wilderness of swirling white. No one was visible. The porch lights shone calmly down upon the steps and beyond was darkness. Bernardine drew back quickly, then paused with the door half open.

"Hannah, I hear something, hark!"

"Goodness, gracious, ma'am, shut that door, or I shall have a fit. I'm that scared. I shan't sleep a wink tonight."

"No, I am going to investigate a little further, then we shall all rest better." She peered out into the snow and said: "I see footprints here on the porch, Hannah, and they look like a woman's. But why did she leave before we could get to the door? What is that down by the outer column of the portico? Hannah, come here, it looks like a bundle. Come with me and we will investigate it!"

Hannah refused to come till she had called cook to accompany them upon their venturesome trip to the edge of the porch. So Ellen was summoned and together the three women went out on to the glistening piazza. Softly they crept towards the edge, Hannah whimpering, "Don't touch the bundle, Miss Cutting! It might be dynamite."

"Or a cocked revolver," put in Ellen. "I've read of such things." This was Ellen's favorite sort of last resort, the fact that she had read of such things in the daily press.

"I don't see what papers want to print such gruesome things for them," said Bernardine half petulantly. "Why can't they print helpful, cheerful things, instead of —" here a decided wail was heard, and all three women stopped still. It had certainly proceeded from the bundle.

"A kitten," ventured Hannah.

"Oh, no!" said Ellen scornfully. "Twa'n't no kitten, too strong for that. I've read of dogs being—"

By this time Bernardine had reached the bundle and picked it up, and said calmly:

"You're both quite wrong. It's a baby." As they exclaimed after her, "A baby!" she suddenly remembered that she had told Rodney that she had never held a baby in her arms. Now she was standing there in the snow holding a little baby, and it was crying softly and snuggling up to the warmth of her and stranger still, she loved to hold it and could scarcely wait to get in the house and unwrap it and examine the tiny creature. The three women hurried to the warmth of the fireplace and knelt down on the rug before it, pushing the kitten out of the way. Ellen stirred the fire vigorously, and Hannah helped Bernardine unpin the rough shawl with which the child was wrapped.

"Land's sakes!" she exclaimed, "Ain't it pretty. A regular boy, all right. And a lusty youngun too."

"Oh, see its curly hair," said Bernardine softly, as it to herself. "Do you suppose it is hungry, Ellen?"

"Like enough," said the kind-hearted creature, and she bustled away to the kitchen to warm some milk.

"Don't you want to give it a bath, Miss?" ventured Hannah. "Seems to me that is what people always do the first thing."

"Why, perhaps we ought," returned Bernardine, hopefully, "while Ellen is warming the food." So a portable foot bath was brought close to the fire, for Bernardine feared the bathroom might not be warm enough on this cold night, and the two women undressed the tiny creature amid many exclamations of "Oh, aren't his clothes pretty! Fine and nice," or "Isn't he the dearest thing? See all those dimples." The baby seemed to shrink from the water and gave a few lusty yells which reverberated unaccountably through the quiet house. Ellen came running in with the hot milk to see what they "were doing to the poor lamb," and Hannah waved her away with the ejaculation: "Ellen Forbes! That milk is boiling hot. Do you want to parboil his insides?"

Bernardine would not allow either of the maids to lift the baby out and dry him, saying: "No, this is my baby, and I'm going to tend him myself. Give me that warm towel, Hannah."

When he was once dried and powdered and dressed, his good nature seemed to return, and he looked up straight into Bernardine's eyes and laughed, "Oh, you darling," she exclaimed, catching him to her heart. "Girls, a baby is just what I've always wanted."

"Who would have thought it!" ejaculated Ellen, curiously.

Ellen began feeding the baby with milk from a teaspoon.

"Oh, I didn't know it," said Bernardine.

"Dear me! We need a bottle, don't we? Isn't there one about the house anywhere?"

The maids who had lived with old Miss Constance Cutting many years, burst into uncontrollable laughter, and shook their heads in glee. "Tomorrow," said their mistress, "I will see about getting one the first thing."

She insisted upon the baby's sleeping with her, in spite of Ellen's protest that it wasn't good for a young child to sleep with an older person. "He is mine," said Bernardine, "and I want him and I'm going to have him just tonight. Tomorrow we will get a bassinet—a bassinet—what do you call those things?"

"A bassinet, do you mean?" said Ellen.

"Yes, that is the word, a bassinet. A bassinet," repeated Bernardine, though she loved to say it. "I shall have to run down to New York to get what I want for him. Granville hasn't very good shopping facilities, I fear."

The night was not a great success either from the baby's point of view or his foster mother's. She hardly slept a wink from the unaccountableness of the situation. And Mr. Baby did not seem to take kindly to his new surroundings, but exercised his lungs vigorously. Bernardine held him nearly all night in her arms in a passion of awakened motherhood, and would not let Hannah relieve her when she came in about four o'clock.

"I want to care for him myself. I'm going to call in Dr. Boocock after breakfast. Maybe he can tell me what to do."

But when she broached the subject to Ellen before breakfast, that good woman expressed strong disapproval of this measure.

"In the first place, Miss Cutting, the news would be all over the place inside of half an hour. Dr. Boocock is an awful tattler, if I do say it. He would be just used up with curiosity. And you will want a little time to think the situation over and decide what you are going to do with it. Excuse me for being so bold, ma'am."

"But, Ellen, of course I'm going to keep it. You don't suppose anyone would want to take it away from me do you?" Bernardine exclaimed in alarm. "His mother gave him to me, by leaving him on my porch. And I'm sure I thank her with all my heart." She inwardly thanked heaven that these two faithful servants did not know of her advanced views on womanhood and children. She mentally decided she was cured of them forever. "But Ellen, what am I to do? I cannot have him cry like this."

"Critic, likely," said Ellen unmoved. "And then, too, probably the cow's milk didn't agree with him. I am going to be so bold as to suggest something, if I may," and she waited.

"Certainly, Ellen, tell me."

"Well, Miss, I take a paper called COMFORT, and it has lots of valuable advice and information in it about all subjects, nearly. My mother took it for years and your aunt used to enjoy reading mine. Well, last night I set up a spell, looking through it for advice on raising babies, and I found—"

"What did you find, Ellen?" broke in her mistress, eagerly.

"I found in the letters from what is called the Sisters' Corner a lot about feeding babies on goat's milk. Said that it is more easily digested than cow's milk, that it is better in every way than any other kind. More like mother's milk. So I was going to suggest that we try it, and then if it doesn't agree we can get a nursing mother to come here and care for it."

"A wet nurse, do you mean?" and the picture of another woman holding and nursing her little charge arose to Bernardine's mind, and she said hurriedly: "Let us try the goat's milk by all means."

"But where can you get such a thing?" said Hannah, doubtfully.

"I think I know a poor family who has a nanny goat, and they would be glad enough to sell some of the milk."

"Hurry then, Ellen, and get some as quick as you can. Don't bother about our breakfast. Hannah and I will get it."

An hour later Ellen returned, wallowing in the deep snow, but carrying a jar filled with the precious fluid, which she proceeded to prepare according to the directions found in COMFORT. This worked like a charm and the little fellow evidently enjoyed his meal thoroughly and was nourished and satisfied by it. After a week, during which time the fact of the baby's presence was carefully guarded from all outsiders, Bernardine wired her friend, Minnie Lawrence in New York, to expect her for a brief visit on the following day. She concluded the telegram by saying: "Be prepared for a great surprise." Rodney Loring was at the house when Minnie received the message, and seeing it was from Bernardine, she unthinkingly read it aloud.

"What in the name of all that is good and great does B. L. Cutting mean?" exclaimed Phillip, who was also present.

"Going to announce her engagement to some Vermont probably, or show me her wedding ring. I don't know which," returned Minnie.

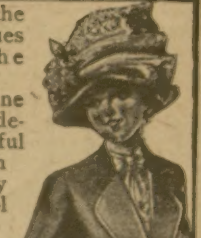
"Oh, come off!" said her brother. "B. L. is a regular iceberg. Nobody wants to marry a lump of ice, or anything of that kind. I'll bet she has a quixotic notion of giving away her fortune to fund some literary institute or woman's suffrage concern."

Nobody answered this outburst, but Minnie looked up at Mr. Loring to find him as white as the snow which lay heavily outside.

When he rose to take his leave Minnie in a wave of compassion for him said: "Rodney, I

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will 'phone you as soon as she comes, and tell you all I can. Or better still, come out to dinner with us tomorrow night."

He gripped her hand and said: "Thank you, I see you understand. I will come if—if you think I would want to come after you learn what the surprise is. You would better phone me first." The next day, about three o'clock, the president of his firm called to him saying with a broad smile: "Young lady wants you on the wire, Loring. Her tone is tense, so you'd better hurry."

Loring jumped up and dashed to the instrument, upsetting a messenger boy or two on his way through the various offices. When he took up the receiver he said in a guarded tone, though his pulse was beating tremendously: "Hello, Miss Lawrence?"

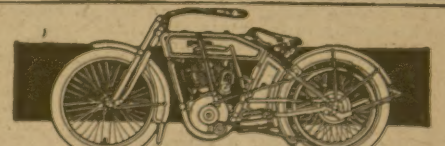
"Yes, that you, Mr. Loring? Well, she has come and the surprise is the greatest ever. Simply immense. I've laughed myself nearly into tatters. Do come out early, by five surely!"

"You think I'd want to come, then?" he said, eagerly.

"Yes, indeed. You'll laugh, too."

"All right, I'll try to be there by five,—or before," he added gaily. The rest of the afternoon passed by with leaden feet. He could not concentrate his mind on anything but the probabilities of the "surprise." Punctually at five he rang the Lawrence's doorbell and Minnie herself opened the door.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)



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The Squatter's Claim

By William S. Birge, M. D.

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CHAPTER I.

"N O, Dad," said Eph Magraw, as he drew, with his keen bowie, a much longer snaving than usual from the bit of wood he was whittling—"no; I s'pose yer right, and we've got ter shift out of Mundy county; but we needn't go west more'n fifty miles, and I'll show ye just the spot—house, betterments, corn-cribs, and a good range for hogs, right along the river-bank; and we kin only just walk right in and take possession."

"Been by it three times, did ye say, Eph?" asked the old man.

"Yes; and each time it looked lonelier and more deserted than it did before. Pears like it must have had nobody into it now for going on nigh two year. More'n one, anyhow. 'Thar was critters in the range, first time I went through, and I traded for one of 'em, with an old mare I was ridin'! Got the colt I told ye of I sold that Indiana feller."

"Wall, Eph," said his ugly, cross-eyed, grizzly old robber of a sire, "we've had all the warnin' I want to git out of Mundy. Why didn't ye go into the house?"

"Wall," said Eph, with a grin, that brought out with unpleasant strength his likeness to the old man, "the first two times I didn't go any too nigh the house for no partikler reason; and the last time I was ridin' the critter I traded the old mare for."

Old Magraw chuckled in response to Eph's grin, and the chuckle was echoed by one and another of the various Magraws, old and young, with more or less of emphasis, until it was evident that everybody in the low, mean shanty of a home, with one exception, considered the theft of a horse a very good sort of joke.

Besides the old man and Eph, there was "the old woman," as they called their mother, with her three other sons and two daughters, veritable Magraws, every one of them; and then there was the one exception that did not laugh, but that looked around upon them with an expression of silent disgust in her eyes that the rest were too busy or too dull to note.

Truth to tell, there was very little of the fine lady about Rose Manning, for all her good looks; but there was quite enough of innate refinement, not to speak of honesty and good sense, to make her profoundly discontented with the position in which orphanage and relationship had temporarily placed her. Not but what the Magraws had been decently kind to her, in their rough style, for she was quite able to pay her own way, and was by no means lacking in spirit. The idea of a change of location had nothing in it unpleasant however, and Rose was quite willing that her very unpopular relatives should consent to "git out of Mundy county."

She had heard before of Eph's proposed new location, and something in the description pleased her, so that, although she did not join in the conversation, she was very well satisfied that it resulted in a prompt determination to break up their rude housekeeping, and start westward.

The luck of the Magraws since they "squatted in Mundy" had been none of the best; and men's titles to their lands were fast becoming too well defined to suit their ideas of comfort. It only takes a year or two sometimes to bring a western county "clean out of the wilderness," and whenever that is done, it becomes necessary for a man to own the land he cultivates, in some form or other.

That was what was the matter, for, although he was not poor, it was utterly contrary to the fundamental principles of old Jack Magraw's being to pay for land, or for anything else that he could avoid. Even the idea of pre-emption was to this extent distasteful that it implied the idea of a regular humdrum legal title. And so the frail ties were broken that bound the old squatter and his family to the place of their not very prolonged sojourn, and one bright May morning their two tilted wagons, with an accompanying drove, or, rather, "train of critters," of fair respectability as to numbers, set out in the direction of the "state line." Once over that mystic border, and the Magraws would, perhaps, feel easier and breathe freer for a season.

As for the Mundy county authorities, all they had ever really wanted was a good riddance of their undesirable neighbors, and even the sheriff never dreamed of following the Magraws.

"They're in league with too many, somehow," growled that functionary to himself, "and I'm done arresting of 'em for anything less than murder or a clean, sure case of a horse stolen in Mundy county."

Perhaps it was a keen appreciation of the popular feeling that sharpened Rose Manning's sense of pleasure as she lashed her pony forward to the very head of the cavalcade.

"Eph," said she to her ill-favored but self-admiring cousin, as he rode up to her side, "how long do you think we'll be in making the trip?"

"Oh, three or four days, with the load, unless the goin's wonderful good. Critters don't go fast on a long pull. But we mean to be all fixed for ye by the time you get thar."

"Fixed?—how? I don't know as I see what you mean!"

"Why, me and the old man is gwine on ahead to make sure things are all safe and right. Kind o' take possession ye know."

"Oh, yes, I understand; but I thought you said the place was deserted?"

"So I did," said Eph. "Not a soul about it; but thar's allers a right smart chance of things to do in a new place, and me an' the old man's gwine to see that everything's set to rights."

And so they did; and Eph's pretty, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked cousin would have been very glad to have gone with them, but they had reasons for wishing to be their own company. The tilted wagons, therefore, and the rest of the Magraw "outfit," were left to plod their slow and tollsome way, their utmost speed being measured by that of the heavy-footed oxen.

To a pair of well-mounted horsemen, like Eph and his father, fifty miles, over prairie-roads well known to both of them, was no great matter, only the greater part of their second morning was spent with but little reference to roads of any kind. Even before noon, Eph was able to point out, in a long, irregular line of timber ahead of them, a sort of rift or break that marked, he said, the termination of their journey, "a good ten mile beyond the state line, and as lonely as a wolf-den."

As they drew nearer, it became evident that Eph's various encomiums had been by no means unwarranted. In the middle of the bank of what was there a tolerably deep and narrow river, somebody had built an unusually solid, spacious and comfortable house of hewn logs, with better outbuildings than were common in the prairie country; and, while very little fencing had been deemed necessary, it was evident that a broad expanse of fertile soil in the vicinity had been under cultivation. There was even a well-set orchard of young fruit-trees.

Even these evidences of the outlay of both labor and capital, however, did but heighten the present appearance of utter neglect and abandonment. No hand of man could have been busy there for more than one season, as both the newcomers would have been willing to swear, and there was no other human dwelling visible in any direction.

"How is that, dad," asked Eph, triumphantly. "Do you mean to say I was lyin' about it?"

"Not much," replied the old man, with a compressed leer. "Whoever they be, they're gone now for sartin; but who knows when they mought come back?"

"That's a thing we kin take a look at," said Eph. "Mebbe we'll find something in the house we kin make a guess by."

"That's likely. Anyhow, we'll prod our way right in."

The windows, few as they were, were closed with rude but strong blinds, that were fastened on the inside. There was one door in front and one in the rear; and the two explorers soon found that these also were fastened within.

"Barred, I reckon," said the old man. "Thar ain't no lock."

"It's mighty like burglary," said Eph; "but we've got to get in."

"That's so, my boy; so, just you fetch a fence-rail."

It took but a moment to do that, and the front door quickly yielded to the oaken lever. As the staple through which the bar had passed was slowly drawn out, and the door began to open, something like hesitation, for the first time, appeared in the faces of the two Magraws.

"None of that, dad," said Eph, reading his father's face by the light of his own feelings. "I'm gwine right in."

And in he went, followed by his gray-headed accomplice.

There was nothing wonderful about the inside of the log house, for it was very plainly furnished. Only two large rooms, of which one was evidently a kitchen. The front room, which they had first entered, was not unpleasant, when once the windows were opened; and that thing was attended to with almost nervous haste; but among other articles of furniture was a large, old-fashioned-looking bed in one corner.

There is nothing so dreadful about a bed, to be sure; but that bed was evidently occupied. The dust that had gathered everywhere was thick on coverlet and pillow; but, still, in the center of the latter, there rested the semblance of a human head. The grizzled, tangled hair, however, could not conceal, for more than one quick, shuddering glance, the fact that this head was not a living one.

The mystery of the desertion of the place was solved. The solitary occupant had died, alone in his own bed, with his house closed around him against all comers, and only his withered and

"Reckon it is," slowly and solemnly answered Eph. "I'm sure I don't want anything out of the way. He's as well off down thar as he would be anywhars else, and it won't leave any grave 'round yer to account for."

And so, therefore, it was settled, and so it was done, and the bed with its ghastly burden was even carefully deposited on the earthen floor of the cellar. That done, and the "hatch" was replaced, the heavy bedstead hauled over it, with the purpose that it should never be moved, and then the Magraws fairly felt themselves in possession, almost in ownership, of their peculiarly advantageous new location.

We cannot stay with them, however, even to welcome Rose Manning and the remainder of the family, for other feet were preparing to seek out the lonely farmhouse by the river-bank.

CHAPTER II.

In front of a very decent-looking business establishment, in a city not many miles away, a couple of men were standing, one old and the other young, evidently watching some workmen who were busily engaged in taking down an old sign and putting up a new one. They looked on in silence until the job was done, and then, as they turned and walked away, the older said to the younger:

"Yes, Tom, my boy, you got here just in time to see the end of it. I'm sold out and settled up, sure's my name's Hugh Darrow. I'm glad you've come, rich or poor, but if you'd been a day later you wouldn't have found any uncle here. It's been lonely enough this good while. I ain't poor, but I'm sick of business, and I want to go for some new place."

"Well, I'm not so very poor myself, Uncle Hugh, even if I failed to make a big fortune in California, and if you've made up your mind to go and hunt up Uncle John, I'm ready. I'd as lief do that as anything else. I've got his letters, and though it's two years since the last one was written, I believe I could ride straight to the place."

"Well, then, I tell you what you do. I ain't easy in my mind about John. Don't you wait

waiting for the more cautious company of his uncle. If he had, the rest of our story would have been different, for that was the way several things came to pass.

While Uncle Hugh was pushing nervously about in one direction and another, picking up the odds and ends of business left when the old sign came down, and vowing all the while he would not wait another day "sure's my name's Hugh Darrow," and while Tom was taking his Western journey leisurely and lazily enough, the Magraws were getting well settled in their new "claim," and already began to experience such a sense of ownership as only a genuine squatter can feel. It is a sort of pre-emption, with a dash of vindictive bitterness in it, arising from a life-long necessity and readiness for acting on the defensive against evil-disposed rascals who dare present a title with more paper or parchment and less "Magraw" to back it up.

Old and young, the newcomers felt and acted as if they had been born on the bank of that very river, all except Rose Manning. As for her, even the relief from the disagreeable things in Mundy county failed to reconcile her to her new surroundings. The very excellence and completeness of Eph's prize location were a source of trouble to her, and she had an anxious and nervous feeling as to what any day might bring upon them. There was very little for her to do at the house, and she resorted, as she had often done in times past to long and solitary horse-back rides as a relief to her thoughts and fears, until she knew every square mile of the surrounding country. She even, at the risk of injuring her good pony, went and came in one day to and from the county-seat—a pokerish village miles and miles away to the northeast. Even Eph and his brethren admitted that "it was an awful long trip for a gal to make, and go and come on the same horse."

"I tell ye what, Eph," said his father, half confidentially, one dull afternoon when it was too hot, in the Magraw opinion, for anything but loafing, "we ain't got many neighbors, but I met a feller over on the prairie yesterday that asked me whar I lived, and who I got my land of, and it wasn't very easy to shake him off. I wish I knowed whose place we've lit on. We must find that out right away."

"That's so," slowly responded Eph.

"Well, then, I can just tell you, if it's any good to you," half doubtfully interrupted Rose.

"Wall, then, out with it if you know so much," snapped old Mrs. Magraw. "You're allers lettin' on to know more'n other folks."

"Well, then, come out here, and look up over the door," said Rose; and when the whole family had curiously followed her into the open air, she added, "There it is, cut into the wood."

They all looked, but, beyond a few deep, irregular notches cut in the hewn timber over the top of the doorway, and hardly noticeable among the weather-stains, they could discern nothing, and Eph growled:

"Wall, what of them? You kin read—if thar's any meanin' to 'em, let's have it."

Rose replied by simply interpreting the notches:

"John Darrow, 18—"

"Is that all?" asked Eph.

"Yes; part of the date isn't there, but that's the name of the man that owned this house, wherever he may be now."

Eph and his father looked hard at each other, but the old woman added, in her querulous way: "Yes, I kin understand that. I've seed folks do it. Sometimes thar's use in book-larnin', but it's mighty uncommon out yer, and it's an awful waste of time."

Rose made no answer. She had noticed the faded inscription before, and had wondered and wondered who and what manner of man was John Darrow, and whatever had become of him. She hardly understood that, odd as it might seem, she had furnished her squatter cousins with the materials wherewith to manufacture such plausible lies as they might from time to time find it needful to employ in answering the queries of their "far-away neighbors."

The Magraws were a business concern by themselves, and they had their widespread connections in their peculiar line, and from time to time they acted as "commercial travelers" on their own account, Eph in particular making long and often very successful journeys. He had more than once not only brought home a "likely colt," for which he had "traded," but also the price and proceeds of one or two more, for he could sell as well as "procure."

It came to pass, therefore, that before the squatters had been long settled in their new "claim," the soul of Ephraim was stirred within him to undertake a new enterprise, and he deemed it well to settle some affairs of domestic importance before he went away.

Eph could do almost anything with a horse, and it is possible that from that fact he derived a confidence in his ability to succeed equally well with a woman, as, for instance, with Rose Manning. He did not even pay that high-spirited young lady the compliment of deliberating whether she had better be traded for or stolen outright, but went straight forward as if his "claim," of whatever nature, was already safely established. Rose looked pretty enough on her wiry, swift-footed pony that morning as Eph met her at the place where the river-road entered the timber, and he was conscious of an unusual emotion of admiration as he placed his hand upon her bridle-rein.

"Eph, let go!" said she; "I don't feel like jok-

ing. What is it you want?"

"Want? Wall, I don't know's I want anything partikler, only don't work yer pony too hard to-day, for you may need him tomorrer."

"Tomorrer? What for?"

"Wall, Rose, you an' I have knowed each other long 'nuff, I reckon, and I was 'thinkin' as I may be gone some time this trip, I'd kind o' like to leave some things all settled behind me. I don't keer much about squires an' ministers and slich, but you just ride on as far as town tomorrer, and we kin be hitched up short order by some of them fellers. 'Twon't cost over five dollars, and you won't mind ridin' home without me, I know; you've done it more'n once."

Rose Manning's bright black eyes had grown brighter and opened wider from first to last of this remarkable "proposal," until, at its close, they fairly blazed, and she almost exploded with:

"Me! Go to town! Marry you! You're mistaken, Eph Magraw! I'm neither a horse nor a land-claim! I reckon you'll learn more of me yet!"

"Crack!" went Rose's whip on the flanks of her astonished pony, and a sharp snap was added on Eph's fingers, and the young man had nothing left him but to stand in a perfect paroxysm of helpless, aimless, but none-the-less bitter rider consuming wrath, as the pony and his fair rider dashed out of view among the oak and walnut trees. Eph was not the fellow to remain behind, he would not for any length of time, however, and he turned his feet homeward, swearing as he went, while Rose galloped on along the river bank.

After a mile she went, with little mercy to her pet pony, and caring less as to the effect upon Eph Magraw of her contemptuous refusal. At last, as she gave the reins a pull, and the gallop was reduced to a walk, she exclaimed, aloud:

"I marry Eph Magraw! What have I done to be insulted that way? I see! Lived with them, owned them for relatives in all their evil ways! It's all my own fault! Ill—"

Just at this moment, however, Rose became aware that the sound of a horse's hoofs was closely approaching along the primitive roadway ahead, and in a minute or so more, for she cut

Ode to An Easter Bonnet

By Reita Alice Lambert

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I sing of the spring that time of the year,
When poets get busy, and pen behind ear,
They ponder and think, until they have made
An ode to the springtime, of hill and of glade,
Of mountain and valley, and flowers and things,
The same old effusions that each Easter brings.
But my song is not of the trees and the flowers,
Nor lane, nor of woodland, nor fair leafy bowers.
My song is not of a sonorous sonnet,
But a versified spiel of a fine Easter bonnet.

I sing of the spring, as the poets all will,
But my song is not of the robin's clear trill,
Nor of fields grown green, nor of murmuring brooks,
Nor of skies of deep blue, nor of cool, shady nooks.
The shy little vi'let from me is secure,
I'll disturb not the snowdrops, so spotless and pure.
I'll not sing of spring, with its virginal blush,
Nor prate of the bluebird, nor carolling thrush.
My song is one much more important than that,
My rhyme is an ode to a new Easter hat.

Not wise is the poet to what he is missing,
When trees start to bloom, and the sun's gently kissing
The whole brilliant world in her spring morning splendors,
And he harks while the robin his sweet anthem renders.
The wonders of nature thrill him with elation,
But he fails to take note of a Paris creation
Which passes unseen on a beautiful maiden,
Though with earth's choicest blossoms 'tis heavily laden,
All the posies of springtime are gathered upon it,
That amazing, splendiferous, new Easter bonnet.

L'Envoi

The poet harps a dif'rent lay, 'tis not of bird or rill,
His howl is heard for miles around, when he receives the bill.

shriveled mummy now remained to protest against the "pre-emption" of the squatters.

These latter had by this time, made up their minds on all points but one.

"This looks like good luck, Eph," said his father; "but what be we gwine to do with that there corp? I wouldn't tech it for a span of horses."

"No more wouldn't I," said Eph. "What's that he's got in his hand?"

"Pears like a paper, of some kind. Thar's more on 'em lyin' by him thar on the bed."

"No good to us, they ain't. I don't take nothin' out of the hand of a corp, now, you bet. How on arth shall we git shut of him? That's what ails me."

The Magraws were evidently fully supplied with the superstitious notions common to their kind the world over; but before they had "studied the matter" very long, a new discovery came to their relief.

"Thar's a hatch in 'other corner! I reckon thar's some kind of cellar down thar."

And so there was, and in a moment more the light of day let into the excavation below, but neither father nor son appeared to care for any more accurate exploration.

The farmer even volunteered for the occasion as a sort of moralist.

"Eph, my boy," said he, "we don't care what's into that cellar. We only want a place to put our heads in with our belongings. We kin him down thar. That'll leave us the bedstead, kiver up the hatch. One of these days we may cook up something smarter, but that's the best out I see any show for today."

for me. You strike right off and find him, and tell him I'm a-comin', sure's my name's Hugh Darrow. I won't be more'n a week behind, away."

"All right, Uncle Hugh. There's nothing to keep me here or anywhere else that I know of, and I'd be as much at home on Uncle John's prairie farm as anywhere else."

The old gentleman wore gold-rimmed spectacles, and just here he took them off as he turned and looked his nephew full in the face.

"Farm, Tom? Do you know that that farm is as big as all outdoors? I never was on it, but it takes in all the land adjoining, sure's my name's Hugh Darrow."

"I've seen big farms in California, Uncle Hugh, but I'm glad the old gentleman is so well off."

"Yes, Tom, but to think of a man like him livin' middle of his confounded prairies, and me here doin' business all by myself. I'm glad that Hugh Darrow."

There had been, and still was, a good deal of a family character for the two relatives to discuss; four hours were over, Tom Darrow's face was

turned westward.

A fine, manly-looking fellow was Tom, with beard and mustache to match, and there was that told of a life spent in erect carriage counting-room, or over dry books and papers. He of a big prairie, and he had picked his own way over too many doubtful trails to question for a moment his capacity to find what he was now starting out after. Still it might have been better on some accounts if he had insisted on

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



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NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League.
NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope.
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

APRIL the first is called All Fool's day, because that is the day people try to make other people look foolish. Those who own and run this country, however, make fools of us all the year round. It is April the first three hundred and sixty-five days in the year for them, and how the people do love to be fooled. Every four years they hire a new set or rehire the old set of political mountebanks to fool them all over again for another four years. If you kick a dog he has sense enough to keep away from the range of your foot, but kick the public dog, and rob him of his last dollar, and tell him fairy tales of a full dinner pail and he comes back with a smile on his face to listen to the same old fairy tale, and gets lambasted in the same old place all over again. Strange isn't it that the four-footed canine gets wise to a few things, but the two-legged human never does. The average citizen was born on April the first, he expects to be fooled, he likes to be fooled and he gets fooled. Queer world isn't it?

Every day in order to keep up with the times, I spend several hours reading newspapers and magazines. This is not done for fun, but from a sense of duty. I owe it to you to know what is going on and keep thoroughly well informed and up to date on everything of interest that is happening in this old world of ours. When I get through with my daily reading, how I wish I could have you all around me, six millions of you, and discuss the great questions of the day with you; and I want to tell you something, if I could only do this, there would be no smart, political Aleck, pulling the wool over your eyes, and saying "April fool" to a single one of you. I've made some notes of a few things I want to draw to your attention this month. One of the great arguments against woman suffrage, brought forward by the narrow-minded, stand-pat, unprogressive, unimaginative, hog-it-all male, is, that if women did have the right to vote, scarcely any of them would exercise that right and cast a vote anyway. Well, at the recent election in Los Angeles, ninety-five per cent. of the women who had registered, voted, while forty thousand men, who were entitled to vote, did not even take the trouble to walk to the ballot box. You see the women had a higher sense of duty than the men. Another funny thing about that election is this: A certain California paper did its level best to prevent the women of that state from getting the right to vote. It jeered, jibed, raved and frothed at the mouth. It dragged womanhood through the mud, but the women of California got a vote just the same. A little later on, the people of Los Angeles had to vote for a mayor and for a while it looked as though the socialists were going to capture the city. Then did this same newspaper, which had fought woman suffrage tooth and nail, humble and prostrate itself in the dustiest sort of dust, and beg and beseech the women to save their fair city from imitating Milwaukee and electing a socialist mayor. That little incident interested me, and I hope it will interest you.

I suppose you all or most of you at least have heard of the revolution in China. Incredible as it may seem, the Chinamen have suddenly awakened from the sleep of centuries, and thrown both pig-tail and emperor overboard. Democracy has triumphed again, and now that China is a republic there seems almost a faint hope that the ninety millions of American people living in these United States may rise in their might and demand a republic too. What China has done surely we ought to be able to do. Just imagine what a glorious thing it would be if we had a real republic where the people really ruled, and not a sham republic controlled by Morgan and Rockefeller and the money interests of Wall street. Three cheers for the Chinese republic. Now, how long will it be before we can say three cheers for the American republic? Billy the Goat says about a thousand years (if we are lucky) at the present rate we are going. Just like Billy he always did want to hurry things.

Oh, say, do you know that the Senate has got a new thirty thousand dollar kitchen where swill cats are prepared for legislative lordlings, for which you must pay? Do you know that a Congressman draws twenty cents mileage for every mile that he travels on what is supposed to be the nation's business, but on what is in too many cases, corporation business? This rate was fixed when there were no railroads. Congressman Palmer, a man you should honor (he comes from Pennsylvania strange to say) tried to put an end to the plundering of the people by this iniquitous mileage system. It cost him it seems only ten dollars and thirty cents to get to Washington, but the government allowed him one hundred and three dollars for a ten dollar trip, ninety dollars more than was necessary and which you have to pay. A Congressman from the Pacific coast pays a hundred and fifty dollars for a trip to Washington, D. C. and the people are soaked two thousand dollars for his journey. Congressman Palmer tried to alter this, but Congress defeated his bill. Congress being a body of honorable men (I don't think) decided to continue the graft, and you, who are working for a dollar a day and supporting a family and keeping up a home on that magnificent sum, have to foot the bills.

New York is going to tear down its magnificent Madison Square Garden, the tower of which is an architectural masterpiece. It seems that the Madison Square Garden does not pay. Splendid exhibitions are given there, that are helpful and educational, but the public does not patronize them, so the building is to be torn down to make room for an office structure, and the first city in the land won't have a single place in which conventions of any size can be held. Prize fighting in the state of New York was abolished some years ago. Last year some Tammany pug-niles managed to get the state legislature to once more legalize prize fighting, or as they termed it, boxing exhibitions. Under the new law a fight was arranged and was pulled off in Madison Square Garden. It was one of the goriest, most brutal and horrible affairs that ever disgraced an American city. Thousands, however, fought to get in to see the two human brutes butcher each other. Fabulous sums were offered even for standing room, and nearly fifty thousand dollars was collected at the doors, from New York's "best citizens," who would not cross the road to see a show that was elevating and instructive, but who would give their last dollar to see a couple of two-legged human bull dogs convert each other's faces into hamburger steaks. That will give you a pretty good idea of the class of citizenship that obtains in the great city of New York. This also explains why New

York allows Tammany Hall to rule it, and why the state legislature is a disgrace to the land.

Here is something also that I saw in the papers that will interest you. Senator La Follette said recently: "I found ninety-six men on all the directorates of all the trusts. Chauncey Depew was on seventy-two and I found he had no money invested—he was only a dummy, and then I wondered how many other dummies there were, and then I found that only fourteen men controlled, and were back of all those ninety-six names. And back of all this I found Standard Oil and Morgan, and these people have not overlooked the newspapers, their organs, the newspapers are poisoning the public mind." All this is news probably to most of you, but it is not news to me, or to any man who has studied deeply, conditions as they exist today in these United States. The greatest trust in this country is not steel or standard oil, but the money trust, and the money trust is controlled by two or three of the fourteen men previously mentioned. These are the real kings of America. The government in Washington is merely the side show. These kings of finance are the circus, and the head of the money trust is the ringmaster, and the American people have to run around the ring when the ringmaster cracks his whip, and if they don't run quickly they feel the relentless sting of the lash. Those kings of finance hold the destinies of the nation in their hands. Any time they make up their minds that they have made all the money they want out of the American people, they can close down nearly every industry that amounts to anything in the entire country, and if they did all, except those engaged in agriculture, would have to sit quietly down and starve to death.

Now I have given you a few things to think over this month. I hope when you have read and digested them that you will ask yourselves, individually and collectively if you are responsible for the abominations that exist in our land today. If you feel that you are responsible, and undoubtedly some of you are, in fact tens of thousands of you are, for God's sake wake up and improve the quality of your citizenship. If you are reading a publication that is controlled by the money powers, the editor of which is paid to poison your minds and keep you in the dark, cast it from you as you would a serpent, and hunt up some publication that dares to tell you the truth. Just as COMFORT dares to tell you the truth. The air is full of election talk, ask yourselves if you are going to cast a vote that will help you, the masses of the people, or whether you are going to vote to still further enslave yourselves and make your condition in the future even worse than it is today. It is all up to you. The power is in your hands to right your country's wrongs. Ask God to give you the courage and wisdom to use that power rightly and well.

Now, listen to this. I am going to get out a correspondence list, the biggest we have ever had. If you want your name on it this is what you have got to do: You have got to put your name in full, your age and address, on the back of a postal card and also give your League number, also add when your subscription expires or expires, as this list is only for members in good standing. You, who have allowed your subscriptions to lapse, and you who have not joined the League and want to get in on this list, by paying the usual fees (full particulars of which you will find at the end of this department) can become members of this organization and share in its privileges. Write your name, age and address on a separate slip of paper and inclose it with your letter. All of you, when you write, request me to put your names on our correspondence list, but you simply decline to make this request on a separate slip of paper as I have asked you to do a thousand times, so if you want to get into the correspondence list you must do as I have just instructed you and do it to the letter, or you won't get in.

The best Easter gift, is a copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems. You who forgot to get it at Christmas treat yourself to it now. You can secure this superb volume of riotous fun for only four subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. A sure cure for the blues and the best spring tonic in the world.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book contains twenty-eight exquisitely beautiful songs, and the prettiest Easter song ever written. Full music for voice and piano, a superb volume worth five dollars. It is yours free for a club of only two fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. Both books free for a club of six. Subscriptions towards our grand cash prize competitions. Full particulars at end of this department. Work for them today.

NEW ATHENS, ILL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

If your knees are strong enough yet will you please make room for such a heavy kid as I am? I will first describe myself so you all will know what a new kind of a cousin is talking to you. I am sixteen years old, have yellow curly hair, brown eyes, light complexion and weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Don't you think that's too heavy for me? I think so. My height is five feet and five inches.

My parents are both living, and I also have two brothers, and one sister named Gottlieb Oscar and Silda. I am the youngest of them all.

We live in the country. Our closest town is four miles away, which is Smithton. Uncle I guess you know the rhyme which says: "Try and try until you will succeed." That's what I thought because I have written you a letter once before and didn't see it in print so I thought I would try again and hope that I will succeed.

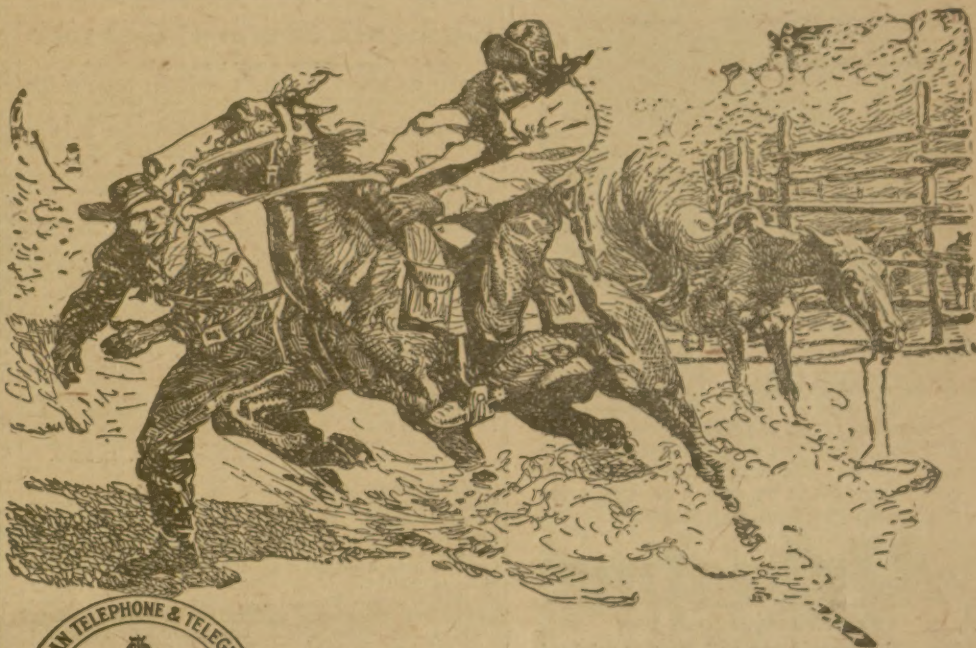
I am not going to school any more but I still think that school days were the best days I ever had. I am very fond of music, reading, writing, horseback riding and dancing. Now do you think I am mean because I dance or what do you think about it? We have all kinds of instruments which are as follows: Organ, violin, guitar, accordion and mouth-harp, but I can't play enough to amount to anything. I wish you would come here once and give us a tune.

I like COMFORT very much. I think it the best of magazines. I enjoy reading them and save them too. I cut all the valuable hints out and paste them in a book. Uncle can you tell me why almost all of the papers are printed in Augusta, Maine?

I received my League button and membership card all O. K. and thank you very much for them.

I would greatly appreciate a card shower the 26th of May as that's my birthday.

I like to go to church and go almost every Sunday that I can. Do you think I am too young to have a beau? Really I think I am since I read how you scolded over the kid who was fourteen years old and expected to see her, ideal; she certainly was too young, but I had the same notions when I was her age. I guess you will find a whole lot of misspelled



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words in my letter but don't scold me too much as I ain't used to scolding. I will close with a thousand kisses to you, one and all. Your niece,
AMANDA NIESO. (League No. 33,339.)

Charmed to hear from you, Amanda. Glad to hear your parents are living. Am somewhat astonished to learn that you have one sister named Gottlieb Oscar and Silda. Someone has certainly upholstered your sister with a fine assortment of names. I should think one would get curvature of the spine carrying around such a bunch of names as that. Gottlieb and Oscar seem to be male names. Did sister acquire or achieve these names or were they simply thrust upon her? I think if I were your sister I would have the first two names amputated. Billy the goat says he thinks that Gottlieb and Oscar must be your brothers' names and that your sister is named Silda. You ask me if I know the rhyme: "Try and try until you succeed." No, my dear, I never heard of a rhyme of that kind, and I don't know why anyone should want to "succeed" anyway. I've been looking through the dictionary to see if I could see just what "succeed" is. Possibly it is a new kind of breakfast food or stove polish. Then too, I'm trying to find where the rhyme comes in. It has suddenly dawned upon my dull and muddled think box that instead of rhyme you mean the old adage or aphorism which runs as follows: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again." You see, my dear, there is a vast difference between that, and "try and try until you succeed." You see you have tried again, and this time you have succeeded. I would not however, advise you to succeed. Try a stick of candy, it might taste better. No, I don't think you are mean because you dance. There is nothing mean about dancing. It is just as natural for young people to want to dance as it is for them to want to eat. Dancing is as old as creation, and I guess if you have read your Bible you have found more than one reference to dancing. Dancing is all right at home when you know who you are dancing with, and when parents are around to see the proprieties are observed. Parents who allow their daughters to go off with young men of whom they know little to public dances that are held miles away from home (trips that entail long buggy rides, and the return of the girls to their homes at four or five in the morning when the parents are sound asleep), are taking big chances. Let youth have its fling, and let the young folks enjoy themselves, but parental vigilance should never be relaxed for one instant. Thousands of girls disappeared last year, never to be heard from again. The majority of these girls are swept into the white slave traffic, and parents more than the girls are to blame for this hideous sacrifice of budding womanhood on the altar of sin and debauchery. Parents must provide wholesome amusement for their children or the children will find amusement for themselves in an atmosphere that is not only unwholesome but demoralizing and dangerous. You are evidently very musical. Some day I will drop in and play you a violin solo on the month harp. It has always been one of the greatest desires of my heart to have some records made for the phonograph so you could hear me singing my own songs. I took the matter up with the Edison company, but found to carry the thing out properly it would entail an expense of some five hundred dollars, so I have had to drop the idea. I am glad that you prefer COMFORT to other magazines. It has a quality you don't find in any of the others hasn't it? You ask why so many papers are printed in Augusta, Maine. One of the reasons, my dear, is that Augusta is the literary center of the universe. Another thing, Maine is a prohibition state, and thus it is able to turn out refined and sober reading matter without any taint of alcoholism. Again the great thing in the publishing business is not so

much what goes in the paper, as the paper itself. It is cheaper to produce a magazine next door to a paper mill, than a thousand miles away from one. It saves freight on the paper. Paper is made largely from wood pulp, and Maine is the headquarters of that industry. Another reason why papers are printed in Augusta, Maine is this: Maine is next to Canada, and if I write anything that you don't like, or anybody else writes anything you don't like, the people that own the magazine can put their printing presses under their arms, and hike to Canada, and so get out of the range of your wrath. I hope I have explained this matter to your satisfaction. If I have not don't blame me, for outside of the fact that Augusta is Mr. Gannett's home and the home of COMFORT, and a very delightful city, I have not any more idea why it's a publishing center than you have. You ask me if I think you are too young to have a beau? Beaux is the plural of beau. Evidently you want your sweethearts in bunches. I would advise you to have them one at a time, and don't show any decided preference for any of them until you are at least eighteen, and don't marry one until you are twenty or over. If your "beaux" thinks anything of you he will be only too glad to wait a year or two for you. If he is not willing to wait you are well rid of him. I waited for a sweetheart of mine once for one solid hour in a heavy rainstorm, and then got arrested. You see this happened out in Montana, and they had not had any rain for five years, and the cop arrested me because I was keeping the water from hitting the ground. Thank you for those thousand kisses, Amanda. I'll put them all in the ice box, and by using a kiss a day I'll have enough to last me for nearly three years, unless you change your mind and give them all to that quadruple, triple expansion, plural sweetheart of yours, your "beaux."

SPRING VALLEY, ARK.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:

I live on a farm half a mile from the village of Spring Valley, which consists of only one store, post-office, and a few houses. I am going to school now and am in the seventh grade. My average the first month was 84 per cent. I love to go to school and ride horseback.

I am five feet high, have dark brown hair, light blue eyes, weigh one hundred pounds and am fifteen years of age. My birthday will be next St. Valentine's day. I would like a post-card shower. How many of uncle's nieces can plow? I can. Last year I cultivated nearly all the corn, but have not worked in the field much this year.

Uncle do you think it wrong to sing sacred music with the violin? At a singing convention at this place the Valley class sang with the violin, but it was ruled out and we withdrew from the convention as our leader said she would not sing without it. This is a beautiful country here. So many hills covered with woods, but now that the leaves are falling it is not so beautiful. Many kinds of nuts grow here, also, strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, gooseberries and grapes grow wild.

Inclose find a kiss and hug for Uncle and all the cousins.

Your loving niece,

NORMA WELCH.

Norma, I am glad to hear that you are such a great worker, and can even plow. That, however, is too much of a strain on a young girl, and you should not be allowed to do it. You might strain or injure yourself and become an invalid for the rest of your life. I am mightily amused in a measure and again quite a little grieved at your question about whether it is wrong to sing sacred music with a violin accompaniment. It seems utterly incredible to me that in this twentieth century, this age of flying machines, wireless telegraphy, and all the other wonders that man has and is daily accomplishing, that in any section of our country, there could be even one, let alone a number of people, so narrow, bigoted

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)



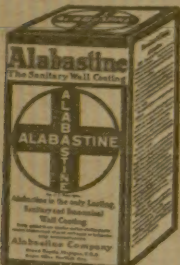
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This department, which is conducted by eminent specialists and experts in the various branches of agricultural science and practical, business farming, will keep our readers posted on the latest scientific discoveries and teach them the best methods of operating in order to obtain **GREATER FARM PROFITS AND BETTER HOME LIVING.**

Any **COMFORT** subscriber can have the advice of our Agricultural Staff free on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. The answers will be printed in this department and will be interesting and instructive to all who are concerned in farming.

If you have suggestions, plain or on one side paper, to give your full name and address, and direct your letter to **COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.**

THE season for seedling is at hand. Every farmer desires a good crop. He does not care to waste seed. But he does not always do those things which will insure a good crop and small loss of seed. Among these none are so important as grading the grain. In all grain there are many small kernels. These kernels may sprout but at best they will give small plants. In a favorable season these small plants get a good grip on the soil and produce good healthy stalks, leaves and often good seed. But what happens in a cold, wet season, or under unfavorable conditions? The small plants produce "crumby" pigs; they are crowded out by stronger and healthier ones and get a poor start in life. After once having gotten a bad start they can never catch up. The stronger and healthier crops rob them of sunlight, food and moisture and they come to maturity with small heads and weak kernels, or worse still, bear no grain at all. Thus seed is wasted and the crop reduced in yield. This can easily be avoided by grading all seed grains. All good fanning mills now have a grading attachment which will separate the large, plump, strong kernels from the small and weak ones. The large kernels should be used for seed, the small ones fed to stock. This insures a good stand of strong plants besides saving all the waste, since the small sized grain is just as good for feed as the larger kernels. More than this, careful grading of grain will remove all the small weed seeds and other impurities. Thus the danger of seeding down your fields to noxious weeds will be greatly lessened if not wholly avoided.

There will be many bushels of clover and grass seed sown during the months of April and May. Much will be sown that had better been kept out of the ground because of the foul seed it contains. Every farmer should make sure that his seed is free from noxious weeds before he places it on his land. The only way he can be certain of this is by careful inspection of all clover and grass seed sown. In all clover and alfalfa seed keep a sharp lookout for dodder, and in all grass seed pests, whose seed so closely resembles that of the plant which it infests that close inspection is necessary. Then watch out for ox-eye daisies and Canada thistles, easily detected by the careful observer. In your lawn grass seed and in your oats keep an eye open for quack grass. Any of the above seeds, once in, will soon ruin a field and render valuable land practically worthless in a very short time. No farmer can afford to sow seed containing weeds. The following rules, carefully followed, will enable him to protect himself against these pests.

1. Never buy seed without you first inspect a fair sample.

Nothing is more important in the production of a crop than the preparation of the seed bed. First the ground should be carefully plowed,—that is, it should be plowed deep enough and the furrow slice should be completely turned over. Then the surface should be smoothed and tamped. There should be no "cutting and covering." Next, this should be worked down and thoroughly pulverized. In regions of light rainfall on light sandy soils where an abundance of moisture is not positively assured the soil should be further compacted by rolling. Air spaces will tend to make land dry out rapidly. After the seed has been sown, thorough covering with a light harrow is necessary. In broadcast seeding the harrow should be run over the surface lightly to form a dust mulch which will prevent evaporation. Of course in case of a heavy rain shortly afterwards the surface will be packed down again and this work will be of little avail, but in case of drought this dust mulch may save the crop.

Good plowing, thorough pulverizing, sufficient rolling and plenty of covering are the essential factors for proper preparation of the seed bed; especially in the case of light soils and in regions of limited rainfall. Where fall plowing is practiced the disk should be used without stint in the spring.

It has only been in recent years that we have known very much about bacteria and the important place they occupy in the world's affairs. The reason is that they are so very small and their actions so difficult to observe that they have escaped observation until very recently. We now know much about these mysterious little organisms or germs or microbes, as they are variously called. Now what are they?

Bacteria are little single-celled plants, too small to be seen with the naked eye, in fact so small that the highest power microscopes are necessary. Under the microscope three distinct classes are easily distinguished. The Latin names used to designate these three classes mean "rod," "spherical," and "spiral." The rods are sometimes as long as they are thick and may be likened to tiny lead pencils. The spirals resemble little corkscrews, and the balls are almost spherical in

The scientist cannot depend on the appearance under the microscope for the identification of the many classes of bacteria now known to exist, but he has other more reliable means which are too complicated to be mentioned here. However, we will give a single illustration. For example: Suppose the germ causing tuberculosis is suspected of being present in milk. The scientist takes this milk, adds a guinea pig, an animal very susceptible to tuberculosis, and if the disease is produced in the guinea pig then he has positive proof of the identity of the germ. The germ is further identified in various other ways.

There are two classes of germs, based upon their harmfulness or usefulness to man. If it were not for germ life nothing would decay. Dead bodies of animals and plants would soon be heaped up about us if we discovered no better means of disposing of them than we now know. The soil would soon lose its fertility and life upon the earth would soon become extinct in consequence. But the bacteria causing decay and putrefaction are continually at work breaking down dead things, returning them to their chemical constituents and returning them again to mother earth in such forms as may be used over again by growing plants. Such germs are of course infinitely useful to man.

Then there are other germs that live in the soil and feed upon the nitrogen of the air. These germs attach themselves to the roots of peas, beans, clover, Alfalfa and other legumes and cause little nodules or tubercles to grow there, somewhat resembling tiny potatoes. They take nitrogen from the air and store up in these tubercles in a form in which the plant can make use of it, for it is a curious fact that though the plant is growing in an atmosphere four fifths of which is nitrogen it cannot make use of a single particle of this free nitrogen, as it exists in the air. So far as we know bacteria are the only living things that can take of this important and costly constituent of the plant and animal food directly from the air and combine it with other elements in such manner as to produce a soil fertilizer. It will be seen that we are in a very large degree dependent upon bacteria for the fertility of the soil.

Some kinds of bacteria have a beneficial effect on our foods, the quality of which often depends upon the bacteria present. The delicate flavors of butter, cheese and wine are caused by good bacteria, while the spoiled flavors of most foods are caused by bad varieties. If the right kind of bacteria are present in milk it will make good, wholesome butter and cheese, but if the wrong kind are present the flavors will be bad and the products may be actually injurious to health.

Then there is a group of bacteria that are known by the colors they produce, called (chromogenic bacteria) color-bearing bacteria. One produces a brilliant red color, another a bright blue, another yellow, and so on. In milk the red color-producing bacteria may give rise to a condition resembling "bloody milk" and another group cause slimy orropy milk. Most of these bacteria are entirely harmless but undesirable to have in our food.

The worst bacteria that we have, however, are the disease-producing bacteria. These cause disease in both animals and man. Glanders in horses, anthrax in cattle, cholera in swine and tuberculosis and other diseases in man and in many animals are caused by bacteria. Diseases caused by bacteria. There are many diseases of wild animals, many of which are produced by these little plants growing within the human body. Tuberculosis has already been mentioned, pneumonia is caused by a germ, likewise typhoid fever and scarlet fever and diphtheria and cholera and practically every other form of contagious disease.

Bacteria live everywhere, in the water, the soil, in the dust of the air, in our food and in and on the bodies of animals and plants. Nearly all of them are completely killed by boiling water but many of them withstand drying for months. It is well always to remember this fact. Everything suspected of carrying disease germs should be boiled at least twenty minutes to kill these bacteria.

Bacteria multiply by division, that is a single individual increases its size, then divides and separates in two pieces, each forming new, complete individuals. This occurs every twenty minutes. In a single hour from its birth each germ becomes the great grandmother of eight children,—seventy-two generations in a day. Figure this out and see how many bacteria may result from a single parent in twenty-four hours.

Sunlight, fresh air, pure food, hot water, cleanliness are the enemies of bacteria. These are the reasons why disease flourishes in dark, damp, dirty places. These are the reasons why ~~and~~ milk cannot be produced in dark and dirty barns. These are the reasons why the country is so much healthier a place to live in than the crowded city.

There are several chemicals that kill bacteria. Principal among these are chloroform, alcohol, corrosive sublimate, carbolic acid, formaldehyde and commercial coal tar disinfectants. A comparatively small quantity of more powerful of these in water will kill all kinds of bacteria and for this reason they are called disinfectants, but they are also poisonous and must be used with care. To disinfect or sterilize wash articles in some of the above chemicals or spray them with the same, or subject them to live steam or boil in water for twenty minutes. Either method will effectually destroy all kinds of bacteria.

TRUCK GARDENING.—As I have a small piece of good land close to town I would like to try intensive farming. What could I raise most profitably, stock or vegetables? Have tried poultry on a small scale with little profit because of high cost of feed.

G. A., Vallejo, Cal.

A.—Use farmyard manure and, if necessary in your arid district, add a potash fertilizer, such as a sulphate of potash, to the columns. See back numbers of this department. Spraying is necessary to prevent blight and destroy bugs. Use Bordeaux mixture, the formula for which was printed in March COMFORT. Onions do finely without irrigation where the rainfall is sufficient for other crops. In the arid and semi-arid districts irrigation is of course absolutely necessary. See back numbers for carefully what we have said on both these subjects in February and March numbers. We cannot spare the space to keep repeating the same advice month after month.

A.—The specimen sent was in such bad condition that no idea could be gained regarding it. On account of the drought last year vegetables in practically all of the southwestern states burned and dried up in the soil. There was less loss on well-manured land and that which was then drained and improved by turning under green crops. Such manuring should be done and after the crop comes up the surface soil should be kept constantly stirred to a depth of two inches or so to form a dust mulch and so retain moisture.

WHERE TO GET WISCONSIN No. 7 SEED CORN.—I am much interested in your article in February COMFORT on "What Better Seed Means," and especially in what you said about the wonderful improvement in the variety of corn known as "Wisconsin No. 7" produced by a band of graduates of the College of Agriculture. Will you give me the address of some reliable firm or individual from whom this seed corn can be purchased?
J. D. K., Stont, Ohio.

A.—For information regarding men who can supply the Wisconsin No. 7 seed corn alluded to in our recent article address a letter to Prof. R. A. Moore, College of Agriculture, Madison, Wis.

MAKING RENNIN.—Please tell me how to prepare the calf's stomach for the brine in making rennet. I do not understand the cleansing part of the process.

A.—The fourth stomach (true digestive stomach) is used. These may be kept in the salted form; but it is best to keep them in liquid. Merely wash the stomach and cut it into pieces or use it whole; as it is done in preparing tripe from the second stomach. Place eight calves' stomachs in two gallons of brine, made strong enough to float an egg, and add a slice of onion to each. Boil for 24 hours. Allow it to stand for a month. Half a pint of the mixture will then suffice for curdling one hundred gallons of milk in one hour. Use more for quick work.

ENRICHING THIN SOIL.—I have a field of thin, sandy soil. Please advise me the best and cheapest way to get a good crop this coming season. The wheat on it last year yielded scarcely anything. Near this land I have a ditch bank of muck. Would it pay to haul the muck onto this land? If so, what quantity to produce a crop of corn or potatoes?

A.—It is rather too late to start operations to improve a field on the coast. The muck and black mud would help to improve the land quickly; but the right way to use it would be to mix it with lime at the rate of one part of lime to eight of muck. The mixture is made after the muck has dried and crumbled. The mixed heap (compost) is then turned twice to fully incorporate the lime and muck and the muck is then spread on the land and the lime applied by means of a manure spreader. The amount used depends upon the ability of the owner to get the stuff out. If put on in fall up to twenty tons or so to the acre could be used and the field well harrowed.

In spring, applied in spring less quantities would have to be used, as the new soil mixture needs "wetting" to make it safe and effective. For application the coming spring try to obtain farmyard manure and use it in smaller workings to the surface soil. For drill for potatoes; then spread the manure in the drills; plant the potatoes on it and split the drills to cover the potatoes and manure. As soon as possible work the land into clover and grass.

FEEDING HORSES.—Kindly tell me what quantity of feed should be given a horse, as my hired help use as much feed I fear they waste it. I have had but little experience in feeding horses.

A.—A horse needs about one pound of grain and one pound of hay per one hundred pounds live weight as a day's ration and the grain should be increased if he is worked hard. An idle horse takes more hay and less grain. For the work horse feed oats and bran, with mixed hay; for the idle horse more corn can be fed and more oat straw and fodder. See that each horse has abundant outdoor exercise every

1. RICE STRAW OR HAY.—Please answer the following questions. Give chemical analysis of rice straw. Has it any value as hay?

2. PLANTING PARTICULAR PART OF POTATO.—Is there any truth in the popular belief that by planting a particular part of an Irish potato it causes the plant grown therefrom to blossom?

4. ALFALFA GROWING.—Can Alfalfa be grown successfully on land where underground streams of water are not more than fifteen or twenty feet below the surface of the earth?

A. (1)—Rice straw contains nitrogen .75 per cent, phosphoric acid .26 per cent, and potash .42 per cent. It also contains the following digestible constituents: protein 1.5 per cent, carbohydrates 22.25 per cent, and cellulose 1.25 per cent. The following bulletin adds: "As a stock food rice bulls have absolutely no feeding value and are in fact injurious." The digestible portion of rice straw is so low as to make it fall in the same class. See the bulletin mentioned.

A. (2)—No. So far as we know this belief has no foundation of fact. It makes no difference which part of the potato you plant, provided, of course, it has an eye on it.

A. (3).—Y. It is possible to obtain fertile sugar cane seed. Bailey says: "Until recent years it was thought impossible." "The making of definite crosses was first successful in the West Indies in the eighties." "The number of fertile seeds produced in a single panicle is relatively small." See Volume II, Bailey's *Cyclopedia of Agriculture*.

A. (4)—Yes, provided that the surface is well drained and other conditions are favorable. Alfalfa can be grown successfully under conditions stated.

A. (5)—It is impossible to give complete answers to the various parts of this question in the space at our disposal. In general the distinction between sand and clay is made up of very fine particles and sand being made up of very fine particles and sand being relatively coarse ones; hence sand does not hold moisture as well as clay. Lime soils contain a relatively high percentage of lime. The crops are influenced more by the amount of rainfall and the capacity of the soil to retain water than by the kind of soil since there is relatively small differences in the chemical analysis of these soils.

BROOM-CORN.—I am desirous of information regarding broom-corn. Where is it grown? What kind of a soil does it require and also climate? Does it mature in one season? Mrs. A. H. Dafter, Mich.

A—Broomrape is grown throughout the Upper Mississippi valley, Oklahoma and Texas. In general it requires the same soil, climate and cultivation as fusoid druggist corn. It is planted in one row and should be harvested about the time that blooming is over in order to make the best quality of brooms. A satisfactory yield is 500 to 600 pounds of brush per acre. It is planted in drills about three feet six inches apart and six inches apart in the drill. Since its cultivation requires special facilities for curing and storing, it is not intended to continue more than its culture in the present year.

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Is the matter? The milk from our cow is sweet and good at first but after standing two or three days it gets bitter and also makes the cream foam when churning. Am feeding some musty oats, will that cause it? We have churned all day on it before we could get butter and the last time we couldn't get butter. One of our neighbors has the same trouble. My cow eats healthy and acts healthy and seems to be a good healthy cow in every way.

A.—Bitter milk may be due to any one of three causes, bad food, unhealthy condition of the cow, and the bitter milk germ. From what you say you trouble is probably due to the bitter milk germ since it seems to develop after two or three days. If from either of the other causes the milk would undoubtedly be the bitter when drawn. The bitter germ usually develops in the cleanest of milk that is kept very cool.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

and I might add, so densely stupid and ignorant, as to object to a violin—the most wonderful of all instruments—accompanying the singers of what I presume were sacred songs. When I was a boy there was no organ in the church which I attended. My father played the violin remarkably well, and another man played the violin-cello, while two others played the flute and double bass—that's the big grandpa fiddle you know. They produced excellent music, until the congregation was rich enough to buy a fine pipe organ. At Christmas and on Easter Sunday and on other great festivals in our big cities whole orchestras are engaged to assist in rendering the music usually produced by the choir and organ. If you could hear one of these magnificent services with an expert harpist also assisting, you'd think you had been suddenly carried into paradise, and all this is done in honor and praise of the God who made us, and to sing, and even the streams to murmur sweetly as they dance their way to the ocean. I wonder if this bunch of religious glooms ever read this passage from the Bible: "Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, all ye lands; sing, rejoice, and give thanks." "Praise the Lord upon the harp; sing to the harp with a psalm of thanksgiving. With trumpets also and shawms: O, shew yourselves joyful before the Lord the King. Let the sea make a noise and all that therein is; the round world, and they that dwell therein; let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together before the Lord." Then do you remember the valleys that were so full of corn that they laughed and sang, and the mountains skipped like rams, and do you remember the closing words of the 150th psalm, "Praise God with the sound of the trumpet, praise Him with the psalter and harp, praise Him with the timbrel and dance, praise Him with stringed instruments and organs, praise Him upon the loud cymbals, let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." Please note the stringed instruments for that meant the violin of that day, the violin of our day. The religious world is divided into two classes, the glooms and the joys. Those who take their religion sadly, those who take their religion gladly. I belong to the latter class, thank Heaven. If the glooms will ever do when they get to Heaven if they ever get there is beyond me. I fancy I can hear the comments of some of them when they reach the Golden Gates and St. Peter invites them to enter. They will look cautiously around to see if it's all thoroughly respectable and nice and graveyardy and gloomy. Presently the door will swing open and the glooms will hear an outburst of glorious music. Every conceivable instrument will be sending forth exquisite harmonies, every face will be lit up with seraphic smiles. The whole atmosphere will be one of joy and happiness. Then can I imagine the earth glooms, holding a consultation with one another. The gloomiest of all the glooms will probably say: "Why I am simply astonished at the goings on in that place. Hundreds of young girls playing on harps and smiling all over their faces while they are singing. Why it's perfectly scandalous. This is certainly no place for us. Everyone seems to be happy here, nobody is gloomy, nobody crying. I guess we got the wrong address." Though good Christians all rejoice in the fact that in that better land beyond there will be no more crying or weeping, no more sorrow or tears, and instead there will be all happiness, it seems to me they are taking very little pleasure and getting very little satisfaction out of the fact. Why the deuce don't they take some pleasure and satisfaction out of that fact, instead of ruling a choir with a violin out of order. They should rejoice in the fact that instead of playing ragtime at a dance, they are sending up strains of praise to the Father of us all. One of the reasons that keeps so many people out of church is this: men and women go off to church as if they were going to a funeral, instead of a joyous service of prayer and praise. On the other hand the people who don't go to church have usually got a smile on their faces a yard wide. Strange indeed, isn't it that the followers of the devil—people who have no hope of a future life, nothing but death and annihilation—have their faces wreathed in smiles, while many of the intense Christians, full of divine grace, and the assurance of eternal life hereafter, mope about like the inhabitants of a morgue. I suppose we ought not to complain if people want to take their religion sadly. Some people get more enjoyment out of one funeral than they do out of a thousand weddings. In a generation or two this morbidity will vanish. Religious gloom and all other sorts of gloom are relics of the bad old days when ignorance and superstition ruled the land. Once God was regarded as a terrible being, hurling lightning darts and thunder bolts at everybody. That

kind of deity appeals immensely today to the savage and the heathen, but education, knowledge, and a deeper knowledge of the spirit of the universe, and truer insight into nature and nature's God, and the appreciation of the fact that nearly all the ills from which humanity suffers are due to human folly and ignorance, and not to Divine vengeance, has taught us that God is a God of love, not of terror, a God who, if He chastens, chastens only for our own good, a loving Father who desires all to be well and happy. What most people seem to forget is that God is not ignorant and bigoted, narrow and prejudiced, as they too often are, but on the contrary is the seat of all intelligence, all knowledge, all wisdom, all love, and when two choirs come together to praise Him, instead of being shocked at the sight and the strains of earth's noblest instrument, He would be shocked and disgusted at the stupidity and ignorance of those who refused to allow that instrument to join in the great chorus that was waiting heavenward songs and peans of praise to His honor and glory.

OLIVIA, MINN.

DEAR COUSINS AND ALL:

I live in the southern part of the state, just twelve miles from the beautiful Minn. river. There also is an Indian town, just fifteen miles from here, where the massacre was held many years ago. It is a very beautiful town. We raise an abundance of grapes, apples and strawberries here. Our little town of Olivia was named after a lady by that name and to reward them for naming our town after her, she sent down five dollars to help build one of our high schools. Olivia has a population of nearly two thousand inhabitants, and a courthouse, armory, two high schools, a park, village hall, six churches, a factory, two banks, a depot, two hotels, about eight stores, and, last but not least, four saloons. Now what do you think of it? Well, as my letter is getting rather long, I will attempt to tell you a little about myself. I am only one of those bashful, sweet sixteeners, and am a sophomore in high school, and have no sisters or brothers at home, as my oldest sister is married, and my only brother has gone to the great beyond. I have a camera and will be pleased to exchange my photographic work with any of the dear cousins. Will also be pleased to exchange postals, photos and letters, with all who care to write me. I remain,

Your loving cousin, ROSE ELEANOR SLEETER.

Rose, you write a beautiful hand, and you actually use ink instead of a lead pencil. My, how civilized Minnesota is getting. You speak of an Indian town where a massacre was held. You state that it is now a very beautiful place. Do you think the massacre helped it to grow beautiful, if so I will massacre Billy the Goat, then New York may some day be a beautiful town. Heaven knows it needs a little improvement. You say: "Where the massacre was held many years ago." Are these massacres periodic affairs in your state, or are they held very often? I have heard of religious services being held, and a meeting being held and lots of other things being held, but I never heard of a massacre being held, though I have heard of a massacre taking place, being perpetrated, etc. I hope that the next time a massacre is being held in your state, it will be held so tight, that it won't be able to get loose and do harm to anyone. You say you raise grapes, apples and strawberries in your region. The only things that we raise here are prices. Olivia is a very pretty name both for a lady and for a town. You state that the lady the town was named for, as a mark of appreciation, sent down five dollars to help build one of your high schools. I think that was an exceedingly generous donation. I should think with a sum of money as huge as that you could build not only a high school, but a low school, half a dozen churches, three or four city halls, a couple of state capitols, and still have several dollars left over. Maybe five dollars would not do all that in Minnesota, but it's so long since I saw a whole five dollar bill walking around loose without a chain on it, so don't wonder if I get excited at the wonderful purchasing power of such an extraordinary sum of money. I tell you we ought to have lots of education in this land when we can buy schools for five dollars. You state you have a court house and an armory. I hope however, you were not extravagant to spend five dollars on each of those. It seems to me you've got quite a number of churches for two thousand people, as I believe about sixty per cent. of the people never enter a church. What a pity in a small town instead of six churches scantily attended, there could not be but one big church, with one eloquent, magnetic preacher, who could fill that church every time the doors were opened. We have too many religious sects in this country. If they would all get together, the money that now goes to building a lot of half filled buildings that cost large sums both to erect and keep up and in repair, and heaps more money for the salary of generally inefficient pastors, could be utilized to better advantage for the building of one fine church from which every kind of Christian activity could radiate. In fact enough activity to drive out all the sin and saloons in the town. Lots of our towns and cities are over churching. I had the organizer of a very splendid and fashionable city church telling me the other day that on a wet Sunday evening, the people in attendance at church numbered in the choir, with organist and minister, thirty-six; in the congregation, just six. What was the trouble? The weather five per cent., a self-satisfied, egotistic, worldly, pompous, fussy, aristocratic, un-Christian minister ninety-five per cent. We want a live church and live men in it, with Christ-like ideals, men who practice what they preach, men who will not put all the poor people in the back pews, and all the rich ones in the front. That will all come to pass some day. You know the quotation from the Bible: "He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and hath exalted them of low degree." Pride will be exalted, and then there won't be any need to make laws against saloons for there will be nobody to patronize them.

ENGLISH, RICHLAND CO., S. C.

HELLO UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am an old fellow of thirty, been married eleven years, have three little ones, one girl named Autumn, quite a novel name is it not? Two little boys and my hubby constitute our little family. I am sending them to school. We have a very nice graded school.

We live in the sandy region of center Richland county.

Well uncle we own our home. We have a nice little plantation, also horses, cows, hogs and a very cute little cock named Gary. He is periodically handsome. Come down and take a ride upon his back.

Oh, Uncle Charlie I have a perfect poultry hospital here at my home. My grown chickens all have the sore head and don't know what to do with them. I want to cook a chicken and cannot, all on account of the sore head. I imagine you are very fond of chickens. I suppose all preachers love chicken. You are one year not, uncle. If you are not, you ought to be. Ha! ha, don't get mad Uncle, I was only teasing you, I like to guy anyone.

Now Uncle Charlie I hope you will reply to this letter as it is my first one to COMFORT. Love to you and all the cousins.

Your niece, CRICKET TURNER.

(Turnipspeed is my nickname.)

I am glad to have the married ladies butting into our cozy corner, for this department is for both young and old, and there is a comfy place on my lap for everybody. It is quite an idea naming your little girl Autumn. I had a boy once, but I didn't name him Autumn. I named him Fall. He seemed to have lead in his head and butter in his feet, and about half-a-dozen times a day he used to dive down into my head first. It was fall all the year round for him. Finally we had to put lead in his shoes and make him swallow the poker to keep him upright. I am glad your school is graded. A school that is not graded is very uncomfortable for both teachers and scholars, climbing over hills and mountains to get from one end of the room to the other is no joke, so I am glad your school floors are all on the level. I'm sorry you have such a lot of sore-headed chickens. I would suggest that you wash your chickens with carbolic soap,

and then anoint their beaks with carbolic vaseline, that ought to fix them. My acquaintance with sore-heads in the chicken line is very limited, but I do know a lot about human sore-heads, and the country is full of them. There is no more despicable object under the heavens than a sore-head. I guess all of our readers have met plenty of these human, or inhuman creatures. Every village, every community has its bunch of sore-heads. Every time anyone attempts to do anything for the benefit of the community the sore-heads get out their hammers and knock. Nothing pleases them, nothing satisfies them. They nurse a perpetual grudge, and they grunt and growl like the hogs that they are, twenty-five hours in the day. There is only one thing worse than one sore-head and that is two sore-heads. If anything is going on the sore-head butts in, and if there is any chance of it being a success he tries to make it a failure. Nothing pleases him, nothing ever could please him. If he had a billion dollars in gold given him he'd kick because he had to hire a couple of teams to haul it home. He was born kicking, and he will die kicking. He hates anybody that is successful, and never has a good word for anything or anybody. He has not only a sore-head but he has a sore-body, and in fact he is a human boil, and just about as pleasant as most boils are. He would kick if he were playing football. He would knock if he were hammering tacks. If you see any dust 'n' in the graveyard after he is buried, you may know that he is raising it. Whatever you are don't be a sore-head. There are, I regret to say female as well as male sore-heads. It's very easy to become a sore-head by getting into the habit of knocking everybody and finding fault with everything and everybody around you and giving credit to nobody for anything good that they do. Don't nurse a grudge, don't be a perpetual gloom, chase the owls and bats out of your brain and get some sunshine in. Encourage everybody to do their best instead of rejoicing when they do their worst. Give a word of cheer and praise, for it is the oil of human sympathy that makes the world go round without friction. Make this your motto "if you can't boost, don't knock." Mind I am only referring to the sore-head who makes a business of knocking everything that is good and neglects to knock anything that is bad. There are plenty of things to knock in this world that need knocking and ought to be knocked, but don't be a universal knocker of those in the little community in which you live, or you will soon degenerate into a sore-head, and one sore-head can blight a whole community. So dear friend, I think I will wait until your chickens recover from the sore-head disease before I take a meal with you.

ELK CITY, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a newcomer. I have been taking the COMFORT for a long time. I enjoy reading the cousins' letters, and Uncle Charlie's witty answers. I will describe myself as I am a newcomer. I have brown hair, blue eyes and light complexion. I have been taking music. I got the gold medal. I am still taking lessons but not so many as I was. My age is thirteen.

Your new niece, ETHEL SANDS.

Ethel, yours is not a particularly interesting letter, and it is scarcely likely to gain any lasting fame as a literary classic. You mention that you have been taking music. I trust you have not been taking it internally as well as externally. I knew a boy who swallowed a small, music box once, and every time a chunk of meat or a slab of pie used to descend into his infernal regions and hit that old machine it used to grind out: "We shall meet in the sweet pie and pie," or rather I should have said: "we shall meet in the sweet by and by." I tell you it's no joke to take music internally. It is all right to listen to music, or to take music lessons, but when you start taking music it's a dangerous proceeding. Now, Ethel, I come to the most astonishing statement in your letter. You say: "I got the gold medal." Thank Heaven, Ethel, we have at last discovered somebody who owns up to possessing some real money. Most people in this world are willing to go on the roof and shout that they are broke, but those who are willing to admit that they have got more than fifty cents are scarcer than hen's teeth. When it comes around for our old friend Rockefeller, Morgan and Carnegie (all good Christians), to make a statement to the New York officials as to how much they have got that is taxable, the three billionaires won't admit to having more than about a dollar seventy-five among them. Now here is Ethel Sands, of Elk City, Okla., who without a moment's hesitation, without a single qualm of conscience, brazenly it forth to the whole world, that she has got the gold medal, and I'll bet three hairs of Billy the Goat's tail, that she won't make a statement like that unless she had got enough gold to cover Pike's Peak six feet deep. Now, Ethel, as I am your Uncle Charlie, and therefore a member of your family, and one of your poor but distinguished relations, I feel sure that you won't be hard-hearted enough to leave me out in the cold in this gold medal proposition I will be content with, say a couple of carloads, one car load of which I will distribute to our shut-ins, from the other half I'll saw off a small chunk about half a mile square, provide myself with a set of nice, new, gold teeth and a red wig, the balance to be used for wheel chairs. I had no sooner penned the last words of this modest request when that old hoodoo, and kill joy, Billy the Goat, rubbed at your letter, Ethel, and said: "You old sap head, she doesn't mean gold medal at all what she means is gold medal, and gold paint around the outside." There that's just the way I got all my dreams of wealth smashed to smithereens. One moment I'm away up in the heavens reveling in dreams of wealth, laden with chunks of gold medal big enough to choke an elephant, and the next minute, I'm plunged into the abyssal depths of dismal despair; golden dreams vanished, and clutching in a spasm of poverty one of those ten cent gold medals, which has been presented to one of those smart boy or girl relatives of mine who have succeeded in playing on the piano, with four feet and both hands and only fourteen mistakes, that honky headed old chestnut, entitled: "White wings they never grow whiskers." I mean "never grow weary." Ah, Ethel, when you have lived to be as young as I am, and have seen all your fondest and most cherished hopes of digging a whole gold mine out of a rich relation who finally turned the tables on you by borrowing the last quarter you had between yourself and the poorhouse go to smash, you will realize how frightfully heart-broken and disappointed I am, that the gold medal that I thought you possessed so abundantly, turns out to be an old tin gold medal pre-



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ORIENT, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a reader of the COMFORT and like it very much. My brother, a doubting Thomas, says that the letters from the cousins in the COMFORT are not written by individuals, but are just "made up affairs," by the editor. So I thought I would write a letter myself to find whether my brother or myself is right. But if you don't print this I will be in the dark as much as

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Early Care Insures Success

UNLIKE common hens, turkeys are not attracted to a nest by an egg. In fact, they retain so much of the wild bird that they will not adopt a nest that has been used by any other bird, so never distribute nest eggs as delectables, but only as substitutes for those abstracted.

Early in March, half barrels should be placed in quiet corners near the farm buildings and well screened with brush, so that the birds may get accustomed to their appearance before the laying season and consider them safe hiding places for their eggs. The plan answers splendidly with our birds. Before the middle of the month we keep a lookout for eggs, going to the nests very carefully after the birds have gone to roost. When an egg is found, it is spoiled, and a china one put in its place; ditto when the second egg was taken, but after that, no more china eggs were dropped, for two always seemed to satisfy Mrs. Turkey.

The matter of feeding the old birds is of great importance and is the rock most farmers founder on. Too often the birds are left to forage for themselves, or, at the best, are given uncertain quantities of corn, which means that they are miserably thin and dilapidated or outrageously fat. In either case they lack the components which the egg for hatching should possess. Result, weak youngsters, which are doomed to die, no matter how much care is lavished on them. I once heard an old poultryman say that the care of the chick must commence when the mother is hatched. This may seem ambiguous to the amateur, but it is literally a fact, and one which my Massachusetts friend had made me understand was most potent when applied to turkeys. So our turkeys are fed with special reference to supplying the ingredients to be converted into bone and vigor in the birds to be. Breakfast: Chopped clover hay, steamed over night, two quarts; corn and oats ground together, one quart; beef scraps, half a pint. At noon, one quart of oats, Kaffir corn or barley scattered broadcast in the yards. At night, whole corn when the weather is very cold, but as it moderates in the spring the amount is decreased and wheat is used in its place.

These are their regular rations from December to April, when the beef scraps and corn are entirely omitted. Water and grit are before them all the time. We buy screenings from the stone crusher, and, as it is cheap, dump a lot into each yard twice a year.

I generally steal the first ten eggs and set them under the hens. However many a turkey may lay after that, she is allowed to keep and hatch them. It takes them twenty-nine days to hatch, and large, motherly old hens should be chosen from the chicken house to do the incubating. It is not safe to put more than five such eggs under an ordinary hen.

When the hatch is over, put the hen into a brood coop, and in front of it put a box about nine inches deep and large enough to form a yard for the babies to exercise in. It is, of course, necessary to remove part or the whole of the end of the box which joins the front of the coop, so that the little ones can run out and in. Cover the bottom of the box with coarse sand and put a small drinking fountain in one corner. Then the babies will have a safe place to play in the first few days of infancy, when they must be kept dry. After that, the box can be removed, and the coop moved a few feet every day for the sake of cleanliness.

When Mrs. Turkey's brood hatches, we treat them in the same way, only the brood coop is specially made, and is much larger than the ordinary hen coop. The first feed the babies have is stale home-made bread soaked in scalded milk, which is squeezed out of it before it is fed. Like little chicks, they must have nothing for twenty-four hours, then little and often must be the rule. Never leave food in front of little turkeys, for they are very apt to overeat. After two weeks they need only be fed four times a day; after the fourth week three times a day. After the first two days add a little hard-boiled egg which has been chopped fine without removing the shell, and a few days later, pinhead oatmeal and ground charcoal; about a teaspoonful of the latter to a cupful of bread and oatmeal.

By the end of two weeks gradually reduce the bread and increase the oatmeal, which should be cooked about half an hour and allowed to dry out, so it is easily crumbled when cool.

After the fourth week, ordinary ground oats, just moistened with scalded milk, may be used. Half-boiled liver, chopped fine, is the best animal food to give. When that is not practicable, use the best brand of commercial ground beef, one teaspoonful to a quart of meal, because it is very strong and liable to produce diarrhea—a disease which attacks young turkeys almost sooner than any other young bird. Watch carefully, and at the first evidence of any looseness of the bowels give boiled rice to eat, and rice water or cold tea to drink.

Watch newly hatched babies for a few days at feed time, for there is often one or more that needs to be taught how to eat. This is especially so when they are with common hens. But a little patience in crumpling down in front of them and coaxing them to pick it up will overcome the difficulty. After they are eight weeks old we take them from the hens and put them into the third yard, which is kept exclusively for young stock.

At night they are driven into the shed, the front of which is always kept covered with wire netting, so that they can be closed in until they get accustomed to roosting. Of course, the perches in this shed are put nearer to the ground and are much smaller than those intended for grown birds. About October 1st they are allowed the free range of the farm and are fed on corn at night and given all the milk they will drink, to get them into good milking condition before Thanksgiving, when they are sold off, except perhaps a few extra good ones, which we may keep for stock. The old birds are also allowed free range from October until February, but they are fed in the yards at night, and are shut in so that they don't form any bad wandering habits.

Correspondence

W. J. M.—Should chickens be fed hen mash in the morning? I have heard some say that it causes stomach trouble. What is the best kind of chicken for all round winter and summer layers.

A.—If you feed mash in the morning, it should be composed of equal parts of ground oats, ground corn, cut clover or alfalfa hay and bran with beef scraps, or with any one of the animal meals or preparations on the market, the whole to be well mixed and just moistened with scalding water, covered and allowed to steam all night. The mash should not be dead cold when fed, but it must not be hot. I consider Orpington or White Wyandottes the best general purpose birds.

A. P.—I wish to inquire about raising squabs. I sent to the government for a book, and in it, it

stated that squabs had to be picked for the market. Can a person sell them without picking them? Is there any paper that treats on squabs?

A.—You might get some ideas from a butcher to buy squabs undressed, but I rather doubt it. Being nestlings when they are marketed, they have very few feathers, and are easily plucked. "The Feather," published in Washington, D. C., has a pigeon department, and I believe there is a paper devoted exclusively to pigeons, but I don't know where it is published.

B. H.—When should gooslings be marketed, to pay best? Should the incubator be run at 103, the same as for chickens?

A.—Geese bring the best prices during the holiday season. Run the incubator at 103 to 104, and supply more moisture than for hens' eggs.

R. E. S.—You must use discrimination about the amount of water. There should be only enough steam to keep the air humid, not enough to wet the walls or trays. Try dampening with the water in the bottom tray, and sprinkle the oats once a day.

J. W.—Please tell me through your valuable paper what all my chickens. Their eyes swell up, and water run from them, and in a few days they are all right again. How many hens can I keep with one rooster? Is there any way of telling if an egg is fertile before setting? Is the germ of the egg on the yolk or on the white? Is warm water good for chickens?

A.—As the hens were only afflicted for two or three days, and then recovered, I think it must have been a case of their getting something into the eye which irritated it. If your birds are of the heavy class, such as Rocks or Rhode Island Reds, nine or ten are sufficient for a flock. If Leghorns or any other of the light weight varieties, it is safe to have fifteen or twenty hens with the male bird. As far as my experience goes it is not possible to tell whether eggs are fertile until they have been in the incubator five days. The germ is a spot which seems to be on the outer side of the yolk when the egg is broken. In very cold weather it is advisable to fill the drinking fountains with warm water three times a day.

H. S.—What shall I feed the old turkeys? Also the little turkeys? How shall I fix them up, and water run from them, and set where they please? Shall I set their eggs under a hen or a turkey? Which is the best? How long do they set, and what time of the year do they lay? Usually how many eggs? How many do you set under a turkey hen?

A.—See first part of this month's article.

Glenn.—An old subscriber would like to have information about how to raise turkeys. Will you kindly give us an article in time to set turkey eggs if you possibly can? I have found so much valuable information concerning chickens and ducks in your page of Comfort that I feel I must thank you for your good advice. I would like to write you my experience as a poultry raiser on a small scale, later on. Can I set turkey eggs under a Rhode Island Red hen? If so, how many and when?

A.—This month is devoted to turkeys. Does it answer your question?

H. A.—Can you tell me what all my chickens? About four years ago last fall I had a hen that had something wrong with one of her eyes. It had a hard white lump just inside the upper lid that grew in size until it was almost as large as the hen's head. We didn't do anything for her, but in about a month I think it was the lump popped out, leaving the vision unimpaired, and very little sign of anything having been wrong. She kept in good flesh and seemed sprightly all the time. None of the other fowls had it at that time, but in a year, or probably a little longer, there were two or three more afflicted in the same way. Last year there were several, and this year there have been a dozen. The tumors (as I call them) always occur in the flock about the same time of the year, and after those cases are disposed of do not trouble any more until the next fall. My husband took out a few with a pocket-knife, and the operation was not difficult, nor did it seem very painful. They come out a firm, solid lump, and the hen recovers very rapidly; but we usually just kill the hen. I don't think it could be removed, as it doesn't seem at all contagious, and there is no offensive odor. Can it be something that is hereditary, and how can I best rid my flock of the trouble? I have Plymouth Rocks crossed with Rhode Island Reds. I am afraid this is too long, but it seems that I couldn't describe the symptoms in less space. If you can help me out of my trouble I will certainly be grateful.

A.—I think the lumps must be some sort of a tumorous growth, but I can't tell what produces them, nor can I be sure of what they really are without having seen the birds.



A PERFECT PLYMOUTH ROCK ROOSTER.

F. H. L. would be so much obliged if you would tell her the cause of her hens having such large livers; otherwise healthy; but as soon as I notice them starting to droop, I kill and find them fat, and good egg layers. Have had splendid success otherwise. Last one had liver weighing one and one half ounces. All kinds of broods—have about one hundred, and feed all sorts of grain and shell and house scraps.

A.—The trouble has probably originated from the house scraps. Bread, potatoes and fat meat will force eggs for a time, but before long such heavy food is bound to affect the birds' livers. If you had not killed them as soon as you noticed them becoming droopy, their combs would either have become very dark red—almost black—and the birds would have paled suddenly or combs would have gradually become paler and paler; the birds would have gone off their feed, droopings would have become loose and bad-colored, and the poor creatures might have lingered for weeks. The remedy is to cut out fatty stuffs. Give plenty of green food, and for two weeks put a teaspoonful of citrate of magnesia in every quart of drinking water every third day.

S. R. and G.—You will find it better to feed the oats dry and shell the corn, and chop up the apples raw. It is almost impossible to say just how much one hundred and fifty birds will eat. The best general rule is to feed lightly in the morning, and scatter small grain in the straw, so that they will have to scratch for it. At noon, give them vegetable food of some sort, and a little more small grain. At night all the whole corn they will eat up clean in fifteen minutes. To get eggs in the winter, birds must have animal food of some sort. Pinch, boiled and chopped up fine, are good if you can get them from your butcher. Following that, there are several brands of commercial scraps on the market which are specially prepared for poultry.

S. J. F.—Dear Editor, will you please tell me the fine points in buying a chicken?

A.—You don't say what breed or variety of chickens, so I can't help you, as all breeds have different points.

E. C. R.—I have a sick turkey. Will you please tell me what is the matter with him? He set six once before, and set better, and then one of the hens got sick, but is better now. He is sick again. Lots

worse, sits around drawn up; looks very pale; don't eat anything. What passes through his bowels looks like yellow of an egg. Everybody around here are losing their turkeys; would like to have help.

A.—As others in the neighborhood are losing birds in the same way, I fear you have an epidemic to fight. Turkeys are very subject to worms, and the trouble is spread from flock to flock through the agency of the droppings. Shut up any sick-looking birds in separate coops, the bottoms of which should be of wire or poultry wire. Fix the coops on legs or blocks of wood, so that they stand at least a foot from the ground, to allow the droppings to fall through the bottom, and out of the birds' reach. Omit the night feed, and in the morning put six drops of oil of male fern in one teaspoonful of Castor oil; half an hour later, a light feed of mash. Examine the droppings for sections of tapeworm. If any are found, repeat the above treatment every third day for two weeks. Burn the droppings, and clean up the house from which the birds were removed, to prevent the other birds from contracting up any of the parasites which may have been dropped.

E. B.—Can you tell me the way to score a Single Comb White Leghorn pullet and cockerel? I want to pick out the best of mine, and dispose of all that are not up to what they should be according to standard requirements.

A.—I could not possibly teach you how to judge birds in this column.

F. M. and J. B.—Both ask me to give them the standard requirements of Barred Plymouth Rocks. Head medium in size, carried well up; comb rose or single; if single, slightly below medium in size, with five points; the front and back points being slightly smaller than those in the center. Comb, earlobes and wattles, all bright red. Neck well arched, medium in length. Back broad, and rising in a slight concave to tail. Breast, deep, well-rounded. Tail, medium length, moderately spread, and carried moderately high. Eyes, dark bay; shanks and toes yellow. Plumage: body color, bluish gray; barred with parallel lines; of dark blue that looks almost black. Bars must cover each feather from buff to tip. Roosters, nine and one half pounds; cockerels, eight pounds; hens, seven and one half pounds; pullets, six and one half pounds.

All our readers who have written about Indian Runner ducks must please understand that I cannot give answers in this column. Look through the advertisement pages in Comfort, and also in your local newspaper.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

ever. I live on an eight hundred acre farm, fifteen miles southwest of the state's capital. My favorite pastime is riding horseback or rowing a boat. You can guess I am healthy.

I am eighteen years old, have dark brown hair, blue eyes, weigh one hundred and twenty pounds, am five feet two inches tall, and my shoes are number —. Oh! Uncle Charlie, that's a little (?) secret that few know. I'll admit that they are larger than "Jattie's," but not nearly so large as those worn by your lady friends who have often referred to you. This is if you wish, I will not "chop" any to get you to do so.

Fondly yours,
GLADDYSTINE HOWLES.

I am going to call you Gladys, my dear Gladys is an awfully pretty name and I have a real, sure fine niece who owns up to that name. You are the first Gladystine though, I have ever met. I wonder who the genius (?) was who tackled the "stine" on to Gladys. If I were you Gladys, I would amputate the stine. So you live in Orient, Ohio, do you? I never knew that the Orient was in Ohio. I always thought it was east of Suez—Asia way. That must have been a pretty slick guy who swiped the Orient and dumped it down in the state of Ohio. As you live in Orient I have a right to assume, Gladys, that you are an Oriental, an Asiatic. Billy the Goat says it does not matter about you being an Asiatic, as long as you are not a rheumatic. When a lady keeps the size of her tootsies a secret it is safe to infer that they are sizeable tootsies all right, but Gladys as you live on a farm of eight hundred acres, I should imagine if you stood in the middle of it you might be able, with great care, to turn around without knocking the barn and hog pen over. I can't tell what might happen on a small farm, but as you don't have to live on one we won't bother our heads about it. So your doubting Thomas brother thinks that I invent all the letters that appear in Comfort does he. In fact he emphatically declares that they are invented. Well, Gladys, there are lots of self-satisfied people in this world, who are fond of giving decided opinions on subjects which they know nothing about. It is a compliment to call such people doubting Thomases, as ethnologists long ago labeled and ticketed them as Smart Alecks. If your brother wishes to make a trip to Augusta, Maine, he can see letters by the hundreds and thousands addressed to this department. I probably get more mail than Andrew Carnegie and Rockefeller combined. If I had to invent letters I suppose I could invent them, but a busy man does not go out of his way to do unnecessary things. Most departments of this kind have a short life. You see the mail that comes in is so enormous, and it costs so much to handle it that publishers in despair have to discontinue this kind of a feature. Instead of having to invent letters they come in in such enormous quantities that one hardly knows what to do with them. Everyone who writes insists that either his or her letter must be published, and if it is not published they write back and sass me and call me all sorts of names, because I have favored someone else, as they think at their expense. Your letter was written on October 19, and it has taken me several months to get to it. People who think that I invent the letters that appear in this department (and I know there are many who hold that opinion), can easily satisfy themselves on this point by writing to those whose letters are published in these columns. A stamped addressed envelope and a courteous note and the doubting Thomases can get all the proof they want. Comfort has a reading family of six millions of people, and all those whose letters appear in his department receive hundreds of letters from all over the United States. That's why everyone is anxious to get in print. Another thing, though I have a pretty good imagination I simply couldn't invent all the queer things that are written to me. As the Good Book says, many are called but few are chosen, and though I receive thousands of letters from people who are simply crazy to get into print, it's only one in every two or three hundred that actually gets into type. Now, Gladys, I hope your doubting Thomas brother is satisfied, and that Master Howells will set up no more howls on this subject.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
Will you have room for a little girl eleven years old to rite a letter in the Comfort? My mamma left me when I was two years old. I can make bread bake pies and clean house. I have one brother and one sister. I am dark complected. I have black eyes and brown hair. I live at Hazen Green. We have one home her name is Doll, and one brother, coll. I have a little doll it has light hair and little curls and pink cheeks it is real pretty. I like to go to school. I am in the third reader and in the geography and arithmetic and spelling also. I study my books at night. I am at school now. From a little girl eleven years of age.
BELVA FREDERICK.

Belva, you are a bright, clever little girl, and a useful one too. You say you can make bread bake pies and clean house, and there are very few little girls in this world who can do that. Bread does some remarkable things. It feeds the world and keeps millions of people alive, supplying them with health and strength. At the same time I must say that I have never seen a loaf of bread baking a pumpkin pie or sweeping a floor. There is some class to a loaf of bread that can do that. If you could make a few million loaves of that character and distribute

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

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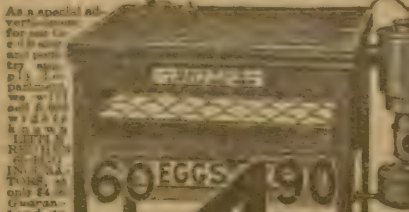
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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

its perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." And the Apostle Peter says: "Add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity."

And when this ladder of heavenly graces shall step by step, have been climbed, a beautiful Christian character will have been formed, and through the righteousness of Christ made mete for eternal life.

All these attributes seem to be acquired. Shakespeare mentions "the king-becoming graces."

As justice, verity, temperance, stability, bounty, perseverance, mercy, holiness, devotion, patience, courage, fortitude."

And here is a "crumb" from Comfort: "Patience is the art of hoping."

We find in the pages of the Holy Bible that patience signifies bearing long, calm submission to God under afflictions, hope and expectation and perseverance.

And now we will cite a few examples of patience, and first shall be Job, who we all know was the most patient man that ever lived. And our dear editor must be a fine example of suffering patience, in consideration of the numerous family with which she has to deal; young children with the aged, and some in second childhood—of whom I am one, being seventy-nine years young.

But what shall we say of the sad fault of impatience? Our sympathy is for the young mothers whose nerves are stretched to the uttermost tension, and for their benefit we will give just one more quotation.

"There is nothing we cannot overcome; Say not thy evil instinct is inherited. Or that some trait inborn makes thy whole life forlorn."

And calls down punishment that is not merited, Back of thy parents and grandparents lives The great Eternal Will, that too is thine Inheritance, strong, beautiful, divine; Sure lover of success for one who tries."

I would like to give my best regards to our Mrs. Wilkinson, and that myth—"Comfort's Editor," who ever he may be, he is great and deserves great praise; and all the large family of Comfort sisters, I take great pleasure in reading your letters, and would say I am just the same "about-in" I was two years ago, and would be glad to get letters or reading of any kind from anyone so disposed.

Mrs. MATILDA B. POWELL, Eden Mills, Vt.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for many years; it is indeed a comfort to me.

I have been married six years and have four children; three girls and one boy, so you see I know something about babies.

We own where we live, but my husband works in the coal mines and I am so anxious to get him away from the coal fields before it's too late. Let me hear from some good sister who lives in a good neighborhood where there are farms for rent or sale. We want to either buy or rent a farm and get out of here, where we can live happily and without constant dread and fear. When my dear husband goes out in the morning my aching heart almost bursts, for I never know that I shall see him again.

Yours sincerely,
Mrs. W. E. THOMASON, Boiesevain, Taywell Co., Va.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT a good many years, but this is the first time I have ever written. I am very much interested in the letters, also Uncle Charlie's column.

I wish to tell the sisters that are troubled with eczema the quickest way to cure it, is by using nothing but olive oil. Don't attempt to wash the parts with water, but use oil. I have had trouble with it in my family and have called in a skin specialist and that is what he told me to do. If you are troubled with it itching, take a tablespoon of oil and start with five drops of carbollic acid in it, and if it does not help, use one more drop of the carbollic until you feel relieved. This of course is to be used externally. Put it out of reach of children.

I am of English birth, having lived in London until I was sixteen, then went from there to Nova Scotia, Canada, and after losing my father came to live here.

I have four children; my husband is a carpenter and contractor. The children like COMFORT very much, and we read it all. Love to the sisters.

Mrs. FLORA STAHL, Plainfield, N. J.

DEAR SISTERS:

Will someone please give through the columns of dear old COMFORT the particulars about raising onions from the seed.

Also what causes half grown chicks to have spells of their neck drawing back, usually dying about two days later? I have lost many this way.

I am the mother of three, and have two stepchildren besides, so you must know I have had a little experi-

ence with babies. Three boys and two girls. When the oldest boy was a baby he did not seem to grow at all and was very fretful. The doctor said give him the bottle, which I did, but could not find a food that would agree with him until I made oatmeal gruel. Then he seemed to grow and now he is a strong boy of seven years. My baby is a boy and I also gave him the gruel at three months. He had pneumonia and was very trying at times. At nine months he had whooping cough, but now he is the picture of health with his rosy cheeks and blue eyes. He is fourteen months and runs about alone.

Perhaps I better tell how I prepare the gruel. Add to one quart of boiling water one cup of oatmeal and a pinch of salt; boil two hours in a double boiler if possible, adding water as it boils down. Strain and set in a cool place. I use this in the bottle adding a little cream and sugar. Have plenty of bottles and nipples so that they may be thoroughly sterilized before using.

For constipation use tea made from senna leaves. Best to take in the morning before breakfast.

My letter is getting long but I feel I must mention one more thing. I was reared in the city and earned my living at an early age by working mostly in the department stores. But mothers keep your girls from the traps and misfortune of city life. "All is not gold that glitters." Make their home life happy; instill in them especially in your daughters.

The shut-in has my sympathy. Hoping this will do someone some good, I remain a friend to dear old COMFORT.

Mrs. J. F. KRESHA, Cozad, Nebr.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

It has been quite a while since I visited you all but nevertheless I have not failed to read your nice and cheering letters for COMFORT is my favorite paper.

Sisters, some of you who have pretty flower gardens come to our corner and tell us how they are arranged and what kind of flowers you raise. I am sure there are lots of beginners as well as myself who would appreciate all the information they can get. We have a new yard and I am anxious to get it filled with pretty flowers. I would appreciate flower seeds if any have them to spare.

Mrs. NETTIE STONE, Draper, Ark.

DEAR SISTERS:

I will thank you very much to publish that song written by an officer of the British army whom, according to rumor current at that time, Queen Victoria promised to marry, but when he returned from the army she was married to Prince Albert.

I do not remember the first lines, but a part of it is as follows:

"My peaceful home has no charms for me,
The battlefield no pain;
I'll hang my harp on the willow tree
And of to the wars again."

Your old subscriber,
MAGGIE A. CORRE, Cape Charles, Va.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

May I take off my wraps and have a chair by the fire and a chat with the sisters this afternoon?

For the first subject sisters, could we find a better name for our paper, or could we find a better "bunch of editors," as Uncle Charlie calls them? When we want to describe our paper we just say "COMFORT," remedies, a poultry hint, or anything. It is indeed a comfort to go to my stack of COMFORTS (I have them for three years back, excepting a few numbers) and find just what I am looking for. I have never heard but two ladies say that they didn't like COMFORT. I asked them why, saying that "I couldn't do without it," and the reason was that one had changed to see the children's department and thought the whole paper was filled up with foolishness for children, and the other lady had changed to read a witty criticism written by Uncle to one of the cousins, and supposed that the whole paper was filled with such, which they both called "foolishness," and both admitted to not having read the paper much and of course knew nothing of COMFORT.

So many of us are like those two women, we see or hear a little sketch of someone's life that is not good, and instead of investigating and finding out the real cause we are always ready to condemn that person on what we hear.

I have read some splendid letters on what it takes to constitute a Christian. There are so many things I would like to say on the subject, but I cannot find words to express my thoughts. But I can say that it is not all of a Christian's life to go to church regularly, pray loudly and exert much, and people think we are Christians till they visit our homes and see if we have Christ in our everyday life, and if we have then we may count ourselves as Christians and not till then. It takes a lot of earnest prayer and strong faith in God to help us live at home as we do at church.

It has been two years since I have written to this corner and since then the story has visited me and brought a little blue-eyed boy, who is ten months old now.

Now for my request. Will some of the sisters who are members of a Ladies' Aid Society please write

me? I would prefer a president to just a member, as I want to learn to organize a society.

Wishing good luck to COMFORT and its staff of editors I am a COMFORT sister,
Mrs. BEITHA MAE MADDEN, Anniston, Box 3, Ala.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

As you suggested that the sisters write letters on patience, I thought I would write a few lines about my dear mother, who "went home" three years ago the nineteenth of next May. She was a shut-in for twenty years of her life and an invalid even from early youth. She lived to be seventy-five years of age, and in all those weary, dragging years I never heard an impatient word from her lips or a complaint. In December, 1908, my dear father was called to Heaven, and my aged invalid mother came to live with me. She only stayed with me six months and mild the falling blossoms we laid her to rest. One in bloom and one in snowtime; so soon united.

But of what I wish to write about is a conversation which my mother and I had one winter night during the time she was with me. In my home there had been left a vacant chair only a year and a half before, and I myself am an invalid also. I was questioning God's ways in a rather impatient way I fear, wondering why He did not take us home when life became so hard and sad here, and our talk I have worked into this little poem which I will give you sisters at the end of this letter. And while I was questioning, the fatal sickness was even then upon her which was to unite her with her loved one gone, and we knew it not.

For the most beautiful quotation about patience I would choose Whittier's "Angel of Patience." Read it sisters!

NOT NOW MY CHILD

Why does not the dear Lord take us
Home to Heaven when storms beat wild?
Answered thus, my gentle mother:
"So we may learn patience child."

Nothing here is left us only
Broken hearts and sorrow wild,
"He not willingly afflicts us
—So we must be patient child."

"Let us nobly bear our burdens
For the Father knows what's best,
In His own good time He'll call us
Home, unto eternal rest."

—M. L. L.

Mrs. MABEL L. LANGDON, West Haven, Conn.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for several years and I think there is no paper like it.

One of the sisters, Edna Phelps, asks for a cure for gathering in the ear, and I thought by sending it to you for publication, she, as well as others, would have the benefit. I have tried and found that boracic acid cured when doctor's medicine failed. Take five cents' worth and dissolve in one pint of water. You can't make it too strong, as it won't dissolve more than the proper solution. Fill the ear, or use a half teaspoon, then put the hand over ear and with a light but firm pressure work the liquid in the ear. Do this three times a day as long as necessary which I don't think will be more than a week. It cured my son in five days, which had been running for about ten weeks.

I hope Edna will try this and let us know results.

I get so much comfort from this paper that I want to do something for the sisters.
Wishing a long life to you and Uncle Charlie (who must be a jolly good fellow) and love to all the sisters, Mrs. MARY TREBO, 49 W. Simpson St., Mechanicsburg, Pa.

MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

As COMFORT has been coming to our home since its first issue I feel it my duty to contribute something to its pages in return for the good I have received in various ways. Surely no paper published gives so much for so little, on the parts of its readers.

How many of the sisters are ardent admirers of Uncle Charlie? I am for one and I guess if he were President for one short year, George Washington would not feel ashamed of him. And surely Mr. Gannett ought to be Vice President for he is a noble man. Surely the shut-ins have reason to "rise up and bless him."

Well, I started this letter for the express purpose of warning the sisters against toys or other articles made of celluloid. Very pretty things are made of this material, which is, as perhaps not all know, highly inflammable. I was reading in a paper recently of a lady who presented a lovely celluloid rattle to a little child. One day the wee one playing about the living-room crept up to the heater, from which she was protected by a fender. All at once, the rattle which baby had tossed a little away from her burst into a flame. Had there been no one in the room a heart-rending disaster would surely have ensued. And a few days ago my little girl of two years held my back-comb over a small night lamp. And the strangest thing of all I never noticed her until the comb burst into a flame. I knocked it out of her hand and extinguished the flame while no one suffered but the comb, and myself from fright. Had I been in the adjoining room surely something would have taken fire and we might have lost our home just from such a simple thing, saying nothing of our darling girlie, the light and pride of our home because she is the only girl in a family of four.

And I read also of a lady who fell asleep with her back to the fire, sitting in a chair and the heat set fire to a celluloid comb in her hair and before she could extinguish it her hands and scalp were terribly blistered and her hair was ruined. All these accidents impel me to utter a warning against the use of this material which contains gun-cotton, camphor and similar ingredients, which are likely to be brought into close contact with heat. One more suggestion before I leave.

To young mothers I would like to say that, of all important points in the young baby's life do not neglect for one day to give it plenty of water to drink, beginning at the age of two days and continue. Do not give very cold water, baby is real young. I really believe this is one great cause of so many cross, fretful babies. But I imagine thirst would make any of us cross.

Now I must close as I am afraid I have already "worn out my welcome." I would be pleased to hear from others of our dear COMFORT band especially from the living in California. With love to all the sisters and Mrs. Wilkinson, I remain,
Mrs. JOHN QUAM, Lisbon, Box 290, N. Dak.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader for some time, and enjoyed reading the COMFORT-sisters' letters so thought I might add a note on peanut culture for the boys and girls of good old COMFORT.

Any good garden soil will produce peanuts; if sandy soil the better as they resist drought well. Wet clay soils will not do however. Culture is very simple. Have the soil well-worked and plant the peanuts in hills of two nuts, one foot apart. This will allow fourteen thousand hills to the acre; if one should want to plant that many. The beans grow up above ground we begin cultivation by keeping the soil loose over the entire patch. After branches cover the ground, do not disturb as it will tear the branches. Some people think beans need covering to insure fruit, but this is a mistake. We never covered our bloom and had thirty or forty peanuts to a hill. When fit to dig late in the fall we lift vine with its nuts attached from the soil, shake off dirt, and place them in a dry place to dry out some. They are then taken from vine and stored away until we wish to roast them for eating. If any are wanted for seed, these are kept in and during winter. An acre of peanuts well-cared for should yield fifty bushels of nuts. We will raise some peanuts again this summer.

I have two little girls, aged eleven and nine years, they are a great help to me.

Sisters, to give meat sweetness and fresh flavor boil a large, sound apple with ham or other meat that is being boiled. An apple should always be baked with the roasted pork. It is wonderfully improved in flavor by this simple trick.

Wishing Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters best wishes and love, from a sister,

Mrs. E. E. GREEN, Cofax, R. R. 3, Wis.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

Notwithstanding my half promise not to intrude again, I find it almost unavoidable as so many dear folks are anxiously awaiting replies to letters of inquiry about our dear Dixie land.

We are not subject to tornadoes, wind storms or overflows. We have an exceptionally healthy country. The mosquitoes and flies never trouble us individually; in some places they are annoying. We have no venomous reptiles, or in fact, not in settled districts. We have seen only two snakes in several years, and they were both harmless.

In this part of the state, Pike Co., the land is gently rolling with natural drainage, only occasional-

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ally we do not have sufficient rainfall for growing

crops. Wells are the most common water supply,

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well water is pure and delightfully cool in summer,

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Many large sawmills utilize the pine and we have

an inexhaustible supply for fuel. House wood sells

from two dollars and fifty cents to three dollars and

fifty cents per cord delivered; stove wood three dollars

and fifty cents to four dollars and fifty cents; coal

is five to six dollars per ton. We have a good many

negroes, with very little friction between the races.

Very many of them own homes and not a few have

bank accounts.

Summit is on the Ill. Cen. E. R., one hundred and

eight miles north of New Orleans, La., and seventy-

five miles south of our state capital, the county site.

Magnolia is ten miles south of South McComb, a rail-

road town three miles south of Summit with a popula-

tion of about eight thousand. It has one of the

largest sawmills in the state, large cotton factory,

brick plant, and several other enterprises. The pre-

valuing railroad strike has demoralized the labor situa-

tion there, and we are anxious for a speedy adjust-

ment of the trouble.

Our principal crops are cotton, corn, peas, sugar-

cane, oats, Irish and sweet potatoes and peanuts; in

short, we raise nearly everything except wheat this

far South.

Horses can be bought from fifty dollars up. All de-

pends on quality and shrewdness of purchaser in

"driving a trade." Cows can be bought from twenty

dollars up; sometimes even cheaper. I got a nice

little three quarter Jersey cow for ten dollars that

I would not sell for thirty. This is an unsurpassed

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

SPECIAL OFFER! THE GENUINE DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE FREE

Easter Sermon

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

numbers committing suicide, despondent over their inability to obtain work. In the same paper we are told of a poor widow and her child being found by the police in a bare room in a tenement, dead from starvation. Riotous wealth on the one hand, death, privation, want and misery on the other.

In nearly every line of business we find more or less fraud and misrepresentation, while the adulteration of food products, which is murder by wholesale, causes the deaths of thousands annually.

What are we as a nation doing to combat this deplorable condition of things? Above all what is the church doing? Nothing or next to nothing.

Millions are yearly spent on the erection of sumptuous church edifices, magnificently appointed structures, in which Christ is worshipped in a perfunctory manner but one day out of seven; while the golden calf, the Mammon of all unrighteousness, is passionately and devoutly adored the balance of the week. Millions are raised for the conversion of the heathen in foreign lands in whom the churches take a profound interest, but the heathen at home, and the sick and suffering at the church door receive but scant attention.

We have churches by the score, by the hundreds, by the thousands, by the tens of thousands, and yet in spite of this evidence of lavish expenditure and the erection of palatial buildings for Christian worship, we alas, exhibit the shocking spectacle of a nation that has forgotten God, a nation that is growing more and more corrupt, more lawless, more tolerant of crime in its most hideous form, more indifferent of vice that enslaves and destroys, more lax in our insistence of a higher standard of honor in politics and business, more complaisant in the presence of those social ills and abuses which destroy the home, and threaten the very existence of society, and the Republic itself, a Republic, which, instead of leading the world in all that makes for progress and righteousness, has become a byword amongst Christian nations, and is even regarded with contempt by those heathen races that but yesterday emerged from barbarism.

The church, instead of denouncing crime, fighting corruption, pillaging wrong, assailing evil and the wrong-doer, no matter how high his social position, how great his influence, how tremendous his wealth, remains silent, and instead of combatting the spirit of rampant commercialism which has caused men to neglect and defile the altars of their fathers, and bow down to idols of gold, has itself become commercialized, and by ignoring the hypocrisy, sinfulness, and at times blood guiltiness of its members, stands arraigned with them at the bar of divine justice, admittedly lax, and admittedly guilty.

The clergy complain that they are losing their grip on the people, that there is a growing lack of interest in religion, and that their congregations are slipping away from them. No one need wonder at this. The people look to the church for light, guidance and inspiration, but when the people see that the church is silent in the presence of evil doing amongst its members, that ministers fawn upon the wealthy members of their congregations who are piling up fortunes by grinding down their laborers, employing children, debauching public officials, exploiting vice, encouraging and profiting by the liquor traffic and every other form of dishonesty that produces profits, and destroys humanity, body and soul, then do the people lose faith in the church, for to ignore sin and wrong is to encourage it, and a church that condones wrong by a conspiracy of silence is not the church militant of Christ, but a whitened sepulchre.

"Silence gives consent" is one of the oldest and truest of proverbs. How must such churches and ministers as are silent as to the crime, corruption and extortion that is so prevalent and rampant expect their conduct to be viewed? How does it degrade the churches when gross immorality and dishonesty openly practiced by church members go unrebuked?

Silence is bad enough, but what will you say of those churches and ministers that go further and accept a share of the unlawful plunder, of the profits of vice and debauchery? Do they not thus become partners in crime by receiving a share of the wages of sin? Do they not give sin that is profitable the stamp of their approval, and dignify the rich criminal with a halo of false respectability? Can the church or the minister that does this expect to command the respect or the confidence of the people?

"The receiver of stolen goods is as bad as the thief." Is an established principle of law and morals. What then shall we say of the church which Sunday after Sunday and year after year asks and accepts the liberal contributions of the rumrunner, the gambler, the blood money of the devil's toll on lives wrecked and souls sent to perdition, whose business fills the prisons, insane asylums and poorhouses with its victims and makes more misery and more widows and orphans than all the wars?

Is it not an equally demoralizing example for a church to admit to membership or accept the contributions of corrupt politicians, or of men known to be piling up riches by dishonest business methods, by means of unlawful trust combinations or by grinding the poor down to starvation wages?

Probably any clergyman would deem it too glaring an impropriety for him to accept the hospitality of a rumrunner, but do you know of a minister that for conscientious reasons has refused an invitation to dinner or to an automobile ride with the rich and respectable owner of a building which is rented to a rumrunner, gambler or white slave dealer and in which the nefarious traffic is carried on days, nights and Sundays?

If real estate owners would not rent their buildings to be used as dens of vice it would be difficult for these pest holes to find lodgment in any community.

Is it strange that preaching against sin while sharing the wages of sin is criticized as hypocrisy?

Is not the acceptance of tainted money calculated to buy the indulgence of the church and the silence of the minister regarding the evil practices of the giver?

Do not misunderstand me. I am not knocking religion. I have a devout respect for religion; the world needs more Christianity.

We need the churches and the ministers; we could not do without them; they are the instrumentalities on which we must rely for the upholding and advancement of Christianity. They do an immense amount of good, but they could do all so much more good and would serve God better if certain of them would sever their financial alliance with Mammon; if they would, because those that are not subject to this criticism suffer more or less of the discredit of those that are.

Everybody needs the assistance of the church, and the church needs and should have the loyal support of everybody.

If you are a church member set an example of true Christian living in your daily life; if you are not you should at once ally yourself with some church. Don't stay out because you see some bad men in the church and some hypocrites in the ministry; it is the more reason why it is your duty to go in and do your part as a Christian to help clean up on the inside and make your church what it should be.

The church that would act in uncharitableness, must have a message. It must not be content to preach the dry bones of doctrine. It must be a living, breathing body, the terror of the wrong-doer, the refuge of the oppressed, the protector of the weak, the friend of the fallen. It must be the church of humanity, not of a class. It must be filled with the Christ spirit, the spirit that compels men to go out in the highways and byways, and bring in the sick and heavy laden, the poor

and the helpless, the backslider and the indifferent, the scoffer and the wrong-doer, that they may hear those glad tidings of great joy for which humanity has ever hungered; that they may sit at the King's table, and find that He hath put down the mighty from their seats and hath exalted the lowly and meek, and that He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich He hath sent empty away. It must be a church that makes known to all the world that He, all loving, all powerful, all wise, through His church, wishes to minister to sick bodies as well as sick souls; wishes to rescue the scarlet woman from her den of vice; wishes to free the child slaves in the mills, mines and factories and send them into the fields and meadows to enjoy His glorious sunshine; wishes industrial slavery to cease, that men and women may have time and the means to enjoy the wonderful things they create in the beautiful world He has created for them; in short wishes His church to be the one great force for man's uplift and betterment, the mighty force that works for man's regeneration, purging him of greed and selfishness, casting out the dross of sin and selfishness, and leaving only the gold of truth and manhood.

All that is needed in this great land of ours for man's regeneration and national salvation is the resurrection of the Christ spirit. Deep in every nature there is a spark of the divine, a spark of the Christ. We have but to roll away the stone of greed, sin and indifference, which we in our blindness have set as a seal upon these spiritual and ennobling forces now entombed within us, and bid them rise, even as Christ rose from the sleep of death and might will be the results. In this new resurrection we shall again see repeated the miracle of that first great resurrection. Mankind will come forth from the tomb of century old wrong, from the charnel house of his own creating. He will leave behind him the grave clothes of crime and corruption, the shroud of sin, wickedness, hate, greed and avarice. Angelic hands will clothe him with the garb of righteousness, flowers will spring beneath his feet and bow to him as he passes, the birds will hover o'er him and he will lift his voice with theirs in a chorus of rejoicing, and the sun will shine upon his pathway and joy and peace will be his in this world and the next forever and evermore.

This is Easter-tide. Let us proclaim to the world not only that Christ is risen but that mankind too has risen with Him, bursting the bonds of his self-imposed prison house, bursting the bonds that made him twin brother to the ox, casting off the old Adam and walking in the path of the risen Saviour, following in His steps, and with eyes heavenward gazing, preparing so to live that when his earthly span is o'er he may command the Angel of Death to open the gloomy portal which leads to that bright realm of eternal day where the songs of angels never cease and there is life and joy everlasting.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

cattle and hog country. Hogs are now selling for five cents on foot, and there has been a great many carloads shipped from Summit, mostly to Natchez packeries; such fine big fellows, too.

This is the home proper for poultry. Hens sell from twenty-five cents to forty-five cents; young chickens, twenty-five to forty-five cents; eggs, twelve and one half to thirty cents, according to season, now are plentiful at twenty cents per doz, butter, fifteen to thirty cents, as to quality and neatness of packages.

There are no large rivers or lakes in this immediate vicinity; numerous small, un navigable streams.

Now dear friends you will doubtless consider this a "jumble" of information but I have just jotted down the items as they occur.

Now I have given all desired information, and wish to say I have no "axes to grind" or land to sell and only know existing conditions.

Do not know that there is any land open to homesteading; don't think there is any school land left.

Improved farms can be purchased for five dollars up to one hundred dollars per acre, and farmers use some commercial fertilizer. The coldest weather we have had this winter was twenty degrees above zero, and our summers are never intensely hot. Men work all day in the open.

We are busy preparing to begin gardening. Many have planted Irish potatoes, green peas and bedded sweet potatoes, also planted oats, who failed to plant them in the fall.

There are homeseekers' trips run out of Chicago, twice monthly for the South.

Wishing everyone the realization of their desires.

Your Comfort friend,

MRS. GENIA STEVEN, Summit, Miss.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have long thought of writing to our highly-treasured COMFORT, but thinking there was nothing I could say to interest our many readers, just left the writing part to someone else, but I do my share of absorbing all the good things the many writers say, and I do truly hope that our COMFORT readers will give Mr. Gannett their utmost support in trying to obtain the Parcel Post, for in my opinion it would be the grandest thing in all, especially for our rural route folks.

Will give a brief description of myself, am five feet five inches tall, eyes blue, hair light and weigh one hundred and ninety pounds. I must be related to our Oregon sister. I was married five years ago. I have no little ones and at times get very lonely. Still I am kept quite busy caring for my chickens, besides we conduct a small dairy farm, and those of you who are in the dairy business know that there is always plenty of work to do. We started with only one cow, selling the milk and butter from the house (then living in a suburb) and continued to add a cow now and then to the herd, until we owned eight, then we decided to move out on a rural route and start a delivery wagon, and we now have a nice trade; some being wholesale customers. We have increased the herd to fifty-eight head. While we have worked very hard I feel we have been amply paid, and if the Lord continues to bless us with health we hope to own a nice home some day.

I sometimes grow despondent over trivial affairs, and then I think of the many poor unfortunate widows and orphans who are deprived of the good things of this world and then I am filled with new inspiration. I do feel so sorry for our many shut-ins. I help all I can.

I will say to you girls who are craving to get away from home for what you call a good time that in my opinion you are now having the best time of your life, right where you now are. And the best thing for you is to remain right there on that "good old farm."

With all good wishes to the COMFORT readers and a share portion for dear Mrs. Wilkinson.

MRS. W. B. BREWSTER, Birmingham, E. R. 3, Ala.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I would like to add a few lines in the COMFORT about rearing girls.

I have brown hair and eyes and am sixteen years old. I weigh one hundred and ten pounds, and have a good disposition. My mother and father are both living.

When a girl is rearing from twelve to eighteen years old, she is most likely to be advancing in studies and music, and she needs encouragement in every member in the family. Especially if she is a tender-hearted girl. Each mother can help her daughter by encouragement. Here are some questions for mothers to consider.

Has your daughter control over you and does she do as she pleases or do you rule her?

Does your daughter keep good company?

Is she untruthful?

THE LAST CHANCE

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CUPID'S APRIL FOOL

A Leap Year Story

By Eleanor Hunt

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MILADY APRIL came with a smile to the little earth house swept clean for her by industrious March. All the first day she laughed among the flowers, kissing the buds to warmer life; but by nightfall she grew weary of earthly playfellows, so her petulant tears fell thick and fast—while the poor little forsaken ones buttoned up their tiny green jackets, and shivered at milady's coldness.

In tribute to this mood a small fire burned cheerily in the grate in Marjorie's sanctum, touching up the high-lights in polished furniture, casting flickering shadows upon walls, and flinging an inquisitive ray into Marjorie's blue eyes as if wondering when she would stop her restless poking.

A man came to the rescue: "This is the last time," he declared, laying hold of the poker. "That young fire has had far too much of your attention already. If I have to take this poker away again, I'll eat it!"

"I wouldn't. You might have indigestion," she cautioned, with a lazy laugh. Her laugh was good to hear even though lazy; it had little quivery notes that made you feel things. "If you did," she added, "you'd say I did it."

"Well you might drive a fellow to worse," he retorted, sliding his hands along the poker until they crowded hers between them.

"Now there you go!" releasing the poker hurriedly. "It was surely a man who said 'whenever there's trouble there's a woman at the bottom of it.' A woman knows that if you just let her once get to the bottom, she straightens it all out and there's no more trouble there."

"She generally straightens the man out all right," admitted Endicott, "but suppose when she gets to the bottom she finds another woman there!"

"Oh, then," tossed off Marjorie, "the two women straighten each other out and the man goes scot free! There's no trouble for him after all!"

I'll come back just to show you how dignified I can look in my royal robes."

"Now John," said the girl warningly, "if you dare to get portly and wear huge diamond studs and red cravats, I'll never speak to you again. I believe you've always had a sneaky liking for red cravats, anyway!"

"On my honor," he protested, "never since the one you gave me when you were eighteen."

Marjorie pursed up her soft red lips and looked as cross as two distracting dimples would permit. "It's like a man to remember a thing like that."

She rested a small, haughty chin on one white hand, with the other pulling into a golden string a rebellious corkscrew which immediately re-wound itself; and sitting thus, her whole attention upon the fire, she withdrew her good will from the luckless John for nearly half a minute. Then she said sweetly:

"But that was a pretty tie! Dear me, what care I took in selecting it. At eighteen one is very particular of trifles."

"It wasn't a trifle to me, little chum," began Endicott softly, with that in his voice which made Marjorie's startled eyes seek the fire; but he caught himself up short. "You know," he finished rather lamely, "men like fixings almost as much as girls, though most of them deny it."

This time the girl was not listening. As she sat with the firelight kissing gently the gold in her hair, the mischief in her eyes replaced by a dreamy tenderness, Endicott felt his high ideals of honor tottering before the strength of the human call of her. He dared not trust himself to a long silence.

"A penny?" he began.

"I was thinking—I was wondering," she said solemnly, "if the saving of Rome seemed a bit silly because geese saved it? I mean do you think anything great and wonderful can be made little by its connection with anything mean and small. Not wicked—you understand—just little and silly like the geese. I mean—oh, you know what I mean!"



A SINGLE DIAMOND, SET IN A GOLDEN CIRCUET BLAZED UPON THE THIRD FINGER, EVIDENTLY AN ENGAGEMENT RING.

With a that-settles-it air, she leaned back and folded her hands demurely.

John Endicott made no reply. He considered the subject a trifle inadequate to a man's last hour with the only woman in the world. In honest moments he acknowledged to himself what Marjorie meant to him; whereas he immediately called himself a fool, compared Marjorie's papa's millions with his own visionary fortune—unwritten books not yielding, as a rule, a conspicuously substantial income—and returned with clinched fists, to his well-studied role of "chum."

For three years he had been faithful to his part, but things wear on one's nerves in time. Too often lately, when he set his lips to say "little chum," another word fought recklessly for utterance. Within the last month when, on one of their long tramps through the woods Marjorie had sprained her ankle and fallen fainting into his arms, his lines had gone out of character, while his acting became false to a degree. True, when Marjorie opened her eyes again, she saw only her old chum drowning her rather awkwardly with water from a nearby brook; but Endicott recognized the danger signal and knew that the end had come. He must go away.

He had argued it all out with himself too many times to count. It was the same old story; the girl with too much money; the man with none. Of course he had no right to speak; if he had only a fair chance he would work like the devil—but with a widowed mother and an unmarried sister! Oh, the only decent thing was to go away. Marjorie was young and would soon have the world at her feet. It was not the honorable thing to try to make her care.

Well—twice he had set the date for his departure and had changed on some flimsy pretext. The Montana job would be lost to him if he delayed again, so this was positively good by. On his last night it was not easy to talk of little things.

The girl turned from her inspection of the fire. "You're interesting tonight John. I believe you've made three whole life-sized remarks since you came. But—" her bantering tone changed suddenly. "I mustn't hold you on our last night."

"Our last night?" Lord, how it sounded, put like that! "Oh no, Marjorie, don't say that; you know; it—I—well, Montana is not so far away, and after a while when I'm a fat old copper king or whatever it is they grow out there,

This was Marjorie's usual conclusion and, be it to Endicott's credit, he seldom failed her. But for once he was lost.

"Well, I—really Marjorie, of course I ought to know. You were perfectly lucid, but—if you'd be just a shade more definite," he suggested.

"A man," remarked Marjorie, wistfully, "is really an inferior being. He knows what a woman means, when she knows her assistance! But the moment her ideas walk off leaving her in the lurch, and she asks him to help her catch up, it's only: 'Please be more definite.' Oh, dear!—But I'll try again," with a resigned sigh.

"Suppose for example," she continued, "that you had a great love and you knew that love was returned, yet some horrid snarl set everything wrong. Then if you could, by some little trick or just a—swallowing of your pride, make everything come right—would that belittle the love, do you think?"

Lord, what could she mean? For a moment an insane idea flashed through his brain; had she read his secret? But reason came to his rescue. Marjorie's random speculations struck very near the mark at times.

"Would it belittle the love?" he repeated; he hoped his voice was calm. All the weary arguments with himself, in the long struggle before his decision to leave, came rushing back as an answer to her question. "Yes, Marjorie, a thousand times yes! And the fellow who stoops to anything unworthy is a detestable cad!" He liked the phrase; it strengthened his own convictions. "A detestable cad," he repeated vehemently.

"And anybody—a girl even—who lets her pride choke her love, is a detestable idiot!" Two blue eyes were blazing with scorn, and Marjorie half rose from her chair in her excitement.

Endicott started forward—but she was speaking again in an entirely different tone, and he trembled to think of what he had almost done. "Do you know, John," she was saying, "because we've been such friends for so long, such—such blessed old chums"—her voice had a little catch in it—"I think I ought to tell you something before you go away. I have a confession to make."

"A confession? You—have a—confession?" The girl turned away her face and without a word held out to him her left hand that

was not quite steady. A single diamond, set in a golden circlet, blazed upon the third finger, evidently an engagement ring. Then she spoke, in a low tone:

"You will congratulate me, Jack?"

For a moment he did not move; for what seemed an eternity he found himself counting the roses on a china vase nearby. Then, remembering himself, he caught the little hand with a strength that almost hurt.

"With all my heart," he answered, but he laughed a bit wildly.

He arose and stood by the mantelpiece, one arm resting upon it, his unseeing eyes gazing into the fire. Slowly he realized that his fight had been in vain. It was even with a kind of relief that he felt the fetters of his high ideals falling in a helpless tangle about him. It could harm no one but himself now, why should he not tell her? For her never to know—why the thing was absurd.

"Marjorie"—his voice came to him, calm and distinct; he felt as if someone else were speaking—"because it can do you no harm now, and because we are saying good by for all time, I too will make a confession, I will tell you something that will amuse you very much: It is really very funny. Your old chum is a desperate failure, a regular humbug, Marjorie. He has tried hard, but he couldn't be a good chum—not just—that; and that's why he's going away—and he hopes you'll be very, very happy, Marjorie—darling!"

Two white hands covered a beloved face and Marjorie was sobbing softly.

"Oh, for God's sake don't—don't cry, dear, I'm not worth that!"

He drew away the two little hands and Marjorie smiled gloriously through her tears. For an instant her shining eyes met his; then she studied the toe of her slipper intently.

"I—the ring was a trick, Jack, dear—an April fool." In a voice so low he had to stoop to catch the words, she added, "I'm afraid not the only one; but I had to save Rome—even if I had to be a goose to do it! But then this is the first day of April and leap year too, so forgive my little trick to bring you up to a proposal."

A crushing embrace cut short further confessions. Later, a muffled little voice came laughing from the region of his broad shoulder: "John, dearest, I'm sorry I'm a detestable cad!"

Tea and Dorothea

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

leaning over suddenly and covering the white trembling hand that lay on the table with both of his. "Her name, my dear little girl, is—Dorothea Moreland. Have you ever heard of her?"

For the space of perhaps a moment Dorothea sat speechless, as if turned to stone then suddenly she snatched her hand from beneath his and springing up from her chair faced him, her dark eyes sparkling ominously. "I don't see what right you have to say I—I love you," she faltered tearfully, "when you have not said—have not said—"

"That I love you," he finished. "Oh, Dorothea, if you only knew how much I do love you and how long I've loved you, and have not dared ask you the question—you are such an elusive little girl, that sometimes when I had almost made up my mind to ask you, you would flutter away from me like the little brown fairy that you are—and then, my nerve would fail me."

"Then how—then how—did you make the discovery that I loved you?" she questioned, with a little catch in her throat.

For answer Tom held his hand across the table, and Dorothea saw resting in his palm a tiny picture of himself—looking at her with the same half quizzical, half teasing expression that his eyes now held.

In a little panic of alarm Dorothea raised her hands to the little locket which she wore around her neck and discovered that the locket was open—and the treasure gone.

"It caught on the edge of the table when you went to hand me my second cup of tea," Tom explained gravely, "and the picture dropped out on the table. I immediately took possession of it and made sure that it was mine. And that's the reason I know you loved me," he concluded triumphantly.

He waited for a moment but Dorothea did not answer. Her face was burning, but the blood in her veins seemed as though it had turned to ice. Then when she did not speak to him Tom came slowly around the table, slowly until he reached her, then suddenly and without warning he caught her to him and held her close as though he would never let her go. Her head drooped on her shoulder and she dared not raise her face to his. "Dorothea," he said softly, "look at me dear, there is something I want to know."

Reluctantly Dorothea raised her head until it was on a level with his chin, then her lovely,

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JOHN PAUL JONES

Father of the American Navy

(CONTINUED FROM MARCH.)

OUR readers will be interested to learn what became of the *Serapis*. She was as fine a ship of her size as there was afloat and as his own ship had been sunk in capturing her Jones expected, of course, to be given command of the *Serapis*. Who could have thought otherwise?

As we have stated, stormy weather and the crippled condition of his ships after the battle compelled Jones to take his squadron and his prizes into the Texel, in Holland, instead of making directly for a French port.

Holland was very friendly to England and had refused to recognize the United States as an independent nation. This attitude of the Dutch government placed Commodore Jones in the position of a rebellious British subject. The British minister at the Dutch court took the same ground, of course, and even claimed that, as Jones's commission was from a government that was not recognized by Holland, he must be regarded a pirate, and accordingly demanded that Jones's two prizes, the *Serapis* and *Countess of Scarborough*, and his five hundred and four British prisoners of war be seized by the Dutch authorities and turned over to the English government. Jones made a masterly reply and a long drawn-out battle of diplomacy between him and the British minister was carried on before the Dutch court on this subject and on the further objection to Jones being permitted to repair his ships in Holland.

Jones won out on every point, but meanwhile our commissioners at Paris became alarmed and transferred the *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarborough* to the French government.

Jones was disgusted, although the French King sugar-coated this bitter pill by offering him a commission as captain in the French navy under which he might have retained command of the *Serapis*; but this he politely declined. He would only fight under an American commission while his country was at war. So after his ships were repaired and the wounds of his crews had healed he sailed to France in the *Alliance* successfully eluding the British fleet of seven ships that was watching to capture him as he came out of the Texel.

Jones had made his stay in the Texel as long as possible because it was creating so much trouble between Holland and England that he hoped it might bring on a war between them; nor was he disappointed, for this incident was the beginning of difficulties which soon resulted in war. The more enemies England had to fight the better for the cause of American independence.

The *Alliance* returned to America with a cargo of supplies for our army, but Jones remained in France a year longer assisting the American commissioners and trying to obtain from the King of France the *Serapis* or some other ship of sufficient size to cruise against the British in their home waters.

Although, as the English papers and naval authorities of the time stated, Jones was more feared, and with his two small ships had done more damage than the entire French navy, and even though King Louis was favorably disposed, the strong opposition inspired by the jealousy of the French naval officers prevented the realization of his hopes.

Bitterly disappointed that he could not obtain the means to fight more battles he returned to America in command of the little twenty gun ship *Ariel* loaded with arms and ammunition for the American army.

Jones had demonstrated the wisdom of his bold policy of attacking British commerce in its home waters. Our few small ships of war were far too weak to cope with the British navy, then as now, the most powerful in the world. But his exploits with a single ship, besides the large damage that he actually did, terrorized the English coast towns and spread consternation among ship-owners and kept a large part of the British navy busy guarding the coast, while the severe losses which he inflicted on her commerce, then the mainstay of England's power and prosperity, caused the English merchants to sicken of the war and clamor for peace.

Soon after the close of the war Jones was sent to Europe to accomplish the difficult and delicate task of arranging a settlement of our government's numerous claims for prize money for the sale of ships and cargoes captured by Jones, and while there he was offered and accepted a commission as Rear Admiral in the Russian navy. This honor was bestowed on him by Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia. She was then at war with the Turks whose navy commanded the Black Sea. Catherine was one of Russia's greatest rulers, and during her reign she nearly doubled the extent of that country's dominions and raised it to the rank of a first-class power.

At that time Russia had a considerable navy, but then as now it was the laughing stock of Europe. Her ships were poorly built and improperly equipped; the crews were undisciplined and not more than a quarter of them were sailors; though brave enough, they were neither good seamen nor good sea fighters; most of the officers were as inefficient as the men. No wonder the Russian navy had never won a victory and that the great warrior Empress wanted the services of the unconquerable John Paul Jones.

Catherine received him at the palace with high honors and gave him command of her Black Sea fleet with orders to crush the naval power of the Turks which was the chief obstacle to be overcome in the war in which she was engaged.

She gave him a purse of ten thousand dollars for extraordinary expenses besides his regular pay and loaned him her own traveling coach in which to make the eleven hundred miles journey to his post of duty, which he accomplished in twelve days by traveling day and night.

His command consisted of nineteen large ships of war besides a number of small gunboats, but he found the condition of things so very discouraging that he had a mind to resign at once, and afterwards wished he had done so. He went to work vigorously to make his fleet as effective a fighting force as possible under the circumstances. He repaired and refitted the ships, schooled the officers and drilled the men so that before the Turkish fleet arrived he had his own in fairly good shape considering the poor material he had to work with.

The Russian General Suvarrow was besieging the fortified city of Oczakoff, the most important Turkish stronghold on the Black Sea, and Admiral Jones blockaded the approach to the harbor to prevent the entrance of the Turkish fleet which had been sent to help defend the place.

On June 16, 1788, the Turkish fleet consisting of seventeen large ships and about fifty gunboats arrived and next day attempted to force an entrance. Jones met them with eighteen large ships and only a few gunboats, because the cowardly commander (he was not a Russian) of the principal Russian gunboat division ran off with his entire squadron before the battle began.

Jones captured nine of the large Turkish ships and destroyed over twenty of their gunboats, the rest making their escape to sea. The Turks lost three thousand men in this battle. Jones lost one large ship and six gunboats sunk, and about seven hundred men killed or wounded. Had the main division of the Russian gunboats remained and done its duty according to Jones's orders scarcely one of the Turkish fleet could have escaped. As it was the Turkish fleet was so shattered that it gave no further trouble. He continued to assist in the siege which resulted in the capture of the city in December by the combined action of the Russian army and navy.

This ended the Turkish and established the Russian naval supremacy on the Black Sea which has continued to the present day. It also opened the way for Suvarrow's victorious army to extend the Russian dominion westward to the Danube, capturing from the Turks a large territory which is now one of the richest parts of Russia. These important results were made possible by Admiral Jones's great victory over the Turkish fleet in the battle above described which is called in Russian histories the battle of the Liman.

But it was far too brilliant an exploit to be viewed with equanimity by the Russian Admirals whose jealousy of Jones's success made it extremely uncomfortable for him. Prince Potemkin, the commander-in-chief of the military district even sent in an official report to the effect that the commander of the squadron of gun boats that deserted had won the victory and that Jones and his big ships had taken no part in the battle; but Jones finally managed to get his own report of the battle into the hands of the Empress who thereupon promoted him to the rank of Vice Admiral, which is next to the highest naval rank, and called him to St. Petersburg to receive further orders from her in person, sending him also twenty-five hundred dollars for traveling expenses. In obedience to this summons he relinquished the command of the Black Sea fleet and started for the capital just before the surrender of Oczakoff.

Catherine received him with distinguished honors, decorated him with the jeweled emblem of the Order of St. Anne, commanded him to remain in attendance on her court through the winter to give advice to her Navy Department, and ordered a large allowance paid him in addition to his salary to enable him to live in the style appropriate to his rank and high position at the Imperial court. He was a social lion at St. Petersburg as he had been at Paris and time passed very pleasantly until May when he was sent to inspect the Baltic fleet, the command of which the Empress had promised him.

In making this inspection, which occupied about two weeks, he suffered a severe attack of pneumonia which came very near killing him, wrecked his splendid constitution and left him with a permanent lung trouble which the physicians told him would render it impossible for him to endure the winter climate of Russia. Consequently, in August, 1789, the Empress gave him an indefinite leave of absence with full pay so that he might travel in Southern Europe in the hope of regaining his health.

After an extended tour, which he much enjoyed as he was everywhere honored as a hero, he finally settled down in Paris where he lived at ease the remainder of his life enjoying the society of the many admiring friends he had made during his previous illustrious career in France. But he never fully recovered his health and he died in Paris, July 18, 1792, of lung and kidney diseases.

His last illness was of but a few days' duration and the end came suddenly and unexpectedly.

3³⁵ a Day

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Danube, capturing from the Turks a large territory which is now one of the richest parts of Russia. These important results were made possible by Admiral Jones's great victory over the Turkish fleet in the battle above described which is called in Russian histories the battle of the Liman.

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His last illness was of but a few days' duration and the end came suddenly and unexpectedly.

Just a week before his death he attended a dinner at which were assembled the men who governed France; it was there proposed to appoint him High Admiral of France and give him supreme command of the French navy, and the speech that he made in reply was one of his most eloquent utterances and delighted his hearers. The French Revolution was well under way, the King was virtually a prisoner, and France, a republic, was preparing for that long conflict with England which ended only with the battle of Waterloo. In this war, so soon to begin, John Paul Jones would have commanded the navies of France, had he lived, and might have changed the destiny of Europe. Led by the genius of Napoleon her armies were invincible until overwhelmed by the combined forces of England and Germany at Waterloo, but if the French navy had been commanded by an admiral like Jones the British army could not have landed on the continent and there never would have been a Waterloo.

In 1805, only thirteen years after Jones's death, the Emperor Napoleon in commenting bitterly on the news of the destruction of the great French fleet by the English under Lord Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar asked Marshal Berthier: "How old was Paul Jones when he died?" And on being informed that he was barely forty-five, Napoleon said: "Then he did not fulfill his destiny. Had he lived to this time France might have had an admiral."

As we stated in a previous installment of this article, Jones was an excellent business man and through the success of the commercial enterprises in which he engaged between the close of the Revolutionary War and his entering the Russian service he accumulated a considerable fortune besides the fifty thousand dollars which the U. S. government owed him at his death and paid to his heirs some fifty years later.

After providing for his sweetheart, Almee de Telson, by giving her about a third of his property he made his will the day he died, bequeathing the rest of his estate to his two married sisters, one in America and the other in Scotland.

Almee de Telson was a beautiful, talented and charming young French lady of noble birth but small fortune; nevertheless she held a high social position at the French court. Jones made her acquaintance soon after his first arrival in France in 1778; they became devoted lovers and so continued through life without a quarrel or estrangement of any kind. Why he did not marry her is unknown,—probably because the busy, roving life he led until broken in health gave him no opportunity to settle down and assume family responsibilities. Some of his biographers even claim that they were secretly married, but this is incredible because both were proud of each other, there was no reason for secrecy and Jones was

the last man in the world to contract a secret marriage; he despised anything secret or underhanded.

Jones lacked none of the noble attributes of character which a hero should possess. His moral and physical courage was of the sublime order that is above the temptation to lie or deceive; faithful to all obligations of conscience and of honor he was a firm, devoted friend and dangerous enemy, but even in dealing with his enemies he was always fair; he was willing to pardon any faults except treachery or fraud; his respect for women amounted to reverence of the sex. He was kind and generous to all, and ever appreciative of and grateful for a favor. Although the strictest sort of a disciplinarian he was especially kind to those who served under him. He made the personal acquaintance of every man in his crew and learned their traits of character; he called his Yankee sailors "my sea tigers," and in battle they fought up to the name; he gave them; he called his officers "my boys" and treated them like a father. Flouting with the cat-o-nine-tail was the punishment in vogue for refractory sailors, but on the first day out in command of his first war ship he called his crew to quarters, gave them a lecture on discipline and threw the cat-o-nine-tail overboard, saying: "If I have to kill a man for disobedience I will do it in a quicker way." His crews obeyed him because they respected his courage and masterful skill, and they would fight beside him as long as they had breath in their bodies. In the reports of his battles he always gave his officers and crews the credit for his victories. He was always careful to look after their interests, saw to it that they got the prize money that belonged to them and such promotion as they deserved. His crews were proud of their commander and proud to serve under him, and if a member proved unworthy Jones's punishment was to discharge him in disgrace.

Jones undoubtedly was endowed by nature with more than ordinary mental power, but without education his talents would have been unavailing and he could never have risen to the high positions which he held. What little schooling he got was before he was twelve years old when he went to sea, but without assistance or instruction he attained an excellent education by devoting his spare time on shipboard to study. He despised everything that was low or degrading and he always sought the best company for his associates, people from whom he could learn something, and thus he acquired that grace, dignity and elegance of manners and of conversation that enabled him to make a creditable appearance and a favorable impression even in the palaces of royalty.

Jones attributed his success to diligent study, hard work and temperate habits, the persistent

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

Home Dressmaking Hints

Spring Fashions

By Geneva Gladding

A NEAT-FITTING, well-made collar is an important feature of a woman's dress. It should be close fitting but not tight; boned each side of the back, and a bone half way between the center-front and back on each side. Sew the collar to yoke by making just as small a seam as possible. This must be done by hand, and the edges securely whipped together; or where the material will permit, a tiny edge may be turned in and folded down.

The fact that a pretty collar adds greatly to the becomingness of a waist must not be overlooked. A little clever needlework will do wonders. Sometimes plain white or cream is trying next to the face, and then an inch wide band at the top of collar should be used either matching or harmonizing with the color of gown. Fancy embroidery stitches, beads, a row of small buttons, two or three milliner's folds or a band of narrow fringe are attractively used. Where a net or all-over can be matched to an edge, use this for collar, lay the scallops onto yoke and finish top in some pretty way.

The set-in sleeves are again with us, although the kimona sleeve has by no means lessened in popularity, for the home sewer will not abandon such a simply made garment until the last call, besides its becomingness to all figures is undisputed. In many instances where the set-in sleeve is used, a line of trimming gives the kimona effect.

The spring colorings are soft and subdued generally, though very vivid blue, green and coral shades are used, giving tone to the dull brown, mole skin and purple. And speaking of colors reminds me that fashion now says that lavender and purple shall only be worn by the young, and that pale blue is far more softening and becoming to mature years. This edict was charmingly illustrated in a gown of soft gray taffeta worn by a woman of sixty. The waist was made surplice with a three-inch band of white net lace veiled with blue chiffon on either side. The same idea was carried out at the elbow. The long sleeved guimpe was of tucked net fitted very close at the wrist. Down the front of guimpe a two-inch side plaiting of the net was used, each plait being caught at the center by a tiny blue silk button. A milliner's fold of the blue topped the collar. The blue was wonderfully becoming and I wondered why I always had thought purple to be the only suitable color for the woman around sixty.

No. 5658—Ladies' Empire Dress. This handsome spring costume is made of pale tan serge with revers and cuffs of a deeper shade of satin. The removable chemise is of white dotted lace. Skirt is made with panel back and joined to waist; both waist and skirt open at front. Omitting the revers, the surplice effect makes a pretty model for bordered materials.

Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires five and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material; three quarters yard of 24-inch satin and five eighths yard of 18-inch all-over. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5188—Ladies' Dress with Six-gored Skirt. Unusually attractive is this stylish model which may be developed in cotton, linen, silk or wool. The collar and cuffs when made of net or lawn edged with lace or plaiting give a dainty, smart appearance to this costume. The front opening will be appreciated.

Cut in seven sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure; size 36 measures three and one eighth yards around lower edge, and requires four and three quarters yards of 44-inch material; five eighths yard of 24-inch trimming material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5523—Ladies' Dress. Every woman appreciates a simple, well-fitting dress as here illustrated. The side opening is practical and adds to its attractiveness. The skirt is seven-gored and comfortable in width.

Cut in seven sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure; size 36 requires five and one eighth yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5667—Ladies' Dress with Three-piece Skirt. Another stylish costume cut on very simple lines has sleeve and body in one, with skirt carried out waist and finished with two or more rows of stitching, or a piping of same.

Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure, size 36 requires four and three quarters yards of 36-inch material, and seven eighths yard of 24-inch contrasting goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5419—Ladies' Nine-gored Skirt, with inverted plait or habit back, to be worn separately or with coat of same material.

Cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure; size 24 measures three and one quarter yards around lower edge and requires five yards of 44-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5764—Ladies' Tailored Shirt-waist with plain or gathered sleeves. No wardrobe is complete without one or more of these waists which are always in good taste for general wear. Where the plain sleeve is used, a piping down the shoulder seams, around the armhole and each side of plait makes a smart finish. If collar of same is made, the edge of collar may be piped and a soft four-in-hand tie of the same material worn.

Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires three and one quarter yards 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5662—Misses' and Small Women's Dress, with body and upper part of sleeves in one. Simple lines are very becoming to slight, girlish figures, and this model is not an exception. Trimming bands may be carried around lower edge of skirt and up the side of front gore to meet the waist opening. A frill of lace carried around the neck, or from point to waist would add a pretty touch.

Cut in three sizes, 14, 16 and 18 years; age 16 requires four and one quarter yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5516—Girls' Dress with Body and Sleeve in one. A smart frock for the little miss who goes to school.

Cut in sizes four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years; age eight requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material; five and one half yards of insertion. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5758—Children's Dress having a one-piece circular skirt. This cute little model will be very acceptable to the busy mother who has so many stitches to take. Body and sleeves are in one; the skirt is set onto waist and stitched to place, and has a full length front opening.

Cut in sizes two, four, six and eight years; age eight requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material; one and one eighth yard 27-inch contrasting material. Price, 10 cents.

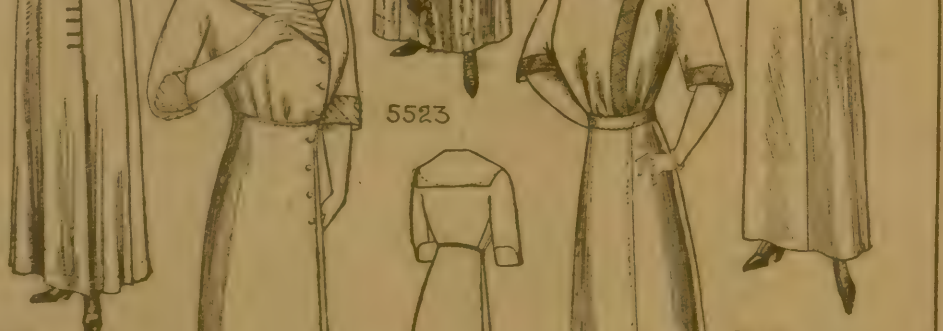
No. 5717—Children's Dress with closing at left side of front. Another new model that requires very little labor in the making, and is charmingly appropriate for the little girl.

Cut in five sizes, four to 12 years; age eight requires two and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5763—Girls' Dress having Three-piece Skirt. This little dress is made of plain and figured material as illustrated, and is very pretty. The belt, cuffs, front panel and yoke back is outlined with a let-in scalloped edge; also the collar which may be omitted and the neck finished round. For a white dress use plain muslin combined with a simple all-over design for front and yoke, cuffs and belt.

Cut in sizes six, eight, 10 and 12 years; age eight requires two and one eighth yards 36-inch goods with five eighths yard 27-inch contrasting goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5379—Girls' Dress, closed at back. An attractive model for plaid or checked goods to be trimmed with a plain band at top. A simulated front opening is edged with the plain goods and finished with three pearl buttons. Sleeves are cut long or elbow length.



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Cut in sizes six, eight, 10 and 12 years; age eight requires two and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material; one quarter yard of 18-inch all-over if worn with high neck. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5753—Children's Yoke Dress, closed at front. Unusually pleasing is this little straight dress with its square yoke top and flat collar. The front plait, belt, yoke, top of cuffs and collar are finished with a single braid stitch of white mercerized embroidery cotton. Suitable materials are plain gingham or white muslin in plain or crossbarred.

Cut in sizes two, four, six and eight years; age eight requires three yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

No. 5150—Children's Tucked Dress. No design is better adapted to childish beauty than these simple straight dresses. This one has an under-box-plait at each under-arm which gives the necessary fullness to the lower edge. The front and back is prettily tucked. Insertion and lace trims the cuffs and bottom as illustrated, or it may be finished with a deep hem. A touch of embroidery on the front makes a more elaborate dress. Cut in sizes one half, one, three and five years; age three requires one and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material, three yards of insertion, and four and one half yards of edging. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5536—Children's Set of Short Clothes, consisting of cap, coat, dress and petticoat. Cut in sizes one half, one, two and three years; age two requires for cap three eighths yard 27 inches wide, with one half yard of silk 20 inches wide to line. The coat needs one and three quarters yard 44 inches wide, with one piece of braid. Dress needs one and seven eighths yard of 36-inch goods, three and one half yards of insertion and one and one quarter yards of edging. The petticoat requires one and one quarter yard 36 inches wide, with three and one quarter yards of edging three and three quarters inches wide.

All-over with lace edge, or fine Hamburg make pretty summer caps, or for cooler weather, they are made to match material of coat.

Long cloth (see Comfort offer) makes the best petticoats, as well as night gowns, and dresses that have hard usage.

Dainty and soft dresses are made from lawn, muslin, dimity and nainsook, trimmed with Val lace, tucked or all-over yokes edged flat with a row of braid stitching or lace. A pretty idea is to braid stitch each tuck when tucking is used in yoke.

Cotton corduroy in white is washable and is an ideal material for a child's coat; French flannel and broadcloth are among suitable materials, while pongee and linen are best for summer wear. Price, 10 cents.

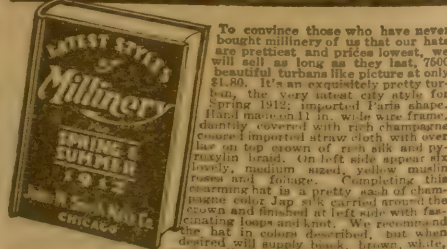
Questions Answered

TO SHRINK LACE.—MARGARET. Linen lace should be shrunken by steaming. Take a square of white cloth and in the bottom lay a square of white cloth and then the lace. Set over a kettle of boiling water, cover and steam an hour and a half. Dry by hanging on line and little pressing will be necessary.

To shrink wash materials, put the whole piece in a tub of lukewarm water and to set the color throw in a generous handful of salt. Leave it a short time and then, without wringing, hang up in the shade to dry. Press on the wrong side when almost dry. All crinoline and canvas used in dressmaking should

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

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To convince those who have never bought millinery of us that our hats are prettiest and prices lowest, we will sell as long as they last, 7500 beautiful turbans like picture at only \$1.80. It's an exquisitely pretty turban, the very latest city style for Spring 1912; imported Paris shape. (Hats made in U.S.A. with fine frame, daintily covered with rich champagne colored imported straw cloth with over lace on top crown of each side and by machine hand. On left side appear six lovely, beautiful, raised, scalloped, multi-colored, foliage. Comprising this charming hat is a pretty each of champagne colored cap silk carried around the crown and finished at left side with fascinating loops and knot. We recommend the hat in colors described, but which desired will supply black, brown, white, navy or light blue. Order No. 24330, state color of trimming wanted and we will send this

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Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Reader, Fairview, S. Dak.—If you are opposed to dancing you should not "keep company" with a girl who likes to dance. You have no more right to ask her not to dance than that she should ask you to dance—dancing being no sin. You might just as well ask a bird not to sing as to ask most young girls not to dance. It is a part of their social life, and as it is not of yours, you get a girl whose social life is like yours.

Tommy, Corning, Cal.—If you should coax a sixteen-year-old girl to run away from home and marry you, her father ought to follow you up and shoot you full of holes. Wait until she is old enough to marry and until you have more sense.

Country Girl, Wheelerville, Pa.—It is quite proper to ask your escort to call on you if he has never called. (2) In calling with a lady it is her place to speak first of going home, unless she is on very friendly terms with the man and he feels that he is privileged to suggest leaving.

Fatty, Sebree, Ky.—It is proper enough, we suppose, to hold a young man's overcoat when he calls, but why can't he hang it on the rack? If you mean to hold it while he is putting it on, we think girls rather like to do that, and many of them do. It is not the custom in fashionable society, though. (2) If the lady of fifty-six insists on falling in love with the boys, your sweetheart being one of them, there is nothing for the girls to do but organize a vigilance committee and lynch her. Etiquette makes no rules governing such cases.

Happy Girl, Eureka, W. Va.—The only wearing apparel that a young man may properly present to a young lady is a pair of gloves or so. Handkerchiefs or a little lace collar may be appropriate if they know each other well. She should politely return whatever is not appropriate and kindly tell him why. He means well, only he doesn't know.

Lillian, Two Rivers, Wis.—Young ladies should not go to dances unattended. A young lady may take a gentleman to supper at a leap year dance. It is not proper for a girl to dance with a man whom she has not met.

Babe, Graceville, Minn.—You and your sister did quite properly in leaving the young men and going home without them if they would not go with you. They thought they would "bluff" you in keeping you out late. Don't go with that kind any more. (2) It is improper for him to rest his arm on the back of the buggy seat when out driving with you, but they all do it. (3) A girl may go to a dance with her sister and her young man and accept the invitation of another young man to supper and as escort home. Sister won't care, neither will her young man.

Dotty, LeSueur, Minn.—If you are polite and pleasant to the young men, they will reciprocate. You say you are not what you expect them to expect that they neglect you for other girls?

Rine Bell, Winnabow, La.—The young man of good sense may teach the maid of the girl of average intelligence. (2) When he has been dancing and talking with you it isn't necessary for him to formally ask you if he may see you to your home. Is it? (3) May be it is proper in the country for the boy and girl to ride the same horse, but it would draw a crowd if they did so in the city.

F. B. A., Galatia, Ill.—Etiquette does not prescribe a form for a man to introduce his wife to his parents. The old folks should take her to their bosoms without any ceremony. If you want to be formal about it, introduce them as you would any other strangers.

Patsy, Carwood, Mo.—Invitations are not usually issued to quiet church weddings, though personal notes may be written to the few friends the bride wishes to be there.

Una, Webbville, Ky.—Any active energetic woman of intelligence and ability can earn a living in Colorado in any position fitted for her. Advertise for a position in Colorado newspapers and see what answers you get. (2) It sometimes happens that a girl will leave her girl friend to her brothers and sisters while she takes an evening off with a young man, but it should not be done often and only when the young man may mean business. (3) To become an efficient newspaper woman requires hard practice and a good deal of it. She may learn some of the points by a correspondence course.

Olga and Grace, Kittich, Minn.—How do you know the young men are keeping their eyes on you unless you are keeping your eyes on them? Stop it by not looking at them. (2) It is not proper to accept the escort of young men home from places of entertainment unless they have taken you there. They have no right to ask you. Only go to dances in different towns when accompanied by a chaperon, and don't dance with men you have not met. (3) A man should speak to a lady on the street to whom he has been introduced.

Blue Eyes, Leedy, Okla.—If the young man's dance could not go to the party with him and wanted him to go, it would be proper for him to take another girl home. He need not be lacking in courtesy because he is engaged, need he? (2) A month is rather sudden to know a man and become engaged to him. Knowing his folks doesn't mean that you know him and he is the one to know. An engaged girl may accept attention from other men in the absence of her fiance if he did not object. A girl may receive an engagement ring for three or thirty-three years before marriage. And she may wear it or not as she pleases.

Troubled Boy, Hamilton, N. Y.—As your mother is not dependent upon you and wants you to marry the girl and is willing for her to be a daughter to her, the girl should not act in the silly way she is now acting, but should marry you and go to live at your mother's home. Later, if she finds that she cannot live there, other arrangements can be made. Your mother seems to be the right kind of a woman and if the girl is cranky, we believe you would be wise in not trying to coax her into marrying. Daughters-in-law are quite as often to blame for trouble as mothers-in-law are.

Troubled, Hillsboro, Oregon.—It is quite proper for a girl of twenty-two to go to a dance with a young man of twenty-four. Why not? (2) Half past ten is most too late to invite your escort in, unless the family knows late hours. (3) Etiquette does not say a girl must not kiss a young man good night, but even if it did, it wouldn't make much difference. Don't do it, unless engaged to him.

Three Girls, Middletown, Ky.—We believe it is customary among many young people to exchange rings, even though not engaged. You may do as you please. Some very nice and sensible girls will not do it. (2) After a quarrel, that one should speak first who is most at fault. (3) If it is the custom for sixteen-year-old girls to go driving at night with young men, in your community, you may do it. It is not city custom.

M. R., Ellendale, Okla.—It is not necessary to do more than to smile your acceptance when a young man asks you to dance and then draw away with him. The smile is more than words. (2) In entering the dancing-room the man should lead, though in a rush it doesn't make much difference among a lot of young people.

Country Boy, Lynchburg, Va.—If the young lady has much of a social position you can only become ac-

quainted with her by the usual form of introduction through friends. If she has not, and is not controlled by conventions, you might make her acquaintance by writing to her and asking to meet her. But don't offer references as though you were looking for a job. You can tell her that part after you have met her. Our advice is to wait and be introduced properly.

Wild Rose, Lincoln, Neb.—It is bad form and bad taste to wear rings on the outside of gloves, yet there are people vulgar enough to do it. Gloves are not removed in church or other public place, that is, dress gloves. Heavy gloves, of course, are not to be worn indoors. In response to "excuse me," or "I beg your pardon," various replies are correct. Usually a bow is enough; when something more is necessary it depends upon the circumstances. Among men and friends, "That's all right," seems to be the prevailing reply. To "thank you," it is usual to reply: "Not at all," or "Don't mention it," or merely a bow. When one is introduced to a person whom he has already met, he says they have met before, or if they happen to be acquaintances they treat it as a joke and make a laugh of it. When it is necessary for a person to introduce himself, he first begs the pardon of the person he is meeting and says he is Mr. —, and asks the name of the other person. If the other person does not at once respond with the name, his name is given. This is changed, the person taking the initiative explaining the necessity of the introduction.

Stubborn Girl, Muskegon, Mich.—Speak to a gentleman on the street whom you know, unless he is absorbed in something else and does not see you. If he does see you and does not recognize you, but wishes to, stop and tell him who you are, if he is considerably older than you are. Otherwise let it pass. (2) Stare the young men on the street or in any public place who do not raise their hats to you. Gentlemen always raise their hats to ladies.

Troubled Girl, Austin, Texas.—We cannot tell you how to catch this "nice young fellow whom you love with all your heart," and would not if we could, but we might suggest that a Texas girl ought to know how to use a lariat. (2) We do not think that you "Once can be a school teacher."

Dixie, Albion, Ida.—An adopted cousin should expect more elaborate attentions from his girl cousin than her real cousin, because adoption is not kin and he may be her sweetheart, but he should not expect "a kiss, or something in that line," always at parting. Anyway until he becomes engaged to her. (2) It is always more or less risky to make a confidant of anybody, and especially for a girl to make a confidant of a young man, even if she does trust him as she would her brother.

Friendless, South Bend, Ind.—The trouble with you is that you are thinking only of the good time you should have, without ever thinking about the good time you might make for other people. Now for a change, suppose you forget yourself and try thinking of other people. Don't be sensitive about what you think are slights, but put your mind on what to do to add to the pleasure of people you know, even though you may have to make sacrifices to accomplish your purpose and their pleasure. It's the sure way to popularity. Go about it quietly and nicely and see what the result will be. That brother of yours is considerable of a cad, we think.

N. S., Big Run, Pa.—Tell the young man who asks you to "take walk" with him and to go to supper that you will be glad to do so and give him a gracious smile. It is all right to correspond with a young man whom you care for only in a friendly way, but let him know that is all you care for him.

Ditchie, Spring Valley, Wis.—Usually clerks in stores do not have time to open doors for lady customers, but when they do, the ladies certainly should thank them for the courtesy. "Thank you" is enough for a courtesy extended. "I thank you," sounds like some formal occasion.

Two Beauties, Brickchurch, Pa.—You tell us very positively that you are not silly girls. Just as positively we tell you that you are mistaken. Still, you are young yet and may outgrow it. We hope so.

Brown Eyes, Woolsey, Ga.—For the several hundredth time we repeat that cousins should not marry and in some states such a marriage is illegal. Ask a doctor why they should not. Or ask a stock-breeder.

W. V. W., Vaughn, N. M.—In giving a party you invite your friends. If any of those invited are not on friendly terms, and do not care to meet, they should stay away, and you will understand why. Of course, if there is danger of a fight in your house, don't invite both sides. Or better, don't invite either and explain to them why. In first-class society, people don't carry their guns to parties.

Brown Eyes, Springtown, Ark.—It is quite proper for the lady to invite the gentleman to call though he has come with her but one time. A young man may ask a girl friend of his visiting his town to go to an entertainment, though her hostess is not receiving callers, but it must be done with the consent of the hostess. (3) It is customary among young people to linger a while after the gate or the front door after they have returned home from an evening out, if they are good friends, although it is not in accordance with strict rules of etiquette, at least, city etiquette.

Prairie Pink, Steele, N. Dak.—Etiquette does not say how a bashful young man shall make love to his best girl. Therefore you can write the outpourings of your heart to her, or you may tell them by moonlight when it is not so embarrassing. You have our tenderest sympathy.

Blue Eyes, Fond du Lac, Wis.—When one is playing an accompaniment to another singing, they generally have an understanding which one shall turn the music. Etiquette has nothing to do with it.

Lonely, Jacksonport, Wis.—If a young man is so common that he thinks a nice girl doesn't love him because she will not let him kiss her, he should be taught better thinking. Don't you kiss him until you are engaged to him. As it is leap year you might ask him to take you to a dance or party, but don't do it more than once.

Blue Eyes, Elk Point, S. Dak.—Nothing in any works on etiquette that we have ever read is said about what two bookshelves mean sent in an invitation to a party. Why not ask the sender?

Inquisitive Boy, Spanguth, Neb.—You ought to know a girl well enough in two years to ask her to marry you. If she has showed any signs that she wants to, if she hasn't, you should go a little slow and find out pretty quick what she thinks of you. You seem to be afraid to come out in the open. Brace up.

Anxious, Hillsboro, Ore.—Good character is worth more in a husband than good money, and if your parents object to him on account of his poverty, wait until you are of age to marry him. This is not etiquette, but the nearest way to a happy marriage. Twenty-one is the age in Oregon and you can well afford to wait.

Country Girl, Sumner, Ia.—Put the bread in the plate when spreading butter on it, but the spreading is not fashionable, though generally prevalent. (2) The man when walking with a lady on the street should keep the outside of the sidewalk in preference. Though it is not obligatory. (3) Rise to shake hands with an older person. Don't speak to persons on the street or elsewhere, who don't want you to.

A. N., Cyclone, Ind.—We do not believe in wearing heavy mourning, for a year or a day, but we think dark colors are more appropriate than bright, even for girls, say, from sixteen up, though they may wear their usual colors. Also we think dances and other social gayeties may be omitted for a season as a mark of respect for the dead. The sorrow in the heart will show itself in the conduct and apparel of the mourners without making it any gloomier than is natural.

M. F., Midland, Md.—Postage stamp flirtations have gone completely out of style. Only the tuckiest kind of tactics use them now.

Young Sub., Liberty Hill, Texas.—Don't without some little warning, close your letter to her "with love and kisses," because it might jar her by being so sudden. Begin by ending "with much love," and see how she takes that. If she likes it, add the "kisses" next time.

Red Wing, Princess Anne, Md.—The young man may give you a present after he has known you three months. Some don't wait that long and etiquette does not set a time limit. (2) To kiss a lady's hand is a relic of old-time courtliness when done in public and quite proper, yet, to do so on the sly is some different, but not very improper.

Blue Bell, West Plains, Mo.—Tea, chocolate or coffee should be drunk with a spoon if too hot to be taken from the cup. When talking with the spoon put it in the sugar. (2) It is permissible for a girl to reply to cards received from a man she has not met as he is a close friend of her sister. That is the same as a formal introduction.

X. X. K. K., Vanderwort, Ark.—Etiquette knows nothing of the Magic Light. (2) If the girl really loves you as she says she does, she is bound to show it in her actions. Women, they say, can't keep a secret, and that sure is one they can't.

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J. W. P., Cyril, Okla.—A house party, a term of recent adoption in this country, means a party of people invited to stay at someone's house, usually for a few days "only," though a house party may last as long as the people giving it want it to last. "Week end" parties—that is, over Sunday—are the most frequent kind of house parties. Persons invited to a house party are informed how long they are expected to remain, and they leave when the time is up.

Black and Brown Eyes, Lawrence, Neb.—Girls of your age should keep their minds on their school duties and wait till they graduate before taking on social duties. Keep out of society doings, but study how to do and what to do by observing the actions of polite people and by being polite yourselves. Time enough for the questions you ask us, two or three years from now. By that time, if you are bright, you will know the answers.

F. B. K., Balk, Okla.—You should not have wounded the sensitive young lady they said you were fishing for by saying that suckers would not bite. You thought you were funny, but now you see what a fatal weapon a joke may be. Having apologized and tried to square yourself without avail, let it pass and possibly time will heal the wound. A safe and sane social rule to follow is never to be funny at another's expense, in company, especially a woman. They cannot endure being made to appear ridiculous.

Miss E. J., Clearwater, Minn.—We cannot give you "The list of menu for a three course reception for the Seniors," because we never heard of such before.

L. E. O., Aberdeen, S. Dak.—Etiquette does not fix the time that a girl should go with a young man before marrying. You and the young man will have to fix that. He should write as often as he wants to and he should want to very, very often. And she should answer the same way. Even the most fashionable people are not expected to make love by rules of etiquette.

Girls, Ruth, Neb.—What persons in society should say or not say under all the circumstances incidental to time, place and people is not found in books. Intelligent people use the sense they have and say what should be said without any particular rules. They also tell as much of the truth as is expedient in explaining certain social matters. You may tell the whole truth if you wish. It is hardly good form for a lady driving with one man to wave at another, nor is it for her to suggest to the man whom she doesn't want to take her home to take someone else. That is his business. Etiquette does not say whether or not, when a young man visits at a girl's house goes away and leaves a smiling shirt, she should wash it before sending it back to him. She may do as she pleases.

Inquirer, Anna, Ill.—At the office where you expect to have your wedding invitations printed, you will find several forms, any one of which is good form and you may make your choice. Other men than the "best man" at a wedding are usually known as attendants, and you may have them or not, as you prefer.

E. W., Boelus, Neb.—It is not ill bred, but ill natured to make unkind remarks about anyone's appearance when bad, but when good, it is quite correct to notice it and compliment the person in a nice way. Nobody ever feels worse by hearing something pleasant about himself. Kind words can never die. Do not fail to speak them.

The Squatter's Claim

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

short her soliloquy, a well-mounted horseman drew his steed to a full halt, almost at her side. "I beg your pardon," said he, with a polite bow; "but I am an utter stranger, and must ask my way. Can you direct me to the farm of Mr. John Darrow?"

Rose Manning's face did not lose the heightened color of excitement that had rendered it so strikingly handsome in the eyes of the stranger rider, but she felt as if she were turning pale inwardly, as she listened to his ominous inquiry. Rose was a truth-teller, however, and she replied:

"The first you will come to on the river-bank. Mr. Darrow is not there, however." "Not there? Why, has he moved?" "I do not know—I don't know anything about him," half stammered poor Rose. "Beg pardon, again. Didn't mean to be rude," and the stranger rider looked as if he feared he had been, and was sorry for it. "The fact is, I am a stranger here, as I said, and Mr. Darrow

is my uncle. Perhaps I can learn more at the farm itself."

And with another sweeping bow, and a mutter of thanks, the stranger struck spurs to the splendid horse he rode, and dashed on toward the "squatter-claim" of the Magraws.

As for Rose, she was for some minutes utterly bewildered, for thoughts, suggestions, and even apprehensions, chased one another through her mind in a perfect tumult.

The strange rider had been a handsome man, but that had nothing to do with the fact that Rose Manning wheeled her pony homeward.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Quince Seed Cosmetics

DOUBTLESS you have never heard of quince seed cosmetics and creams before and for that reason, if no other, this article can hardly fail to hold your interest. Quince seed beauty preparations! It sounds alluring, does it not? Don't all

say yes at once! It is only recently that quince seed cosmetics have become popular in America, but they are having quite a vogue now, which is just as it should be, as quince seed preparations are unequalled for such purposes as whitening and softening the skin.

I want you to hear well in mind that quince seed beauty creams, lotions, etc. do not keep sweet for very long. Generally they begin to grow slightly rancid after three or four weeks. What is the moral? Why it is plain to be seen. Forewarned being forearmed, you should be careful not to make up a large supply at one time. This is a disadvantage, however, that attaches not only to quince seed preparations but to other cosmetics as well. The fresher they are, the better work they will do. Don't forget this.

Over in Europe it is quite the thing to apply the quince seed mucilage undiluted to a skin that is too

freckled to appear well, but as this treatment causes cuticle to peel off in a truly alarming fashion, I cannot become enthusiastic over it. It is better far to dilute the mucilage with one part of seed to one hundred parts of water, if one feels that one's happiness is not complete until one is in possession of a quince seed freckle remover.

What say you to making up a QUINCE SEED COSMETICS WHITEN AND SOFTEN THE SKIN.

idea meets with your approval say aye. The ayes have it! The cream referred to above not only causes the skin to become white and soft but is a miracle worker when it comes to firming a relaxed skin. Give this emollient a good trial, maids and matrons, and I am convinced that you will find it is everything I have said.

The formula given below is true and tried and I do not think there is much chance of your having any trouble with it, if you take an ordinary amount of care:

Dainty Quince Face Cream

Boric acid, four grams; glycerine, two ounces; alcohol, three ounces; quince seed, one and one half drams; carbolic acid, ten grains; cologne, two drams; oil of lavender, twenty drops; glycerine of starch, two ounces; water enough to make one pint.

Pour the boric acid slowly into the water, and when it is thoroughly dissolved, crush the quince seeds with a wooden potato masher and add them to the boric solution. Let macerate for three hours, then strain through a thick piece of cotton cloth. To the clear liquid thus obtained, add the glycerine, carbolic acid and glycerine of starch. This mixture should now be stirred slowly with a wooden spoon, until all ingredients are well mingled. The next thing to do is to mix the alcohol with the lavender oil and the cologne, and then add it gradually to the quince mixture. After mixing well, pour into glass bottles, cork tight and keep in a dark, cool spot.

Now what shall we make next? I have formulas for two more quince seed creams, which are somewhat unique and well worth having. Doubtless you would prefer several recipes to choose from, so I will hasten and write them down.

Quince Seed Cream No. 2

Mucilage of quince seeds (two drams to a pint), twenty-five parts; solution of soda, two parts; glycerine, five parts; oil of sweet almonds, five parts; cold cream, five parts; boric acid, five parts; oil of bitter almonds and oil of rose (enough to perfume), water enough to make two hundred parts.

Place the cream, oil of sweet almonds and the solution of soda in a small kettle and stir slowly with a silver spoon until a perfect emulsion is formed. Next put the glycerine, boric acid, mucilage and one hundred and fifty parts of the water into a saucepan, and, after warming, so they mingle well, pour into the emulsion. Mixture should now be stirred until perfectly cold and then made up to the required two hundred parts by adding the remainder of the water. At the very last, add the perfume, drop by drop.

The daily application of this cream to the face will keep the skin soft and elastic.

The third quince cream can be made thus: Mix one dram of cold cream with an equal quantity of sweet almond oil; add, with constant stirring, one ounce of quince lotion in a pint of cold water. This is the daintiest cream of the three to my mind, the least expensive and fully as effective.

"But I don't know how to make the quince lotion used in this cream," someone remarks sorrowfully. That is a fault that is very soon remedied as I know how to make the quince lotion and will be glad to give you the necessary information.

The usual way to make this whitening quince lotion is to put two drams of bruised quince seeds into half a pint of water and let it simmer, with occasional stirring, until liquid is reduced to half a cupful. It should now be strained through thick cheese-cloth and two ounces of glycerine added. If you feel that a lotion is not a lotion until it is sweetly scented, add a drop or two of oil of rose or lavender.

The girl who admires soft, white hands and has them not, should hasten to make up the following lotion, as there is no better preparation for whitening and softening the hands. It must be left on the hands for five minutes, after which they are wiped off with a pad of absorbent cotton and powdered liberally.

Quince Seed Hand Lotion

Crush two drams of quince seeds and throw them into a pint of fresh rain-water. The kettle containing this mixture should now be placed over a low flame and contents allowed to simmer slowly for ten minutes. At the end of this time, liquid should be strained through a square of cotton cloth and a few drops of oil of bergamot added.

It won't be long now before a sunburn cream will be a necessity, so I won't apologize for the recipe given below, as I know it will come in handy in the course of the next two or three months.

Quince Sunburn Lotion

Let three drams of bruised quince seeds simmer in a pint of water for ten or fifteen minutes or until a jelly is formed. Mixture should now be strained carefully and three drams of ammonium chloride added. As this last is famous for its infamously rather—for its disagreeable odor,

you would do well to add half a dram of oil of sweet orange.

When ready to apply this useful lotion, first bathe face for several minutes in very hot water, then conceal the facial skin from view beneath a thick coat of this quince cream. Now for five minutes, my beauty patient must sit quietly in a "comfy" chair and read or sew or dream, while this unique bleach does its best to remedy the harm done by the sun's rays. At the end of this time, the face should be gently laved in hot, then cool, then cold water, and the drops of moisture brushed off with a dry towel. Treatment cannot be considered as completed, until the face has been massaged for a few minutes with one of the three quince seed creams given in this article.

This treatment had best be given every night until the ugly brown tints disappear. How long will you have to wait for that result? Probably not more than seven days, Miss Inquisitive. Isn't that good news?

Questions and Answers

Troubled Teresa, Miss Nancy, Jewel, H. A. Widow, Old Subscriber, A Comfort Reader, Gay E. and others.—Pimples are generally caused by too great a fondness for sweets. If you wish the ugly blotches to disappear, and of course you do, you must taboo candy, pie, cake, pudding, fried foods, hot breads and greasy meats. I also advise taking plenty of outdoor exercise, sleeping with your bedroom windows opened wide, and making a habit of the daily bath. In addition, it would be a good plan to touch the pimples several times daily with the following lotion:

Pimple Lotion

Precipitate of sulphur, one dram; tincture of camphor, one dram; rose-water, four ounces. Blackheads are a great trial, but daily treatment will finally banish them. Never forget to wash your face at night, before retiring, with hot soapy water and a rough cloth. After this, rub in a little boracic powder, and if this smarts the skin massage in cold cream. Every other night scrub blackheads with a soft soapy nail brush, after bathing the face and before the boracic powder is rubbed in. Scrub very lightly, else the skin will be irritated. Once a week, after the face has been washed, steam it over a basin of boiling water, then rinse in hot water and spread over face a handful of soap jelly. After ten minutes wash this off and massage for several minutes. On this night omit the boracic powder.

Soap Jelly

Pare one cake of Castile soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until mixture jellies. Put in covered glass jar and use as wanted. A very dainty face cream and one that is always a great favorite is made as follows:

Orange-flower Face Cream

Spermaceti, one half ounce; white wax, one half ounce; sweet almond oil, two ounces; lanolin, one ounce; coconut oil, one ounce; tincture of benzoin, three drops; orange-flower water, one ounce. Melt the first five ingredients in a porcelain kettle, take from fire and add the benzoin and the orange-flower water, stirring it with an egg beater until cold.

The ingredients for this cream would probably cost about fifty cents. I do not know of any face cream that can cure blackheads and pimples.

Postmistress.—I think a weekly hot bath will suffice; that is, if you will take a warm sponge bath every other morning. The best way to develop is to drink milk. The reason your stomach gets larger is that the flesh forms there first. Each article tells what the exercises spoken of therein are supposed to do. Hold your breath while you swing your arms twenty times, unless you feel uncomfortable, in which case exhale breath when arms have revolved five or ten times.

Maiden.—You are a little too thin. For your height you should weigh about one hundred and fifteen pounds. Sample of hair did not reach me. Yours is the girlish type. If your brother acts as escort, it is all right to go to dances, if your mother does not object. You are too young to have any other escort than a brother or father or cousin. I should say you must be an exceptionally attractive young girl.

Papa's pet, Anxious Girlie, In Doubt, Miss Ada, Miss W. W., Mrs. E. H. S., Sadie, Blue Eyes and others.—Why not use my pet dandruff remedy? It was given me by a trained nurse who vouched for it. I am repeating formula below:

Sulphur Dandruff Remedy

Take a heaping tablespoonful of sulphur, then pour over it one quart of boiling water. Keep in an airtight vessel for twenty-four hours, then drain off the clear portion. Rub into the scalp every night until the dandruff disappears. While treating the scalp for



Before Applying Sunburn Quince Lotion, Bathe Face in Very Hot Water.

dandruff it is advisable that you be careful what you use for a shampoo. The following liquid is excellent for this purpose, leaving the scalp beautifully clean and the hair fluffy as heart could wish.

Egg Dandruff Shampoo

Yolk of one egg, one pint of hot rain-water, one ounce of rosemary spirits. Beat the mixture and use it warm, rubbing it well into the scalp and over the hair. Rinse in several waters and sit in the sun until your pretty tresses are free from moisture.

A snow white throat is almost a necessity in this day of collarless frocks, so you would do well to treat your brown neck with severity. A good bleach for a tanned or yellowed neck is given below:

Cleopatra Neck Bleach

One ounce strained honey, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, six drops of oil of bitter almonds, whites of two eggs, enough fine oatmeal to make a spreadable paste. Spread this thickly on a piece of cotton cloth three

inches in width, and tie as a bandage around the throat. Four or five of these applications should bleach neck to a satin whiteness. Remember, this is not a face bleach, and that oil of bitter almonds is a poison and must not be swallowed or left in the reach of children.

A. M. S., Unfortunate, Sally Ann, Mrs. John, Jessica, Texas Girl, A Southern Flower and Mrs. Eda.—A very good freckle cream is made by putting into a double boiler one ounce of spermaceti, one ounce of white wax and four ounces of almond oil. The kettle should be placed over a gentle heat until the fats and the oils have mingled smoothly, when kettle should be removed from the stove and two ounces of cucumber juice slowly beaten into the mixture, drop by drop. Continue beating circularly until cream congeals.

Disgusted, Gertie, Mamma's Pet, Jennie, Mrs. Eda, Mrs. Jack, Suzanne and others.—I am so glad that my physical culture talks have been of benefit to you. I think if I were you I would use almond oil instead of olive oil to massage the hands. A daily rubbing of the hands with warm, sweet almond oil will eventually make them plump and soft and white. You are wise to wash your face every night, before going to bed, with hot soapy water, but do not rinse off the lather with cold water. Use warm water to rinse with. When your facial skin is dry again, rub in a little cream. Only use cold rinsing water during the day, never after the night bath of the face. Since you are troubled with open pores, you would do well to close them up. This is done by spraying the face several times each day with the astringent lotion given below:

Elder-flower Astringent

Place in half pint bottle one ounce of cucumber juice, half bottle with elder-flower water and add two tablespoonfuls of eau de cologne. Shake well and add very slowly one half ounce of simple tincture of benzoin, shaking the mixture now and then. Fill bottle with elder-flower. Spray over face five or six times a day.

If you cannot afford to buy such a quantity of milk, why don't you try to develop your bust by massaging it for fifteen minutes, night and morning, with warm cocoa-butter. Before commencing this massage, bathe bosom for five minutes in hot water. After the manipulations have been concluded, douche bosom well with cold water for several moments. Be very careful indeed not to bear down heavily while massaging, as this will break down the fatty cells, which is the very thing we want to avoid. Only the lightest pressure should be used. Here is an exercise which is said to develop and strengthen the calves of the legs:

Development Exercise for the Calves

Take correct standing position, with hands on the hips and body bent slightly back. Now flex the knees and bring right foot up and back until it almost, if not quite, touches the end of the spinal column; then the left; and continue alternately for five minutes. This exercise should be practiced quickly, the heels not being allowed to touch the ground.

Thelma, Fatty, Miss Thinness, The Extra Pound of Flesh and others.—It is quite possible to reduce fat shoulders and a too full bust. Simply fasten a pulley to the wall at the proper height, and, standing with your back to it, seize the rope ends and let the pulley weights drag your arms up and back as far as they can go. Now bring them down over the head, striking out as if you intended to hit something. Practice this novel exercise for ten minutes—unless it tires you unduly—night and morning. The average loss through the bust in six weeks will be three inches.

Brown Eyes, La Grande, Oregon, Scanty Hair, Mortified Lassie, Fearful Miss J., Mrs. E. E. E. and others.—You will find details of a good dandruff treatment given to "Papa's Pet" in these columns. It generally gives satisfactory results. It is expedient to stop your hair from coming out, I suggest that you massage the following ointment into the scalp for ten minutes every night for the next two months:

Hair Ointment

White vaseline, three ounces; Castor oil (cold drawn), one ounce; half ounce; Yell. acid, one and three quarters drams; oil of lavender, thirty drops.

This pomade is a splendid hair grower. While you are using it, you will find it necessary to shampoo the hair every three or four days, else it will become noticeably oily, which you wouldn't like, would you? I suppose you would prefer to use a tonic, but you would still use this, long hair, so I am giving you the treatment that I think will produce the best and quickest results. Hair-growing is slow work, no matter how you go about it. I do not like the two tonics referred to. If you wish a sage-like hair tonic, let me know and I will print formula for one and you can make it up yourself, and then you will know what you are using. You do not need electricity, as your scalp is over-stimulated as it is. Yes, you are right; I have thick, heavy hair and I am very thankful for it.

Emeline.—Yes, my dear, I do think that physical culture exercise would help you to your goal—rounded arms and a full bust. It would probably take several months to get results. I cannot tell how much you would gain through the bust in a month. Why do you want to increase through the bosom? A thirty-eight bust measure is plenty large enough, as you grow older, you will find you will gain steadily in the bust. You are too young to have a very full bosom. Have the mole taken off by electricity.

Mr. Ross S.—Please read my remarks on pimples in my reply to Troubled Teresa.

Distressed Girl, Bertina, Resa, A Maine Reader, Sweet Sixteen and others. I advise that you go to the nearest city and have those few hairs on the upper lip removed by electrolysis. It won't cost much to have this small amount of work done. Perhaps not more than one dollar and a quarter. This way of removing hair is sure and safe. You should not use vaseline on the face, or lard, or lanolin, or any cream containing either animal or vegetable oil. I am printing formula for a greaseless cream.

Non-Greasy Cream

Corn flour, one and one half drams; water, ten ounces; glycerine, five drams. With a little water make the flour into a paste; slowly stir in the rest. Bring to a boil; when cool add the glycerine.

I would advise discontinuing the use of the face lotion mentioned.

Mrs. M. E. F.—You might make use of the sulphur scalp treatment given to "Papa's Pet." In addition to this, I suggest that you massage the scalp every night for ten minutes with yellow vaseline. Vaseline is not only a good hair grower but extremely healing. What you really should do is to consult a doctor, as long distance advice—in a case like yours—is not always effective.

G. V. and C. H. S.—You will not become so easily embarrassed if you think less of yourself and more of other people. A red face can be made to behave if you will use the following skin fader:

Almond Meal Complexion Bleach

Buy a fifty cent jar of theatrical cream and a pound of almond meal. Beat together one teaspoonful of the cream and some almond meal and add enough hot water to form a thick spreading paste. Cut two squares of thin cheese-cloth big enough to cover the face, and tear a hole in the center of each square for your nose. As I don't want you to scorch, I suggest you dampen the squares and spread the paste between. Bathe the face in very hot, soapy water, massage for a minute and then apply the paste, patting it down so it touches the face all over. Now lie on your back, undressed, but, wet Turkish towels and as soon as they cool replace with others. Keep this up for fifteen minutes, then remove mask, wash face in warm water, then in cool, then in very cold. Two of these applications every seven days for three weeks will bleach the skin beautifully and make it soft and like satin.

Black Head.—Use the yellow vaseline. You can get the green tea at your grocer's.

Anxious Chinaman.—I would not use the paraffin for pimples or blackheads. You could use it to cover your skin would not be a bit smoother. Please send treatment recommended to Papa's Pet and Brown Eyes, La Grande, Oregon. Also glance through my reply to Troubled Teresa.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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Pineapple weave sweater coat; comes in pure white; makes a dainty coat for spring, summer, day or evening wear; launders easily; saves cost of light colored wrap. Post paid for \$1.49. Sizes 34 to 44. Name and address on inside of money back. MAINE KNIT GOODS CO., Portland, Me.



The Best Treatment for Itching Scalps and Falling Hair

To allay itching and irritation of the scalp, prevent dry, thin and falling hair, remove crusts, scales and dandruff, and promote the growth and beauty of the hair, the following special treatment is most effective, agreeable and economical. On retiring, comb the hair out straight all around, then begin at the side and make a parting, gently rubbing Cuticura ointment into the parting with a bit of soft flannel held over the end of the finger. Anoint additional partings about half an inch apart until the whole scalp has been treated, the purpose being to get the Cuticura ointment on the scalp skin rather than on the hair. It is well to place a light covering over the hair to protect the pillow from possible stain. The next morning, shampoo with Cuticura soap and hot water. Shampoos alone may be used as often as agreeable, but once or twice a month is generally sufficient for this special treatment for women's hair. Notwithstanding Cuticura soap and ointment are sold everywhere, a liberal sample of each, with 32-p. book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 137, Boston. Tender-faced men shaved in comfort with Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c.

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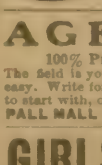
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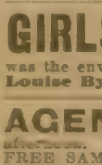
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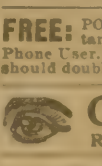
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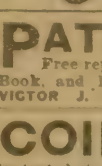
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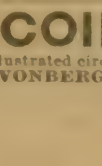
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A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

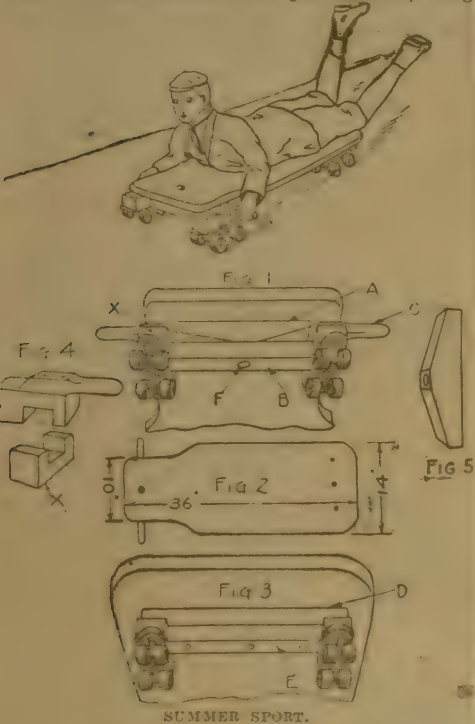
APRIL brings joy to most of us because it means the awakening of mother nature who has slept all winter beneath a mantle of snow. Comfort's family is so large that many of its members never saw snow and do not think of winter as a season of cold. In my plans I always bear this in mind and try to run something that will be of general interest. Perhaps you have some good plan that would be of value to others in your part of the country. If so I would be glad to see it. Only original ideas are useful. I have many references works so don't bother sending something that you read about. Your own invention is what I want.

Camp Cooking

I know that a great number of my readers, especially those interested in the Boy Scout movement, will go camping so I will tell you a handy way to do your outdoor cooking. Get an iron post or piece of pipe and have a flange screwed to the top so it will stand hammering into the ground. Make three or four wire loops like Fig. 3 and drop them into the hole in the top of the pipe after the latter has been driven where the fire is. With this device you can boil potatoes, make your coffee and fry bacon or fish all at once and you can swing them around away from the hottest part of the fire or to it as you desire. It costs practically nothing and is not hard to make or bulky to carry.

Coaster

Here is a type of wagon that is popular with boys wherever there are hard roads or hills. The top piece is one inch pine board thirty-six inches long and fourteen inches wide, shaped like Fig. 2. For wheels use roller skates or get rollers from the hardware store and put them on, using



SUMMER SPORT.

steel rod for axles. The manner in which the rear wheels are attached is shown in the lower sketch. The blocks are screwed firmly to the platform from the under side and cannot swing. The steering is done with the front pair of roller skates as Fig. 1 indicates. Fig. 4 is an enlarged view of the steering handles. In driving screws in the narrow under blocks it is well to first bore holes so as to avoid splitting. The sketches show every part used. By carefully studying them and proceeding slowly you will soon have a strong, serviceable joy wagon that will last you many a day.

About Pencils

Those who use pencils should know that "black lead" is but the popular name of plumbago, a mineral consisting chiefly of lime, iron, carbon, and silica. It is nearly all carbon and no lead whatever enters into its composition. Besides being used as a writing material it is employed to make pots for melting brass, for electric lights, for cartridges and to reduce friction on belts and machines. It also is mixed up and used for black paint intended for iron railings and grates.

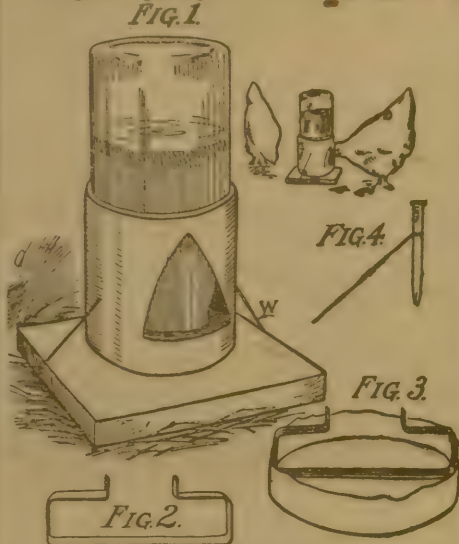
Game

On a rainy day when you cannot go any farther than the barn you can amuse yourself with this pitching game. To make it you must have a couple of two foot lengths of inch board about one foot wide or so. Cleat them together in such a way that the nails will not show through the front. This square is supported by two strips two inches by one inch. Make pockets by driving nails in a half circle as shown. The bag to be tossed must be light and rounded so that it will not be too easy to make it stick on the nails. A hollow rubber ball placed in a tobacco sack would be just the thing. Each player gets two throws

alternately and the first to make one hundred wins the game.

Drinking Fountain

Any boy can make this handy fountain for his chickens. Get a tin can of one quart size and cut a triangular opening in one side as seen in the



FOR THE CHICKENS.

picture. The top of the can is then removed, the bottom must be water tight. Next get a piece of a metal hoop or something equally strong and bend it to the shape shown in Fig. 2. The other sketch illustrates how this is placed in the bottom of the can. You now get a quart milk bottle or fruit jar and fill it with water. Place the can over the top of it and turn the whole upside down. The water will come out of the jar and fill the can up as high as the lower part of the opening but it will not flow over. This level is maintained until all the water in the jar is exhausted. A fountain of this type is convenient and may be made in any size.

Indoor Game

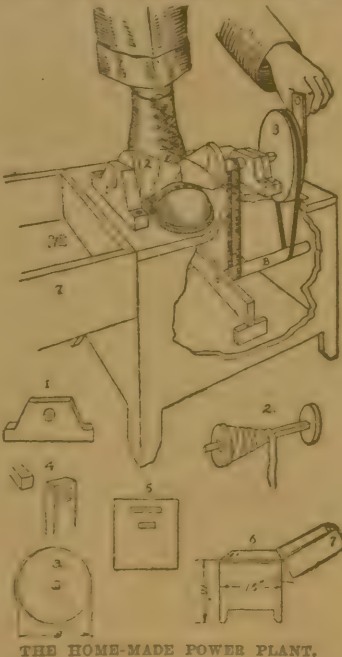
This game is for boys and girls and may be played by any number up to ten. It is called the "Sentence" game and is very interesting when you get to playing it. Each one is provided with a paper and pencil and at a signal all start together to form a sentence using only words of four letters. As an example, "Mary gave John some cake." When anyone has completed his sentence he calls out "Done" and the others must stop immediately. The caller's sentence is then examined and for each word in it he gets one point. If he uses any word that contains more than the required number of letters or less he is fined five points. Whoever first scores twenty-five points wins the game and may propose something for any of the others to do, such as crawling like a rooster, crawling on all fours, speaking a piece, or any forfeit or penalty that he chooses to inflict. It is great sport if played correctly and will teach you to be quick at composition.

Necktie Rack

The boy who has a room of his own will welcome this chance to add a touch of beauty and convenience to it. The plan is intended for beginners and boys who may not have very many tools at their disposal. First get a sound piece of wood, oak preferred, and cut it to the shape shown in Fig. 2. Be careful to round off the corners exactly alike. Before cutting you must mark the curved lines and keep at it until they are uniform. Cut with a small saw and rub down with sandpaper. To the center of this piece nail the small block and then screw on the long narrow piece upon which the ties are hung. Use round-headed brass screws. Finish with mission stain to match the woodwork of the room. The rack is fastened to the closet door.

Wheel Power

The device shown here has more uses than a glance at the picture seems to indicate. The sketch shows it being used as a shoe polisher and as such it is useful, but by taking out the felt roller marked "2" and substituting for it a grindstone, emery wheel or pulley you can make of it a hand power sharpener or engine. Every part used in the construction is pictured and the complete sketch leaves nothing to guesswork. The wheel "3" is eight inches in diameter while the shaft "B" is only one inch, therefore when you turn the crank once the shaft will revolve eight times. More speed than this is not necessary but



THE HOME-MADE POWER PLANT.

If you want it all you have to do is to use a larger wheel. This makes a great power plant with which to run your toy steam engines, merry-go-rounds, etc.

A Camper's Way to Cook Fish

Sometimes you may be in a position where you have a good-sized fish but lack utensils with which to cook and prepare it. Build a wood fire of generous size and let it burn down to a glowing mass of coals. Wash and season your fish well and wrap them up in fresh green grass, leaves or bark. Then scrape away the ashes and put the fish in the same bedding around nicely on all sides. Now heap on the live coals and await results. In a quarter of an hour your fish will be done and you will no doubt agree that it is the best style of cooking you ever practiced. The flavor will surprise you by its deliciousness. Clay may be used to protect the fish from the fire, or wet paper will do in a pinch.

INDIAN BLANKET PUZZLE.

Indian Blanket Puzzle

The Indian warrior is holding up his favorite blanket. In the center you will notice there is a cross-shaped opening. The Indian wants to close this up but he has no cloth to mend it with. The chief told him that the blanket could be cut in two in such a way that the parts would fit perfectly together and need no patching. Can you do it? Experiments may be made with paper that is not good for anything else. Next month in this department the correct solution will appear.

A Simple Trap

About the simplest form of trap I ever heard of is to bury a large tin vessel in the ground and half fill it with water. On the surface of the water sprinkle oats. At a glance it will appear as if the vessel is full of the grain and the rats and other pests will leap in to enjoy a meal at your expense. Of course the result is obvious. Hardly any kind of an animal can climb up a tin wall and your prey will be ready for burial when you examine the trap. It is said by those who have tried this means of getting rid of vermin that it is very effective.

Answer to the Orchard Puzzle

The above diagram shows how the man fenced up a plot 15 yards square without disturbing any of the trees.

April Nuts to Crack

1. Divide the number 91 into two such parts, that the greater being divided by their difference will give 7 as a quotient.
2. A said to B, "Give me \$100 and then I shall have as much as you." B replied: "Give me \$100 and then I shall have twice as much as you." How much had each?
3. Four men were together: one had no eyes, one had no legs, one had no arms, the other had no clothes on. The blind man saw a large apple in a tree, the armless man threw at it and knocked it down, the legless man ran over and picked it up and the naked man put it in his pocket. What is it?

March Answers

1. 54 yards. 2. 30 days. 3. 44 4-4.
Life is full of problems which must be solved if we expect to be successful. Don't give up trying until you have found the right way and the right answer. A sense of victory and honest achievement comes to him who finally solves a question that has baffled his powers of reasoning. Save this copy and verify your solution next month. Be sure you get that number.

There is a list of articles that will repay you for every minute spent in making them. Study the sketches and get the idea right. It will not come clearly at a glance but ten minutes' thought will bring out every feature. In that way you get as much benefit out of a plan as you would out of a problem and the pleasure you feel when you finally do understand it is much the same. I am interested in the Boy Scout idea and have been for years. Are you? Let me know.

UNCLE JOHN.

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HABY LOUISE WRIGHT, Dept. 6, 6059 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WE WANT MEN

TO LEARN THE BARBER TRADE. Thousands have become successful shop owners by our method and send us for barbers. We must supply them. Learn now and accept a job that pays well. Light—easy—work. Few—easy—completes. Tools given. Particulars mailed free. 33 branches. All leading cities. Write Dept. M.

MOLIER SYSTEM OF COLLEGES, 735 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS

\$5,500 offered for one invention. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents advertised for sale at our expense in Manufacturers' Journals. Patent Obtained or Fee Returned. CHANDLER & CHANDLER, Patent Attys. Established 19 Years. 934 F Street, Washington, D. C.

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with our wonderful Champion Picture Machine. Takes, develops, finishes. Prints in half minute. 300 an hour. No dark room. Experience unnecessary. Photo Post Cards and Buttons all the rage! You can make money anywhere. Small investment. Big profits. Be your own boss. Write for Free Book, Testimonials, etc. AMERICAN MINUTE PHOTO CO. 472 Nehoe Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

4 Rings Free

Send for 12 packs Grandest Hair Tonic. New thing. Easy to sell. Entirely new proposition. Everybody needs it. When sold return \$1.20 and get these four beautiful Rings. We give extra premiums FREE. Write for it. 472 Nehoe Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

CI TY

To any person who can supply the correct names of three well known American Cities, we will offer our RICHLY ENGRAVED DOUBLE CASE WATCH, fitted with a guaranteed movement as a FREE GIFT. Send your attempt on a sheet of paper, together with addressed envelope and stamp for reply to JAMES FORD & CO., 414 Law Exchange Building, Buffalo, N. Y. Winner is required to purchase a chain from us to wear with watch.

Print Your Own

Cards, circulars, books, newspaper. Press \$6. Larger \$16, Rotary \$60. Save money. Big profit printing for others. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for prospectus, TYPE, cards, paper, etc. THE PRESS CO., MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT.

A Money Proposition

Do you want to own a mail order business—be independent—your own boss? Would you manage an Agency for me in your vicinity or elsewhere? All printed matter furnished for one-half the profits. Write for particulars. HAZEN A. HORTON, Desk 212, Kalamazoo, Michigan

FISH TACKLE

Your address brings Booklet and a strong 40 foot reel line at once FREE postpaid. WONDER CO. Dept. 10 OWENSBORO, KY.

AGENTS

Manufacturer of new exclusive Lines West and Too Guaranteed History. Agents wanted in every county. Sales territory. Exclusive permanent. Increasing income. Exclusive territory. PARKER CO., 775 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—ABLE MAN IN EACH LOCALITY. To join this Society. Sick, accident, death benefits. And introduce our Memberships. Spare time to start. \$50 to \$300 a month. Write for plans. Box AM-353, Covington, Ky.

32 NICE POST CARDS

Send \$1.00 for one year. The Whole Thing for only 50 cents. ROBERTS & CO., 2910 W. 51st St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Wanted—a man or woman to act as our information agent. All on spare time. No experience necessary. \$50 to \$300 per month. Nothing to sell. Send stamp for particulars. SALES ASSOCIATION, 764 Association Building, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

them around the country, the help question would be entirely solved, and the busy housewife could give more attention to instructing her children, sewing buttons on hubby's pants, and doing other helpful and useful work. It's too bad after you clean a house one day that it has to be cleaned all over again the next to look half ways decent. With your house-cleaning bread, all the sweeping and dusting, mopping and scrubbing would be abolished. Now, Belya, you get a patent on that miraculous bread of yours just as soon as you can and send me the first loaf that you have to spare. You see all we would have to do would be to loaf while the loaf does the work. You say you have a "yearlen" colt. For the land's sake, honey, what's that? Is it something you eat or wear? Does it fly or crawl? Do you pull it around with a string or can it move of its own accord? Oh, thank you Mr. William Goat. Billy always sits right by my side and explains things to me that I never really could understand without his noble assistance. Billy says you need a yearling colt, a baby horse about a year old. I am so glad I know, for I never would have known if Billy had not put me wise. I am so glad you have a nice little doll. I had a little dolly once, but one day it caught cold and got a pain in its sawdust, then it sat on a tack and had a sawdust hemorrhage. We gave dolly a very swell funeral, buried her in the morning, dug her up at night to see if she was comfortable, and repeated the process daily for a week until we got weary of it and we let her stay buried. We wouldn't have buried dolly at all only it happened that summer was coming, the weather was getting warm and ice was scarce, and we absolutely couldn't keep her any longer. I am glad you like to go to school, Belya. I suppose you ride there on your "yearlen" colt occasionally. You say you are in the third reader and in the geography and arithmetic and spelling. If that's the case it strikes me you are mixed up in a good many exciting things. I've been examining a geography in the hopes that I might find you, and sure enough there you were with your nose in Greece, your mouth in Turkey, and your feet in China. I'll tell you what, Belya, there would be an awful smash in China if ever you moved these feet of yours. I think you were very wise to get your month in Turkey. You must be having one perpetual Thanksgiving. Greece is a good place to have your nose, especially if you have a cold, but I think your selection of China as a place to put your feet is not to be commended. It's a good thing you did not have your feet at the North Pole, or you might have got them frost bitten and our old friend Dr. Cook might have slipped that celebrated brass tube of his into one of your shoes. I have not had time to look for you in the third reader or arithmetic, and as you have written "rite" for write, I've come to the conclusion that you are not very far into that spelling book, but at least a good half of you must be dangling outside. Never mind, Belya, you have done exceedingly well. Before taking leave of you, my dear give my regards to Hazel Green. You ought to have a very nice ladylike town with a name like that.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the latter list, and paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined you are to do keep up your standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly how to become a member. Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your first copy of the League letter; you will also receive COMFORT for 15 months if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration. If you remain in the League after 15 months your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration. If you remain in the League after 15 months your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration. If you remain in the League after 15 months your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include new subscription and League button. The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15 month subscription to COMFORT and a League letter. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise. All those League members who send a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the League, or a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on file and your subscription will be lost and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Shut-in and Mercy Work for April

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from doctor, postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Julia Whitaker, Hatcher, W. Va. This poor girl who is now nineteen had her spine injured by a bullet three years ago. She is paralyzed from the waist down. She has to depend on a crippled mother and children of the family for support, as her father is dead. You can send some sunshine into this poor girl's life in the way you well know how. Fletcher H. McGhee, Clinton, Anderson Co., R. R. 4, Tenn. This poor fellow broke his back in 1904, and a broken back as you may imagine is no joke. Nothing more terrible in the way of an accident can happen to a fellow being. Any assistance sent to this afflicted soul will be greatly appreciated. Mrs. E. M. Frutts, 731 E. 17th St., Los Angeles, Cal. Mrs. Frutts is badly crippled, and would be grateful if anyone would give her suggestions how to earn money at home. She has the use of her hands. Miss S. A. Shambles, Dorsey, Miss. Is a helpless invalid. She is needy and very worthy, and I shall be glad if you will send some real sunshine into her life. Willie Kirkpatrick, Oxford, Izzard Co., Ark. This poor young man was an invalid for a long time, and had to have his leg amputated close to his body. He was a hard-working, deserving young man until white swelling appeared in the right limb and rendered him helpless. Will you all help to get him a cork leg, that is an artificial limb, so that he can become self-supporting. He has no father, and he is worthy

\$3000 WILL PAY YOU \$3000 To Work for Me This Year

I've got the greatest money-making proposition in the country to offer to wide-awake men. NO experience is required. I give you a new introductory plan that is making agents rich. It is easy to pick up \$10 to \$20 A DAY representing me, and your business increases the longer you are with me. By offering this "LUCKY LEVEN" outfit (value \$3.20) to your customer for only \$1.00, you make a hit that gets an order at every sale at big profit.

Easy Work—Big Pay

I BACK YOU with my capital and experience, and supply everything you need, with full instructions so that you can start right out at once to make money. I give you irresistible selling combinations. You would understand this better if you saw my great line of Soap and Toilet Articles. I manufacture my own goods and sell them 25% to 50%, and still make for yourself 150% to 300% profit. My claim that you can make \$500 per year is quite conservative—for you can actually make more than that if you want to hustle, and will put energy and ginger into your work. There is nothing to stand in your way. Take up this new business at once. If you have been working 30% with your hands and only 10% with your brain, reverse. Give your brain a chance to make you independent.

What Others Are Doing For five consecutive days G. O. Earnest averaged \$3.00 an hour net profit. The following week one day he made \$5 in 5 hours. He started without experience. Commenced the first day he got the plan. E. F. Newcome runs above \$30 orders a day—a profit of over \$100 a week. J. O. Messick reports 45 to 55 sales a day—far beyond the \$3000 a year mark. It is partly up to the man—up to you—our nobby goods and "The Plan" do the rest.

SPECIAL OFFER In order to immediately establish an agent in your territory, I am making a Special Offer whereby you can get this entire outfit, with a handsome, padded, waterproof leatherette case, without any cost to yourself, if you reply at once. Get my literature, and valuable information now. This is no ordinary proposition—I talk big money for you, and I mean it. You can't afford not to write, no matter how much of a doubter you may be. Just a postal card or a letter saying "Send me your Plans," will bring you the whole proposition FREE. Send today. Address, E. M. DAVIS, Pres., E. M. Davis Soap Co., 445 Davis Building, CHICAGO.

of any and all assistance you may render him. He sends excellent references. Richard Watts, Boomer, N. C. This poor boy has a lesion of the heart, a terrible disease. His mother is also helpless with heart disease. His physician says: "He is an excellent young man and any favor shown him will be greatly appreciated." His pastor also speaks in the highest terms of him. It is utterly impossible for this poor boy to work, it is all he can do in fact to breathe. Send him cash, he needs it. W. T. Eubanks, Hiram, B. E. 1, Ga. This poor soul is not only an invalid, but also blind, has been sightless for twenty years. He is unable to do anything to earn a living. He sends excellent references. Try and brighten his life. Money is the brightest blessing you can send him. L. A. Jones, Cambridge, Va. Has been crippled since birth. Lives with her old mother who is seventy years of age. Anything that will buy food and fuel will be appreciated in this impoverished home. Stacey Rowe, Millar Grove, Tex. This dear little chap is lying on his back, and has terrible bedsores. If anyone who has actually cured a bed sore will tell him how they did it, he will be grateful. He craves many things which he cannot afford to buy and ought to have. I have a picture of him, showing his pretty, wistful face, and it is the most pathetic thing I ever saw. Sam S. Davis, Lewisburg, Ky. Is in a sad plight. His wife has recently died, and left him with four little children, one child, a girl of four, is utterly helpless, cannot sit up, nor hold her head up, nor speak a word, and needs constant attention. The family physician certifies to all these facts. Sam's mother is old, and is in bed most of the time herself, being a semi-invalid, and it nearly kills the poor old lady to lift this heavy, helpless child around. Sam does not want to send the child to the county farm. Do any of our Kentucky friends know of an institution that would take her? Write direct to this troubled soul. Mrs. P. A. Wilson, Flomaton, Ala. Has been bedridden for twenty-five years. Is paralyzed and perfectly helpless. She is taken care of by a son who is poor and has a wife and children to support. The daughter-in-law has broken her health by lifting and waiting on Mrs. Wilson. Any help will be greatly appreciated. John T. Hoyle, Henry, B. E. 3, N. C. Has been an invalid for seventeen years. Can anyone send him an invalid lifter? He has no one to wait on him but an old lady of seventy-one, and she cannot lift him in and out of bed. These things cost twice as much as a wheel chair, so unless some of you can pass one on to him that he has no further need for, I fear he will never get one. He is highly recommended. Jim Pitman (39), Cento, Tex. Is deaf, dumb and paralyzed. Would like cheery letters and postal cards. Ellen Whitcomb, Hyde Park, Vt. Wants quilt pieces only. Sadie Butler, Quinlan, Texas. Would like cheery letters and postal cards only. Mrs. C. B. Spears, Hammondsport, N. Y. Would like worsted scraps and silk pieces. Will someone send them to her? Kate King, Westfield, N. C. Kate is an orphan, nineteen years of age, tall and slender and very much in need of clothing. Would also like quilt pieces. She is very poor and unable to work. Angeline Bogart, Madisonville, B. E. 6, Minn. Confined to bed for eight years. Will be grateful for cheery letters, postal cards or any remembrance. Mrs. W. T. Edens, Eickens, B. E. 3, Box 30, N. C. This poor soul has been suffering from inflammation of the bladder for the last three months. Would like cheery letters and postal cards, or anything to help her pass the time, and make her forget her sufferings. Annie L. Vinson, Margerum, Ala. Would like cheery letters and postal cards. Will answer those who inclose stamps. Has been an invalid for five years, and is a great sufferer. Mrs. W. F. Carney, Jameville, Rock Co., B. E. 6, Wis. Would like to adopt a healthy girl from ten to twelve years of age.

Nearly every other letter that comes to me from North Carolina is from an invalid. Under the circumstances it is an utter impossibility for me to give publicity to the many sad appeals that reach me from that state, as I am only able to list one appeal from any one state in any given month. Do what you can for the poor souls whose names are listed above. There are not many of them, and as their names will not appear again for more than a year, and in some cases not in three or four years, be liberal in your giving. Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Uncle Charlie's Poems is the Best Spring Medicine on the Market

There is no medicine to equal Uncle Charlie's Poems. It contains ten thousand laughs, and is the greatest tonic and blood purifier on the market today. It dispels gloom, sorrow and sickness. It removes wrinkles and banishes care. The greatest book of fun ever published. 160 pages of riotous fun with fine pictures of the author and a stirring sketch of his life, all beautifully bound in lilac ribbed silk cloth. Mailed free to your address on receipt of one dollar for a club of four fifteen month subscriptions to Comfort at twenty-five cents each. Work for it today.

Would Not Take Ten Dollars for One of Uncle Charlie's Songs!

Miss Grace Johnson, Brashear, Texas says: "Your song book is simply divine. It contains one song I would not take ten dollars for. It is the sweetest song I ever heard." Ten dollars for one song, remember that, and you can get the whole twenty-eight songs with full music for voice and piano in a superbly gotten up song folio as big as an edition of Comfort and weighing nearly three quarters of a pound absolutely free of cost. Send in fifty cents for two fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each, and this magnificent volume of songs will be mailed to you free of charge. Both books free for a club of six. They count toward our grand cash prize contests. COMFORT'S star premiums. Work for them today.

Please your wife! Stop growing old so fast! Make your mustache a rich brown or black. Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE. If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50 cents to E. F. HALL & CO., Jackson, N. H.



69 FOOT FLOOR RUG. 95. A Heavy Hand-some, Fast-color, wool-mixed floor rug. Elegantly and closely woven in a charming combination of floral design. It is richly beautiful, and will last for years. Weighs 16 lbs. to the square. Guaranteed absolutely fast. Your choice of two delightful color combinations of red and green and green and tan, with lovely borders to harmonize with the color of your walls, or any room where a rug is needed. Send 50c Deposit. We will send you this elegant, heavy, fast-color, wool-mixed floor rug C. O. D., by express subject to examination. If you find it exactly as shown in the picture, perfectly satisfactory and the equal of rugs in your neighborhood costing double our price, pay the balance and express charges. If you do not like it, send it right back to us at our expense, and we will promptly refund your 50c. Order today and get it tomorrow. Write for our big free CARPET CATALOGUE. The world on wheels, showing pictures of our carpets, rugs, and floor coverings, matting, portieres, etc., in colors as they actually look. You see the real colors and patterns of the goods, as if you were at our store and saw the goods itself. It shows in colors 1000 Carpets at 12c a yd., 2000 Carpets at 25c a yd., 1000 Rugs at 50c a yd., 1000 Rugs at 75c a yd., 1000 Rugs at 1.00 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 1.25 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 1.50 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 1.75 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 2.00 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 2.25 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 2.50 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 2.75 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 3.00 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 3.25 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 3.50 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 3.75 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 4.00 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 4.25 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 4.50 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 4.75 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 5.00 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 5.25 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 5.50 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 5.75 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 6.00 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 6.25 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 6.50 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 6.75 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 7.00 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 7.25 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 7.50 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 7.75 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 8.00 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 8.25 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 8.50 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 8.75 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 9.00 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 9.25 a yd., 1000 Rugs at 9.50 a yd., 1000 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Children's Jolly Hour

With Uncle John

THE balmy month of April has arrived and there will be no more severe cold. After the long winter it is pleasant to get out and romp and run, but you will want some indoor amusement too. I have planned some little pastimes for you here and hope you will take advantage of them. Easter will find you all busy hunting for eggs, or coloring them or eating a few. Be careful of dyes as there is some danger of poisoning connected with their use. If you wrap an egg in colored strips of cloth and boil it for an hour or so the color will come off the cloth and stick on the egg.

Adventures of Paul and Prue

CONTINUED FROM MARCH.

They made a loud buzzing sound and frightened the children so much that they stopped crying. One of the largest of the bumblebees spied the wish-bone of the chicken and said to another: "Let us wish to see who will kill Mr. Mouse when he returns!"

This was good news to Paul and Prue and they yelled with joy. Just then the mouse came in with a large knife all sharp-



CIRCUS PUZZLE.

ened and the big bee flew at him and stung him in the eyes, making him blind. There came in the door and soon the awful mouse was completely covered with bees and stung to death. Then the boss buzzer turned to the children and said:

"I feel very bad for you but I do not see how we can help you to get free."

"If you are a friend of ours you can cut those strips that bind us with your stingers," said bold Paul, "but you will have to be very careful not to touch our flesh with them or we would soon die from the poison-as the mouse did."

"I will try it," said the big bee and soon his stinger was sawing up and down like a knife. Prue was used to awful adventures by this time and she did not get scared. In a short time they were free but they did not know where to go. If they only knew the way home they would not hesitate a moment but they were completely turned around.

"Mr. Bee," said Paul, "there is a tall oak near our home but it is many miles away, can you fly high enough to see it and tell us which direction it is in so we can start at once?"

"I will do so," agreed the kind bee, and he flew until he was out of sight. At last they heard a distant buzzing and saw him coming down but when he got close a hickory nut as big as a muskmelon dropped out of a tree and killed him.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.

Circus Puzzle

Many and many a time you have seen the peddlers with their balloons at the circus. The balloons in the picture, each have a letter on them and the peddler has promised to give every child who can find letters enough to spell her name one of them. Of course it is only make believe, but I would like to know whether you succeeded or not.

Funny Bugs' Easter Pastime

The Funny Bugs are celebrating Easter Sunday morn. The way it has been celebrated since the feast was born. See, how they've managed to make little houses out of shells. Tiny lilies now behind them, and I think I hear some bells.



THE FUNNY BUGS CELEBRATE EASTER.

Aren't those two funny fellows near the egg that holds the chick? The daylight was scared out of them, when first they heard it pick. The parent bugs are dipping eggs into nutshell bowl. One has a pea pod for a boat, a wheat straw for a pole. In some way or another they will make out to have fun. And keep on being Funny Bugs until their days are done.

Fun with Peas

With a handful of peas and some toothpicks you can make the windmill, house, boat and figures represented in the drawing. The windmill is the hardest to make and should be done first. For the base use three peas and three full length toothpicks. For the next crosspieces use toothpicks of half length sharpened with a knife. The wheel and tail of the mill will tax your patience but that is where all the fun comes in. The house is easy to make so are the two men and the dog. The boat is a pod and the sail a piece of paper.



A TEST OF PATIENCE.

pierced with a toothpick. If you have a party show the guests this picture and let them try to make the things. Whoever does the best work

PONIES! PONIES! Shetland Ponies

Beautiful, Genuine Shetland Ponies
FREE
Given to Boys and Girls

I am the First and Original Pony Man. I Gave Away the First Shetland Pony Ever Given Free to Boys and Girls. I Can Prove It.

My New and Original Easy Plan For You

Do you want a Pony like this one? I gave this pony free to Miss Williams. See her smile! See how pleased she is! Wouldn't you be pleased, too? Well here is your chance. The best you'll ever have. I'll give you one too—Pony, Wagon, Saddle, Bridle and the Whole Outfit. I'll give you money to help keep the pony! My plan is new, original and easy. My plan is to allow you "Pony Votes;" the one who gets enough votes gets a pony, carriage, harness, saddle and bridle and cash, all free. I even pay the shipping charges so as not to cost you a penny. The votes are easy to get. My plan will do that. I'll show you how to get a pony, just as sure as the sun shines. My plan is entirely different from all others. Just the answering of this advertisement may be the means of your getting a pony outfit free. Will you do it? Do so and see what I have to say to you.

Send Me Your Name To Day, I'll Give You 1000 Pony Votes Free

I will positively give each boy or girl who answers this advertisement one Thousand Pony Votes Free towards a Pony. That will be a fine start for you. Think of getting a thousand votes free to start with! Then I'll show you how to get another 5000 free that will make six thousand and a pony outfit right off. Think what this plan means to you. So easy for you to get a Pony! I'll help you if you will only send me your name and do it quickly. I want you to do it right away then it will be so much easier for you to get a pony. I mean every word I say to you here and will prove it to you if you only let me know your name and address. I'll send you Pony pictures. Names of dozens of boys and girls to whom I have given ponies. I have so much to say to you and so many things to send you, when I get your name I can hardly wait, because in all new and I want a chance to tell it. Now please hurry and send me your name. Just say, "I want a pony"—a postal will do. Address

Matt Young, 151 West Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.



This is "COLONEL JOE"

The ponies I give away are all young and beautiful. Broken perfectly so any child may ride or drive them. They are real little pets that's what they are. Some of them have been taught to do tricks just like they do at the circus. The carriages, saddles and bridles are the best that money can buy. The very highest quality and the prettiest. I wish you were here to see them for yourself, then you would really know what I tell you is true and more than true. Remember you get the entire outfit, the pony,

Carriage, Saddle, Bridle—All Free

About three years ago I gave a Pony to Brandt Crogan, a little boy in Kentucky. I had a letter a short time ago from his father wanting the pedigree of the pony saying that stockmen in Kentucky pronounced him one of the finest specimens of the Shetland Pony ever seen in that state. Mr. Crogan intended to exhibit him at the fair. I can prove to you in a dozen ways that I positively give away the finest ponies in existence. I can show you many letters to prove this. I can make you the happiest boy or girl in the United States if you will send me your name and say you want a pony. I'll do all in my power to aid you.

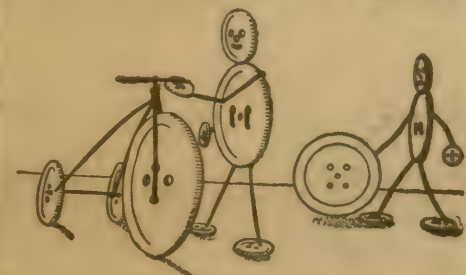
should get a prize. If you have been trying this will you please tell me about it. I will send you a post-card by way of thanks.

April Fooling Mamma

On All Fool's day I told my ma Her apron string was all untied, And when she looked around, ha-ha, I laughed until I nearly cried. 'Cause it was tight as it could be, And I had April fooled her, see.

The Button Family

Here are two members of the famous Button family having some fun. The larger fellow has a velocipede and the other is rolling a hoop. You can make those figures yourself out of buttons of various sizes and hairpins. I tell thousands of children about them and some have



READY FOR THE RACE.

boxes full of Button dolls. Gather all the buttons you can and when you have quite a lot sit down some day and get your COMFORT out and make some of those Button folks. All you have to do is to put the wire or hairpins through as shown in the picture. Your mother will help you out but you must be a good girl in order to earn the privilege.

Funny Bug Card House

You just can't leave a thing around, Or sure as shootin' 'twill be found By the Funny Bug brigade. Last night just fore I went to sleep, They, quietly from their holes did creep And for the table made.



THEY STEAL A MARCH ON PA AND ME.

A deck of cards upon it lay, I wondered could they really play, The games my pa taught me, Well no, that's not quite what they done, But still they managed to have fun As you can plainly see.

Colored Chicks

I'm goin' to get some Easter eggs dyed red and green and blue, And put them underneath a hen to see what she will do. And if she stays there long enough to hatch them out you see, I'll have a clutch of colored chicks as pretty as can be.

There, that is all the plans I have space for this time but I will be here again next month with a big new list. In the meantime try these and you will enjoy them. It keeps me pretty busy thinking up new things for you but I like to do it. There is one tribe of bunsbodies who have even less rest than I, and I suppose you know right away that I mean the Funny Bugs. Next month you will find them here as funny and as mischievous as ever. There will also be a host of other playtime ideas for you, so you better tell mother that you want COMFORT next month without fail.

UNCLE JOHN.

REGAIN YOUR HEALTH

You ought not to wait another day before trying Bod-Tone, which many of your neighbors have used to the great and lasting improvement of their health. You ought to test it, because you can get it on trial and need not pay a penny unless it greatly benefits you. Read the Liberal Bod-Tone trial offer on last page of this paper and send for a box.

BOYS' SPORTING AIR RIFLE FREE

Every live American boy wants a Rifle. Here's yours. This fine, accurate shooter is made of the very best grade of steel, beautifully nickelled, with black walnut stock. Has peep sight, good lever action and all the latest improvements. Will bring down small game every time. Given FREE for only a few minutes of your spare time distributing only a few sets of the most beautiful post cards, on my new introductory offer. Easy work. You risk nothing. I send everything Free. Write now and get the Rifle.

A. E. CRAYCROFT, 144 West Ohio Street, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

BUT ONE BALE OF COTTON SAVED out of the 56,000 bales of cotton in the great fire which recently visited Houston, Texas. At the bottom of the debris at the Standard compress, this bale was found but slightly damaged. It will be auctioned for the benefit of the relief fund. The other 55,999 bales, insurance men say, are practically a total loss. An investigation of the fire will begin.

AMUNDSEN REACHES THE SOUTH POLE.—Captain Roald Amundsen, the Norwegian explorer, arrived at Tasmania, March 9, on his return from the Antarctic regions and reports that he succeeded in reaching the South Pole on December 1, 1911. He commanded an expeditionary force of sixteen men, which left Norway more than a year ago in the ship Fram in which Dr. Nansen made his famous attempt to reach the North Pole. Exploring parties from four other nations started at about the same time on the same quest, among them Capt. Robert F. Scott in command of a large English expedition, but Capt. Amundsen is the first and only one thus far heard from. He expresses the opinion that quite likely Capt. Scott may have reached the pole also. Admiral Peary carried the American flag to the North Pole and Norway is justly proud that Amundsen has planted hers first at the South Pole.

Generous \$2 Bottle Free by Mail



If you suffer from Epilepsy, Falling Sickness, Spasms, or have children that do so, my New Treatment will relieve them, and all you are asked to do is to send for a FREE \$2 Bottle of Dr. May's Formula. It has relieved permanently the very worst cases, when everything else has failed. Please write and give age and complete address. DR. W. H. MAY, 545 Pearl St., New York.

February Cash Prizes Paid

We have paid to the following named persons the February Cash Prizes.

Notice that most of the larger prizes were doubled, tripled or quadrupled. Get your name in this list. It pays you well and costs you nothing. This is your last chance, because April is the last month of the contest. Read our "GRAND PRIZE OFFER" and enter now for an April cash prize and a Grand Prize too. April competition is just opening, so you stand as good a chance as anybody for an April cash prize. But you may win two cash prizes this month. All who enter get their club premiums sure, and the winners get cash prizes too.

February Prize-Winners

- | | |
|---|---|
| E. Wagoner, Ill., (1st prize quadrupled) - - \$200.00 | Mrs. Jas. McBride, Texas, (4th prize) - - \$5.00 |
| Ada Humphrey, Ky., (2nd prize tripled) - - 75.00 | Louis Asenbauer, Wis., (5th prize doubled) - - 6.00 |
| Jas. R. McCready, Pa., (3rd prize tripled) - - 30.00 | Anna Moelders, Ill., (6th prize doubled) - - 4.00 |
- Thirty \$1.00 Monthly Prizes**
- \$3.00 each (\$1.00 tripled) to Fairlena Riley, Ky., and Miss Mary Berry, W. Va.; \$2.00 (1.00 doubled) to S. R. Harkness, Mo.; \$1.00 each to Jas. C. Porter, Md.; Mrs. R. J. Bishop, Conn.; Mrs. U. S. Graves, Minn.; Floy Wall, Ky.; Mrs. C. M. Richardson, N. Y.; Sarah J. Parsons, Md.; Mrs. M. L. Walker, Kans.; Mrs. Dora George, Ga.; Mrs. E. A. Knight, Mont.; Mrs. J. H. Hewitt, Miss.; Mrs. E. E. Webb, Miss.; Mrs. A. F. Rubow, Minn.; Eva Anderson, Ga.; Mrs. Harry Rowe, Ill.; Miss Frankie Velth, W. Va.; Mrs. N. J. Stockdale, Wash.; Mrs. W. R. Wright, Texas; Mrs. Ben Wright, Ala.; Mrs. Bessie Stallard, Va.; Ethel Spillman, Va.; Emma Amigh, Pa.; Mattie Gibson, N. C.; Miss Bertie Elster, Ga.; M. M. L. Cook, Ark.; Mrs. Sallie Taylor, Ky.; Allie E. Brown, Mo.; Minnie Schaffer, Ohio; B. Frank Page, N. J.
- These 100 Women Received a Consolation Prize of One Dollar Each**
- Julia Gray, Ga.; Mrs. Emil Weber, N. J.; Mrs. Geo. Fox, Pa.; Dorothy Stratton, Cal.; Mrs. Little Hamilton, Ga.; Mrs. Marion Cain, Ill.; Myrtle Kindstrom, Kans.; Mrs. A. P. Catlett, Kans.; Mrs. Myrtle Little, Kans.; Mrs. Walter Truitt, Md.; Mrs. W. H. Ross, Miss.; Mrs. J. D. Doll, Mo.; Mrs. P. C. Bainter, Neb.; Mrs. H. Ludy, N. Y.; Mrs. Clara Herman, N. Y.; Mrs. Nancy E. Tart, N. C.; Mrs. B. H. Craig, N. C.; Mrs. J. O. Harris, N. C.; Mrs. D. J. Murray, Vt.; Mrs. E. J. Bove, Va.; Mrs. Mabel Herbert, W. Va.; Mrs. I. E. Wilson, W. Va.; Mrs. Nettie Myers, Ohio; Mrs. Laura Kiser, Tex.; Mrs. Nan Trotter, Tenn.; Mrs. E. Fisher, Ohio; Gertrude A. Ross, Mass.
- Myrtle Scott, Mo.; Miss D. Justice, N. C.; Gertie Henson, N. C.; Annie McGraw, Va.; Billie Colborn, W. Va.; Julia Coy, Ohio; Marguerite E. Blaney, Pa.; Eula Caldwell, Tenn.; Mrs. J. E. Harbin, Tex.; Mrs. Mertie Cunnell, Ind.; Mrs. Ona O. Reed, Ind.; May Barton, Ill.; Mrs. J. F. Allen, Cal.; Mrs. G. M. Fesperman, Mo.; Laura Lindsay, Va.; Mrs. W. E. Cabiness, Va.; Wilmer A. Treesh, Ohio; Mrs. H. M. Coleman, Iowa; Miss Josie Wagner, N. C.; Mrs. J. E. Wright, Ohio; Sarah Patterson, Utah; Mrs. Walter Condon, Pa.; Bessie O. Kelton, Tenn.; Mrs. M. M. Thompson, Cal.; Esther Curtis, Kans.; Annie Turner, Ky.; Roxie Carrieco, Ky.; Maud Long, Ky.; Mrs. Jas. Cupp, Mo.; Mrs. Frank Steeples, Neb.; Mrs. Andrew Adams, N. Y.; Mrs. Frederick Smith, N. Y.; Mrs. A. Taylor, N. C.; Miss Anna Steele, Ohio; Margaret Armstrong, Ohio; Miss Martha Ausbach, Pa.; Miss Mary Wilcox, Tenn.; Mrs. Harrison Landrum, S. C.; Mrs. F. C. White, Ala.; Miss Claudia Allen, Ark.; Miss Frankie Jones, Ga.; Mrs. Lela Daniels, Ky.; Miss W. C. Halbert, Ill.; Miss Nellie Wood, Ohio; Mrs. Elmer Hillegass, Pa.; Mrs. Glenn Landdown, Ill.; Mrs. J. W. Hilleman, Mich.; Miss Janie Rogers, Miss.; Mrs. Rosina Goodspeed, N. Y.; Mrs. Irvin Ellis, Va.; Mrs. Etta Brookover, W. Va.; Miss Mary Tierney, W. Va.; Sylvia Steiner, Ohio; Mrs. F. H. Williams, Texas; Margaret Williams, Ala.; Mrs. Anna Jacobson, Cal.; Mrs. Julia J. Barker, Fla.; Alice Williams, Ga.; Olive C. Arnold, Ill.; Minnie F. Powell, N. C.; Katherine Kelly, Ohio; Mrs. L. V. Martin, N. C.; Mrs. M. E. Gordon, Va.; Miss Cora Sanders, Miss.; Miss Leche Martin, Ala.; Bertha Olsen, Cal.; Clara Jones, Ill.; Mary Mitchell, Mo.; Mrs. Jas. Pratt, Mont.; Miss Elmira Hinson, N. C.; Annie Whiting, W. Va.; Esther Walker, Tex.; Miss Lydia Hahn, Ohio.


LILA F. DOBSON, Gowanda, N. Y.

Mrs. H. J. Huzog, Bunker Ave., Bellevue, R. R. 1.

The wretchedness and sorrow of childless parents is the dread of the pains of childbirth, which he often sends him his way. Dr. J. H. Dye's system positively cures sterility and assures easy and absolutely painless childbirth.

Thousands of grateful parents and happy women testify to the wonderful success of Dr. Dye's treatment. If you send him your name and address he will mail you a deeply interesting illustrated book, which explains how happy, healthy children can be born without pain. Address Dr. J. H. Dye, 3 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y.

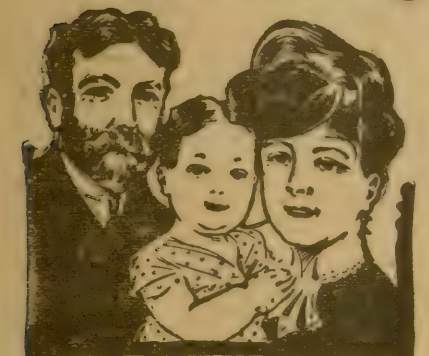
Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



Writes very distinctly and most as fast as some machines costing \$10.00 or more. A thoroughly reliable and very satisfactory instrument. It is now the style in this busy world to write business letters on typewriters, thus the readers cannot mistake any word or character in the letter, besides typewriting can be read very quickly, and envelopes with typewritten addresses are promptly handled by Post Office clerks. Every office and family should now have a Typewriter. This machine has 36 characters, every letter in the alphabet and the numerals from 1 to 10; and is easily understood and operated, any child or hours' practice and older people will grasp the operating and an extra supply of best quality copying papers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for fifteen months the typewriter and complete outfit to you as an award.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

How John Quit Drinking



The Happy Reunion—
Golden Remedy Did It.

Costs Nothing to Try.

Golden Remedy Is Odorless and Tasteless—
Any Lady Can Give It Secretly at Home
in Tea, Coffee or Food.

If you have a husband, son, brother, father or friend who is a victim of liquor, all you have to do is to send your name and address on the coupon below. You may be thankful as long as you live that you did it.

Free Trial Package Coupon

Dr. J. W. Haines Company,
2910 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Please send me, absolutely free, by return mail, in plain wrapper, so that no one can know what it contains, a trial package of Golden Remedy to prove that what you claim for it is true in every respect.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....

THIS THIN MODEL YEAR WATCH \$375
Elegant hunting case beautifully engraved, gold finished, stem wind and stem set, fitted with 7 jeweled American made lever movement, guaranteed 20 years, with long gold finished chain for Ladies, vest chain or fob for Gents.
\$3.75

30 Year Guarantee
DO NOT BUY UNTIL YOU SEE IT. Let us send it C. O. D. for examination from our nearest express office, and if you think a bargain and equal in appearance to any \$15.00 gold finished watch pay the express agent our special sales price \$3.75. Mention if you want Ladies', Men's or Boys' also
MUTUAL SALES CO., 420, Washington Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

VENTRILOQUISTS DOUBLE THROAT
Wonderful invention. Fits roof of mouth. Greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Imitate PUNCH & JUDY, Nephew like a Horse. Sing like a Canary or Imitate any BIRD or BEAST of field or forest. Price 10 CTS. or 4 for 25 CTS. SATRE MFG. CO., 2684 Maple, JACKSONVILLE, OHIO

FITS CURED NO CURE NO PAY—12
other words you do not pay our small professional fee until cured and satisfied. German.
American Institute, 954 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Get Rid of Rupture.

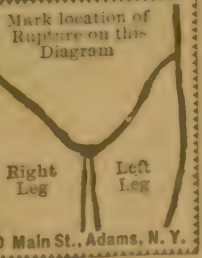
ABANDON TRUSS WEARING!
None Too Young or Too Old to Be
Benefited by this Genuine, Liberal
Offer of a Proof Testing
Treatment Free!



His Rupture Cured Eleven Years Ago.
This portrait is of the veteran, Wm. C. Waterstreet, Napoleon, Mich., a well known and highly respected farmer who had been suffering for a long time with a severe rupture. He had tried one thing after another without a cure. Trusses were of no use—he was greatly distressed and discouraged; when he heard of the Rice Method, became convinced, upon investigation, that it is genuine and practical. Then he proved it for himself. Nearly a dozen years have passed and Mr. Waterstreet is still free from the rupture, enjoying good health. This is but one of a great number of such cases. Let no one who is ruptured remain in doubt but ask me to prove what my Method is capable of doing. I am willing to send Proof Treatment

Free To The Ruptured.
Put aside your prejudices against advertisements for this is one that truly means what it says and my success depends upon what my Method actually accomplishes for men, women and children. Don't put this off. There is always danger in rupture—you can never tell when it may be strangulated and cause a lifetime of misery or horrible death. So act now! Fill out the Free Coupon and send with your full address at once: let me send you something that will surprise and delight you.

FREE COUPON
Where is Rupture?
Age.....
How long Ruptured.....
Cut this out, or copy it, and send with a few general particulars of your case to
W. S. RICE, Expert, 10330 Main St., Adams, N. Y.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisement in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time and labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

M. J. R., Garfield, Wash.—To this and all inquirers who have relics and curios for sale, we advise that the best way to get them to the notice of possible purchasers is to advertise them in the city newspapers nearest them. Collectors are looking for such things and will pay good prices when they find what they want, while dealers, who take the risk of selling again, necessarily pay as little as they can. Another thing to remember is that sales cannot be made by letter—the goods must be shown. One letter goes to one person; one advertisement goes to thousands.

L. B. P., Martin, Tenn.—Information concerning all government lands for homestead or sale, may be had by writing to Commissioner of the Land Office, Washington, D. C. The Secretary of State, Guthrie, Okla., will inform you about lands in that state, other than government lands in that state. The Attorney General, Frankfort, Ky., will inform you about the inheritance laws of that state. In making inquiries of any kind to government or state officials, give all the particulars so it will not be necessary for them to guess at what you want. All COMFORT readers make a note of this.

Pedagog, Mt. Vernon, Ill.—The sunflower always turns to the sun because it is such a large flower that if it didn't get all the light it could, it never would get into full bloom. You know flowers have to have light to live at all and the sunflower has to have more light than any of them. (2) Critics are undecided as to who is our greatest living poet. In our opinion, which we consider perfectly reliable, James Whitcomb Riley of Indiana is.

Mrs. D. M., South Point, O.—New Mexico and Arizona are now states of the Union, Arizona coming in on Valentine day, Feb. 14, and will be known as the Valentine state. (2) Write to advertisers in COMFORT about coins.

W. E. S., Greenfield, Ia.—An autograph of Gen. U. S. Grant is of no special value unless it is an autograph letter containing matter of interest historically or personally.

Miss L. K., Columbia, Pa.—The United States exports to England, 10,000,000 lbs. of wool, 10,000,000 lbs. of cotton, 10,000,000 lbs. of sugar, 10,000,000 lbs. of wheat, 10,000,000 lbs. of corn, 10,000,000 lbs. of flour, 10,000,000 lbs. of meat, 10,000,000 lbs. of fruit, 10,000,000 lbs. of vegetables, 10,000,000 lbs. of other goods. In value we shipped to Great Britain last year, over 576 million dollars' worth, and received over 260 million dollars' worth; Netherlands, imports, 33 million; exports, 96 million; Germany, imports, 163 million; exports, 287 million; France, imports, 115 million; exports, 135 million; Spain, imports, 20 million; exports, 25 million; Italy, imports, 47 million; exports, 61 million; Turkey, imports, 8 million; exports, 3 million. For details write to Bureau of Statistics, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. E. E. S., Lewistown, Pa.—To register any home-made product under the Pure Food Law write to Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. who will furnish detailed information.

L. M. H., Turtle River, Minn.—Esperanto is an interesting language study even if you do not acquire great efficiency in it and is worth studying. Write to Esperanto, Washington, D. C. for information. If you will inclose a two cent stamp you will receive, free, a pamphlet now being issued on the subject.

C. K., Richmond, Minn.—Labor day is a legal holiday and legally you should be entitled to pay on that day and might compel your employer to pay you, but you would be apt to lose your job for your pains. Each state has its own laws about schools and paying teachers, so you had better ask a lawyer what a teacher's status is in your locality.

Pension, Bee, Ind.—You can get details of your husband's war service by sending his name and what information you have to Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.

D. A. H., Grover, Colo.—To secure a patent send drawings and detailed description of invention to Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C. It will cost fifteen dollars to file an application for a patent. If you will describe your invention the commissioner will tell you whether or not such a patent has been granted already. But probably you will require the services of a patent lawyer before you are through.

A. H., West Plains, Mo.—Napoleon's most famous charger was named Marengo. (2) The P. O. department has declared the divining rod business to be "fraudulent" and mail will not be delivered.

Two Boys, Brooklyn, N. Y.—We wish there were more boys in the East who wanted to go to a Western farm and work, even if for no longer than the summer, as you two want to do. Farm labor is in great demand all over the West during harvest, and while the work is not easy and the life not always pleasant, the outcome to the sober and industrious is worth all the trouble. We don't know how you will get out there free, unless you work it from farm to farm, but we endorse your plan fully and hope you will do so well that you will stay on the farm. At any rate, the experience will be most valuable to you if you do come back to the city. Why not organize a party of a dozen or more and put an advertisement in Kansas, Oklahoma and Nebraska papers asking for farm work in the same locality if not on the same farm? Then your jobs will be ready for you when you get to them. We recommend that other COMFORT boys and men consider this matter, and try the farms in the dull city season.

Mrs. A. N., Fairmount, N. Dak.—The President's cabinet is as follows: Secretary of State, Philander C. Knox of Pa.; Treasury, Franklin McVeagh, Ill.; War, Henry L. Stimson, N. Y.; Attorney General, Geo. W.ickersham, N. Y.; P. M. General, Frank M. Hitchcock, Mass.; Navy, Geo. von L. Meyer, Mass.; Interior, Walter L. Fisher, Ill.; Agriculture, James Wilson, Iowa; Commerce and Labor, Charles Nagel, Mo. (2) Some civil war veterans, Federal only, receive pensions whether injured or not.

Mrs. F. J. G., La Grand, Ore.—Mary J. Holmes, the novelist, died in 1907. For many years she

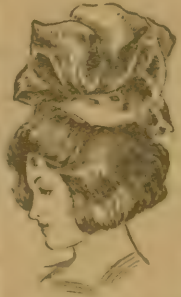
BEAUTIFUL RIBBONS

Five inches in Width with Soft Wired Edges
The Latest Conception in Hair Ribbons and Artistic Hat Trimmings. Guaranteed All Silk Taffeta

The edges of this Ribbon are finished to represent a small silk cord through which a soft, pliable wire is run. The most fashionable hats this season are simply trimmed with large stunning bows, and this ribbon enables the home milliner to give her hats that smart touch so difficult with the ordinary ribbons.

For Children's Hair this Ribbon makes Ideal Bows. The silk will not crush and the bow is instantly adjusted after being flattened under the hat. You have only to send us two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, and we will mail you free two yards of this lovely ribbon. We have delicate pink, light and dark blue, black, white, red and green.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



was a very popular writer of love stories which found great favor among the younger class of readers. She was a first-class writer of novels of that kind. Her books are a permanent part of American literature. Biographies of her may be found in cyclopedias of biography.

Mrs. C. J. C., Walkersville, Mich.—It is very commendable in you to wish to mark the unmarked graves of dead soldiers, and if you will write to Secretary of War, Washington, D. C. concerning monuments for such graves you will get full information.

D. R. L., St. Peters, Mo.—An inexperienced person cannot properly install electric light in a house and the safe way, unless he wants to burn his house down for the insurance, is to have the work done by an expert electrician. Some states require the work to be done by a licensed electrician, as it should be.

O. B. G. L., Wilton Junction, Ia.—A majority means more than half, and when the by-laws of any organization say a candidate must receive a majority of the votes cast, he is not elected until he does get that many. With five candidates in the field, ballots must be taken until one receives the majority. An election by plurality, that is declaring the candidate elected who received the largest number of votes, unless he had more than half, would not be legal.

WOMEN WHO SUFFER

We want to show you free of cost what MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM will do. If you suffer from Leucorrhoea (Whites), Womb or Ovarian Troubles, or any form of female complaint, write at once for our free box of MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM. We know what it has done for others and we know what it will do for you. Write today for this simple home treatment, FREE. SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., Box 4, South Bend, Ind.

24 HOT AIR CARDS. "Lots of Fun," 10c. Sun Book Co., Dept. 31, HARRISON, MICH.

CACHOO—Here's a little in the evening, make everybody sneeze. The one big box makes 100 sneezes. Sample 10c. Box 100. C. W. Wagon, Franklin, Ohio, for stamps. **PLACY EWING, DECATUR, ILL.**

MONEY (\$ \$ \$) Unik \$ Secrets, etc. Key Free. E. ROGERS, HORSESHOE, N. O.

LADIES make supporters: \$12 per 100: no canvassing; material furnished. Stamped envelope for particulars. Washburn Supply Co., BOX 7, CHICAGO.

FITS I CURED MY DAUGHTER. Doctors gave her up. Will send FREE express paid: give EXPRESS OFFICE, T. LEPSO, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FITS I have cured cases of 20 years' standing. Trial package free by mail. Dr. S. PERKINS, Dept. Park St., Chicago, Ill.

25 EXTRA FINE POST CARDS 10c
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10,000 MEN WANTED
BY MAIL-CLERK Examinations everywhere MAY 4th. Coaching free. FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. 112, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

25 BEAUTIFUL POST CARDS FLOWERS, LANDSCAPE, Birthday, etc., with outfit of envelopes and hidden name cards, premium Catalogue. All for 10c. EAT PTG. CO., North Haven, Conn.

32 NICE POST CARDS DIFFERENT
Good Material for one year. The Whole Thing for only ten cents. WILLIAMS & CO., MC KINLEY PR., CHICAGO, ILL.

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You Can Make \$6.00 PER WEEK collecting your neighbors names for our Directory. All kinds of names wanted. Send 10 cents postage for blank book and Outfit. We want a million names quick. **ROCKWELL DIRECTORY CO., ORDEN PARK, CHICAGO, ILL.**

ASTHMA Instant relief and positive cure. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. Kinsman, Box 618, Augusta, Maine.

Piles, Rectal Diseases, Constipation and Nervous Disorders Positively Cured
The Natural Automatic Medicating Dilators. At small cost, our Dilators, with Ointment, will CURE YOU. Safe—Permanent—Convenient—Inexpensive. Write today for our Free Booklet, 314-316 Superior Ave., N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

Sister Woman!

READ MY FREE OFFER

My Mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend, a full 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound absolutely free. It is a remedy for the treatment of women's ailments, and I want to tell you all about it just how it will help you. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs Compound, and I am willing to prove my faith by sending out these 50-cent boxes free. So, dear reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me at once—today—and I will send you the treatment entirely free by return mail, and if you so desire, I can readily refer you to many, who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of this remedy. But after all, the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound will convince you of its merits. Nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs Compound this test? Write to me today, and remember I will gladly send you a 50-cent box of this remedy absolutely free.

This 50c box of Balm of Figs Compound will not cost you one cent

I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue a trial, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs Compound, and I am willing to prove my faith by sending out these 50-cent boxes free. So, dear reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me at once—today—and I will send you the treatment entirely free by return mail, and if you so desire, I can readily refer you to many, who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of this remedy. But after all, the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound will convince you of its merits. Nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs Compound this test? Write to me today, and remember I will gladly send you a 50-cent box of this remedy absolutely free.

Address: **MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS, Box E3, Joliet, Ill.**



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OXIEN
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Oxien Tablets

The wonderful Health Tonic containing a combination of only pure Vegetable Tonics from Nature's great storehouse of healing.

ment sending name and address to us and we will gladly send you information with booklets, literature, etc. and the full sample Oxien Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We will also show you how to make \$245.50 by starting at only \$2.50. We have the best money-making agency proposition today. This is ALL FREE if you send at once to

THE GIANT OXIE CO., 39 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

DEAFNESS

How to Overcome It

Good News for those Afflicted. Success by Natural Treatment after Doctors and Hospitals Fail.

There is an eminent New York physician who has had over 22 years of experience and who does not hesitate to assert that he has a remarkably successful home treatment for deafness and head noises such as buzzing, ringing, etc., in the ears.

This successful specialist is Dr. Contant, a diplomated, certified and registered physician who has served the U. S. Government as a medical official and who has held other high positions. This noted physician makes some very straightforward and remarkable statements, all of which he announces he is ready to absolutely prove to those who desire to know the truth. Dr. Contant states that the only true method of conquering deafness completely is by removing the causes of it.

In nine cases out of every ten, the Doctor claims the cause is an inflammation of membranes of the ear or passages thereto.

He asserts that the dominating cause of deafness is one that can, in most cases, be reached by means akin to those provided by Nature, applied externally. He is opposed to the old systems of drugging; he proves that vibration, totalizing and other applications are by far the most successful.

WHY PEOPLE REMAIN DEAF

Dr. Contant explains how people try one doctor, hospital or remedy after another, yet are never cured of their deafness. Most ear specialists resort to powerful drugs, electric batteries, alcoholic tonics, use of surgical instruments and catheters. Dr. Contant says: "Let me treat a dozen or a thousand deaf persons in their own homes, they need never come near my office nor see me. They need never swallow a teaspoonful of medicine nor submit to any surgical operation. I am confident that double as many of these deaf persons will regain their hearing by my method as if they were being treated in specialists' offices or in hospitals."

Dr. Contant has written a treatise. It is a most interesting book, giving a great amount of valuable information. Many have said it is worth its weight in gold. As a special gift to our readers the Doctor has decided to give a copy of his new treatise, free to every one who applies.

HE WILL GIVE IT FREE

There will be no charge whatever for this valuable work on the subject of deafness, head noises, their causes and how to cure them at home in the quietude of one's room, speedily, safely and lastingly.

To obtain this book free, it is only necessary to write to Dr. George E. Contant, 7 N. Station B, New York, N. Y. The treatise will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid, free of cost. Those who are deaf (or coming so) as well as those who are interested in others thus afflicted should take this opportunity, as it may not be given again. We know the Doctor to be an honorable, reliable deafness expert whose greatest pleasure in life is in enabling deaf people to regain perfect hearing. A letter addressed to him as above, asking for his treatise, will bring it promptly and he will cheerfully give his opinion upon any case, free.

32 PHOTOS Art. Actress, Bathing Girl, etc. 10c. A. KING CO., Andover, Ohio.

Ladies Send 2c stamp for large illustrated catalog of Toilet necessities. Remedies, and special supplies for women. Fairbank Supply House, 42 A, 80 WABASH AV., Chicago.

MOTHERS Don't let the children suffer day and night from Kidney and Bladder weakness when our guaranteed Cure, URIN-STOP, gives prompt relief. Trial pkg. FREE. Give age, C. BOETTGER CHEMICAL CO., Berlin, Ill.

How Is Your Health?

If you don't feel well, run down, out of sorts and depressed, weak, dizzy, ache in back, side, chest or muscles; if you lack life to enjoy a hearty laugh; have suffered for years with disease; stomach weak, breath offensive, circulation feeble, cold clammy hands or feet; have rheumatism, heart trouble or grippy colds

Wouldn't You Like to Feel Real Good Again?

To have perfect rest, good digestion? Easy mind, good memory for names and places? Have vim and vigor with a knowledge that rich pure blood was supplying the entire system with nature's own health-producing vitality?

We will send, all Free and promptly mailed the necessary OXIE REMEDIES, consisting of one 25 cent Oxien Porous Plaster and samples of the Oxien Pills together with a free Sample Box of Oxien Tablets the WONDERFUL HEALTH TONIC. This is the same treatment that has for past years accomplished almost miracles in thousands of homes and is a royal road to health.

We want you to ask for our Free Oxien Treatment sending name and address to us and we will gladly send you information with booklets, literature, etc. and the full sample Oxien Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We will also show you how to make \$245.50 by starting at only \$2.50. We have the best money-making agency proposition today. This is ALL FREE if you send at once to

7.00 GOLD FIELDFIELD BROOCH PIN for only 25c
The latest novelty out, with your initials engraved on free. Sent direct from factory. Money back if not satisfied.
MESSENGER JEWELRY CO., 374 A. BOX 148, BOSTON, MASS.

OLD COINS WANTED \$7.75 paid for rare 1853 quarter; \$20. for half dollar. Keep money dated before 1890, and send 10c. for new coin table book. May mean a fortune. A. H. KRAUS, 252 KRAUS BLDG., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

LADIES Make Shields at Home. \$10.00 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped envelope. EUREKA CO., Dept. 21, Kalamazoo, Mich.

CANCER Treated at home. No pain knife, plaster or ointment. Send for Free Treatise. A. J. MILLER, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.

\$10 Cash Paid PER 1000 FOR CANCELLED Postage Stamps. Send 10c. For Free List. A. B. SCOTT, CHICAGO, W. V.

"Bliss" Superfluous Hair Remover
The best preparation on the market for the removal of superfluous hair from any part of the body. Permanently destroyed. Perfectly harmless. Guaranteed under Pure Food and Drug Act. Postpaid \$1.50 for complete outfit. Write in confidence for free booklet explaining. MRS. BLISS, Box 4, Sta. S., N. Y. City.

MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT
Opium and all drug habits. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause. A full trial treatment alone often cures. Write us in confidence. ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 632-21 E. Van Buren St. Chicago.

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BRIGHT REMEDY IS FOUND AT LAST.
Let Us Prove It.

\$2.50 WORTH FREE
If you are suffering from Epilepsy or Fits let us send you \$2.50 worth of our wonderful new treatment free as a test. Thousands have used it with remarkable success, and if you have sought in vain for a cure of your affliction, you should give this treatment a trial. Write today for the free test treatment, and let it speak for itself. Address Dr. Peckles Institute of Health, Battle Creek, Mich. 70 Madison Street.

Get Rid of Your Asthma
I Will Send You a Free Trial of My Treatment to Prove Its Wonderful Effects.

For years and years, thousands of sufferers have been following the beaten path in the treatment of Asthma, and are still gasping—clutching for breath.



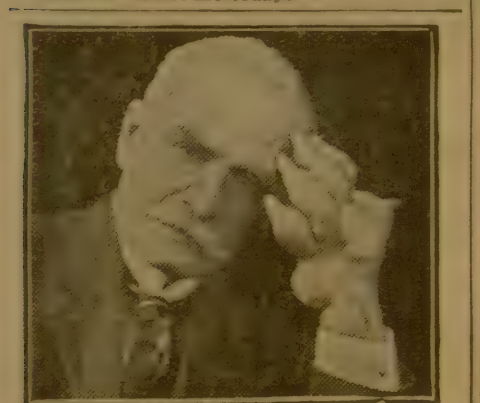
Mine Is the Treatment That Makes for a Complete, Permanent Cure.

Most so-called "remedies" give only temporary relief and some contain deadly cocaine. My long knowledge of materia medica enables me to know what is safe and genuinely curative. Day and night for years I almost felt as if the hand of death were clutching at my throat, and that every breathless struggle would be my last.

I studied medical books in a vain search for a cure. At last I devised my own treatment, used it, and if I had discovered a gold mine worth millions, I could not have been more surprised and delighted at its results.

I ask no asthma sufferer to believe me without proof. I am known only by my works. I want to prove to you that this treatment with a wonderful record of cures is what you are seeking! Do not send a cent; merely give me your name with address and I will send you a free trial treatment of my asthma remedy, as quick as the mail can bring it to you. My method is safe, reliable, genuine, quick-acting, guaranteed.

Send your letter to me, Dr. W. K. Walrath, 177 A Walrath Bldg., Adams, N. Y. Friends, I want to rescue you from those blood-curdling, "smothered-alive" spasms forever. Will you let me prove what can be done? Not only asthma but hay-fever and bronchitis have been cured gloriously by the use of this method. Write me today.



I CAN CURE YOU OF RHEUMATISM FREE

This photograph truthfully shows the terrible effects of rheumatism in my case, but today I enjoy perfect health and devote my life to curing others.

After spending \$20,000 and suffering untold agony for thirty six years, I discovered a remedy which permanently cured me, and I will send you a package of the very same medicine absolutely free.

Don't send any money—it's free. A letter will bring it promptly.

Your absolute satisfaction at all times is positively guaranteed.

Every day lost means one more day of needless pain, so write now to S. T. Delano, Dept. 323 B, Delano Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

Remedies

QUINSEY.—Slice six good-sized onions very thin, add enough cider vinegar to cover and boil soft. Thicken with oat or corn meal. Place in cloth on chest and between shoulders. Renew as they cool. Also valuable in pneumonia.

Mrs. J. E. SIMMONS, Tabor, R. R. 1, N. O.
BURNS.—Wash clean some poke roots and fry until very brown in pure hog fat. Remove roots and pour fat into can. Keep well covered. Will heal burns.

HEMORRHOIDS, OF LUNGS.—To one cup of sour buttermilk, add one large tablespoon of salt. Drink very slowly until bleeding stops.

MISS CALLIE NUNLEY, Summers, Washington Co., Ark.

PNEUMONIA.—Equal parts of rye meal and chopped onions mixed together, and made into a poultice with pure apple vinegar. Make dannel bag, fill with mixture and heat in pan with a little vinegar, and apply to chest. Have change ready to use every one or two hours.

Mrs. ALBERT MOORE, Marion, R. R. 8, Ohio.

DANDREFF.—Make a strong tea of garden sage, and to each pint add a teaspoon of borax, half a teaspoon of flour of sulphur and three tablespoons of alcohol. Rub well into scalp morning and night.

Mrs. NETTIE STODOLSKY, Junction City, Oregon.

When you make a mustard plaster, use no water, but mix the mustard with the white of an egg, the result will be a plaster that will "draw" perfectly, but will not produce a blister even upon the skin of an infant.

MISS BETTA C. SAGRE, 2520 W. Lehigh Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Requests

J. A. Santee, Ridgefield, R. R. 2, Wash., poem.
"The Neighbors," by Eben E. Rexford.

Janie Wilson, Thebus, Ill., reading matter for lonely mother with little children who has lost husband.

Mrs. Mary F. Grider, 1632 Central Ave., Columbus, Ind., song, "Forty Years Ago."

Mrs. Vinnie Walker, Eureka Springs, R. R. 1, Ark., letters.

Mrs. Belle Mills, Simms, R. R. 2, Texas, how to prepare a good floor paint.

Mrs. Laura F. Clay, Golden City, Ark., a shut-in, letters.

Mrs. W. H. Stewart, Cloverdale, R. R. 2, Ala., what kind of coal or other fuel to use in the fire pot which comes with a canning outfit? Have trouble in heating the irons.

My Mother's Prayer

"As I wandered 'round the homestead,
Many a dear familiar spot
Bro't within my recollection
Scenes I'd seemingly forgot;
There, the orchard—meadow, yonder—
Here, the deep, old-fashioned well,
With its old moss-covered bucket,
Sent a thrill no tongue can tell.

"Though the house was held by strangers,
All remained the same within;
Just as when a child I rambled
Up and down, and out and in;
To the garret dark ascending—
Once a source of childish dread—
Peering through the misty cobwebs,
Lo! I saw my trundle bed.

CHORUS.

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber!
Holy angels guard thy bed!"

"Quick I drew it from the rubbish,
Covered o'er with dust so long;
When, behold, I heard in fancy
Strains of one familiar song,
Often sung by my dear mother
To me in that trundle bed;
'Father, Thou who art in heaven,
Hallowed, ever, be Thy name.'

"While I listen to the music
Stealing on in gentle strain,
I am carried back to childhood—
I am now a child again;
'Tis the hour of my retiring,
At the dusky eventide;
Near my trundle bed I'm kneeling,
As of yore, by mother's side.

"Hands are on my head so loving,
As they were in childhood's days;
I, with weary tones, am trying
To repeat the words she says;
'Tis a prayer in language simple
As a mother's lips can frame;
'Father, Thou who art in heaven,
Hallowed, ever, be Thy name.'

"Prayer is over; to my pillow
With a 'good-night' kiss I creep,
Scarcely waking while I whisper,
'Now I lay me down to sleep,
Then my mother, o'er me bending,
Prays in earnest words, but mild;
'Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Bless, oh, bless, my precious child!'

"Yet I am but only dreaming,
Ne'er I'll be a child again;
Many years has that dear mother
In the quiet churchyard lain;
But the memory of her counsels
O'er my path a light has shed,
Daily calling me to heaven,
Even from my trundle bed."

Sent in by Mrs. JOHN STRAIGHT, Cuba, Box 176, N. Y.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three 15-months 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 15-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-five words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 15-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Want to hear from Virgil Casper, last heard from in Oklahoma, age twenty-four. Write his mother, Mrs. Luella Casper, Liano, Texas.

Wanted.—To know whereabouts of B. J. (Jack) Spurlock. Last heard of in Va. Anything concerning him will be greatly appreciated by his wife. Address Mrs. Addie Spurlock, No. 1405 Drayton St., Newbury, S. C.

Joseph Bielle, last heard from San Francisco, Cal., in 1893, please write Mrs. Mollie Riedel, 1415 S. State St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Want to hear from Cordelia C. Robinson, last heard of August 2, 1911, Prescott, Arizona. Has bright red hair, dark eyes, heavy set. Kindly write H. L. W. Rose, Sagie, Idaho.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Bernard H. Feldewert, Gilmore, R. R. 1, Mo. Miss Priscilla Thomas, 435 14th St., Scranton, Pa. Mr. Mell Irwin, Grafton, Nebr. John Sarkliven, Gackle, Box 141, N. Dak. Miss Lena Coley, Blue Springs, Mo. Bertha Guisinger, Lancaster, Box 143, Ohio. Miss Amanda Weaver, 101 Roxford St., Blue Island, Ill. Miss Susie Brad, 305 East 1st St., Cleburne, Texas. Mrs. Emma Cokenour, 1016 W. 7th St., Beardstown, Ill. Mary McNamara, 58 Madison Ave., Sharon, Pa. Walter Hawkins, Harrison, R. R. 2, Ark. Marion E. Finnegan, Port Kent, N. Y. Beryl Thomas, 1738 So. 4th St., Leavensworth, Kan. Maude Winters, 808 Harvard St., Akron, Ohio. Mrs. Florence Westra, 1708 Charles Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich. Mrs. Minnie Eaton, Jessie St., East Toledo, Ohio. Mrs. Viola Osterbondt, 106 Albany Ave., Kingston, N. Y. Miss Nora B. Karns, 725 N. Main St. Piqua, Ohio. Charlie M. Busch, Washington, R. R. 6, Ind.



Are You Troubled

with constipation or piles? If you are, do not tax and injure your stomach with medicine. Your physician will endorse our Entona Suppositories as a simple, practical and safe remedy. It has proved so for over thirty years. If your druggist does not keep them send to MAISON DE SANTE, 240 6th Ave., New York, N. Y.

THE BEE CELL SUPPORTER

A BOON TO WOMANKIND
Made from the purest softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Ask your druggist or send us \$2.00 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Descriptive circular, FREE.

OLD SORES CURED
Allen's Ulcerine Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Ischaemic Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores, all old sores. Positively no failure. By mail 60c. J. P. ALLEN, Dept. 223 St. Paul, Minn.

FAT is Dangerous

It is Unsightly, Uncomfortable, Spoils the Figure, Causing Wrinkles, Flabbiness and Loss of Vigor.

Let me send you my Proof Treatment absolutely Free; I Have Safely Reduced Many of Excess Fat, a Pound a Day.



Note what my treatment has done for others; let me reduce your weight.
Lost 51 Pounds. Mrs. W. D. Smith, Box 24, Abbott, Me., writes: "I have lost 51 pounds by your treatment. I used to have heart trouble and shortness of breath; now I am well and can walk and work with ease."
Permanent. M. E. King, 5634 Spaulding Ave., Chicago, writes: "By the Dr. Bradford Method I reduced 55 lbs. eight years ago; haven't gained an ounce since. Rheumatism also cured."
Lost 112 Pounds. W. C. Newburn, Contact, Nev., writes: "I have lost 112 lbs., am wonderfully benefited in heart and general vigor. Can climb mountains easily now."
Lost 98 Pounds. Mrs. J. H. Woodbridge, Galena, Mo., writes: "My figure and appearance have been wonderfully improved; have lost 98 lbs. Friends amazed."
Many other testimonials from well known persons will be mailed with FREE PROOF TREATMENT.
I could fill every page of this journal with testimonials from grateful patients.
It is dangerous, unsightly, uncomfortable, and embarrassing to be too fat. Excess fat weakens the heart. The liver, lungs, stomach and kidneys become diseased, the breathing becomes difficult.
NOTE.—Dr. Bradford is a diplomate, practicing physician, licensed and registered by the State of New York; famous many years as a specialist in reducing fat and improving health by scientific, gentle, home treatment.

32 BULBS FREE TO YOU FOR EARLY SPRING BLOOMING

The great demand and flattering results obtained by our subscribers who received the premium collection of bulbs we offered last Fall has induced us to purchase double the quantity this year. But we would not advise you to delay sending your order as this increased supply will soon be consumed and you may be one of the disappointed. This entire collection of 32 bulbs consisting of six of the most popular and beautiful varieties of winter blooming house plants and early flowering Spring bulbs can be obtained with very little effort on your part. We are just realizing the value of these pretty bulbous plants which give such an air of refinement and add so much cheer to home surroundings, rendering them attractive and interesting and we want every reader of COMFORT to possess this rare and beautiful assortment.



SINGLE and DOUBLE TULIPS.

10 - CROCUS - 10

The first flowers of Spring, how sweet and pretty they look and what charm they give the lawn as they lift their bright heads from the sod while the earth is yet cold and dormant from the long winter months. They bloom splendidly when planted on the lawn among the grass or a few planted in pots in the house will make a pretty show. The colors range through all the delightful blues and rich yellows making the flower for the million and the millionaire.

6 - OXALIS - 6

An unrivalled winter flowering plant of easy culture, succeeding everywhere requiring little attention and in fact producing better results in poor soil with a moderate amount of water than if given rich fertile soil and lots of attention. The little bulbs are strong luxuriant growers and when expanded in the sunshine the rich, varied and beautiful colors of their flowers present a picture of gorgeous beauty. The pots soon become a mass of pretty green foliage and the showy little flowers will appear in fine long-stemmed clusters.

5 - SNOWDROPS - 5

Lovely little blossoms and should be found in every garden. They are perfectly hardy and will hold their own and bloom well even when encroached by grasses and weeds. The growth is dwarf but sturdy pushing up through the snow in early Spring, from which habit arose their name. Indoors they are equally pretty and easily brought into bloom.

4 SPANISH IRIS 4

No garden can have too many and anything we are able to say about them falls far short of the superb reality. They are not difficult to grow and the gorgeous shades and most odd and peculiar markings of the blooms cover a wide range of colors; but the real charm is the wondrous chasteness of every flower. They are deservedly esteemed for their perfect hardness and free flowering qualities, blooming early in the season in the garden and making a pretty display of bloom when grown in the house.

CLUB OFFER. A Club of two fifteen-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c. secures the Complete assortment of 32 Flowering Bulbs. You may send 35c. to renew your own subscription for one year and obtain the set of 32 Bulbs free.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



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We will send you one of our splendid latest improved 5-year guaranteed 1 1/2 H.P. "Little Marvel" Gasoline engines at \$21.95, or any of our famous high grade 10-year guaranteed "Faultless" Engines at \$21.95 to \$125.00, without any money in advance, and you can

USE IT 30

DAYS FREE

at our risk. You can test it as severely as a gasoline engine can possibly be tested, and after the 30 days are up, if you find the engine unsatisfactory for any reason return it at our expense. Our prices are lowest. We beat them all. Just think of it, only

\$21.95 for a 1 1/2 H.P. 5-Year GUARANTEED ENGINE

less! Engines. Any one can run them. Simply constructed. Has no complicated parts. Operate as perfectly, wear as long and develop as much power as any engine made, regardless of name, make or price. Possess every good feature of every high grade engine and many features controlled alone by us. To illustrate: Four-cycle; water jacketed; hopper cooled; make and break ignition; speed control lever; governor controls fuel supply; uses fuel according to load; simple, positive timing device. If interested write and say "Send me your copy free, Special Gasoline Engine Catalogue," and see for yourself all about our wonderful 30-day free trial without any money in advance. **5 and 10-Year Guarantees**

offer, only 5 and 10-year Guarantees

of all our Gasoline Engines and our marvelously low prices. Write today.

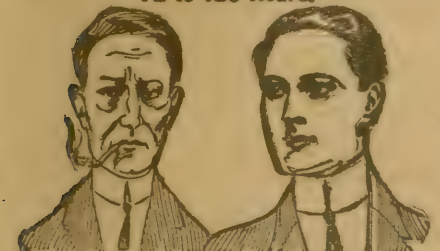
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REMEMBER—We give a legal binding Guarantee of results in every case or money refunded.

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Remedy, also full information about my

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DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE.

Bayles Co., 1823 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Things the Modern Farmer Must Know

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

and sweet after three or four days standing. Milk that sours easily does not develop this bitter germ. If you will give your vessels a thorough scalding or change vessels entirely and keep your milk warmer we believe this trouble will disappear. Foaming in churning is due to either too high or too low a temperature. Get a dairy thermometer, costing 25 cents, and churn at from 55 to 60 degrees and you will have no trouble with foaming. Your butter should "come" in from 20 to 45 minutes.

WATER SUPPLY TANK.—If you were to supply your home with running water would you put the tank in the attic or in the basement?

A.—We advise putting the tank below ground. Then the water supply is kept cool and may be used for drinking purposes. If in the attic the water falls by force of gravity, if below ground it must be raised by air pressure. There are two systems for this.

One system stores the water in a tank and compresses the air above it so that the water is raised thereby. The other system lifts fresh water directly from the well by the same method. Both of these systems are usually operated by some form of mechanical power. However, the tank in the attic is cheaper though less satisfactory.

EFFECT OF FEEDING ENSILAGE.—Does silage wear out the cow's stomach and cause tuberculosis? J. H., Ill.

A.—No. Silage does absolutely no harm to a cow, as thousands of our best dairymen will testify. It cannot cause tuberculosis because tuberculosis is a germ disease transmitted only by contact with a diseased animal, by drinking tubercular milk or by picking up the germs in some way, which are the seeds of the disease.

RELATIVE FOOD VALUE OF YELLOW AND WHITE CORN.

—Which is better for feeding purposes, yellow corn or white corn? O. E. S., Wis.

A.—There is no difference in feeding value between yellow and white corn. Color has nothing to do with it. Either kind of corn may be bred to have high or low protein or high or low oil content. Its feeding value is a matter of breeding not of color.

MOTH BALLS IN HENS' NESTS.—Will moth balls keep lice off chickens if put in the hens' nests? G. W., Minn.

A.—Don't put moth balls in the hens' nests. They will taint the eggs and the flesh of the fowls if you should want to eat them.

BEST TIME TO CUT ALFALFA.—When is the best time to cut alfalfa? R. J., Iowa.

A.—Cut alfalfa as soon as the first blossoms appear. This is important. If you let it stand too long it will ripen seed as soon as a plant has matured seed it is dead for that year; hence no second or third crop is produced. If alfalfa is cut early you get a better and more rapid growth of the next crop.

SOIL ANALYSIS.—I would like to have the soil of my farm analyzed to know what fertilizers it needs. To whom should I apply? LAURA W. DEVELLERS, Fulton, N. Y.

A.—Write about this to the director of the agricultural experiment station at Geneva, New York. He will tell you how to take a sample and arrange to have the analysis made.

WOOD ASHES FOR POTATOES.—Kindly tell me if lime and wood ashes are good fertilizers for potatoes? (2) What is good for blight on potatoes? W. A., Derry, Pa.

A.—Wood ashes are especially valuable as a fertilizer for potatoes as they contain potash which is needed by this crop. Lime also is useful, if the soil is lacking in lime, or sour, or cold, heavy and sticky. Lime also tends to bind sandy soils. If the soil has not had a dressing of slacked lime it may safely be given; or top dress with a mixture of equal parts wood ashes and lime to six parts of earth or road scrapings, mixing the compost twice before use. (2) See article on spraying in March COMFORT for advice as to preventing blight in potatoes. The Bordeaux mixture if used and with it may be mixed the amount of Paris green needed for destruction of the potato beetles and their larvae.

GINSENG AND DRY FARMING.—What is ginseng and for what is it used? Is there money to be made in growing it? Can it be grown on Montana bench land? Can it be dry-farmed? (2) Can clover be dry-farmed? Please tell me what is the best hay and fodder crop to raise by dry farming method, and where I can purchase best books on Dry Farming. I mean to start and start right, if possible. Mrs. M. I. R., Concord, Mont.

A.—Ginseng (Aralia quinquefolia) is the American variety of the Chinese plant (A. Schinseng.) The latter is about extinct, so that a demand has arisen for the American plant. The roots are used for medicinal purposes in China and bring high prices. It is of good quality. This plant lives in the depths of dark woods in the cool northern states and would not be suitable for culture elsewhere. Hitherto the growing of the plant has been a fad, and the principal buyers have been those needing seeds and plants to start in the business. We have no figures as to financial success of ginseng culture on a large scale. Small gardens may have paid their owners; but the plant is very difficult to make thrive and we cannot conscientiously advise anyone to start in the business. The plant also grows wild and Indians and settlers collect the roots and sell them at good prices. The culture of this plant is not readily adapted to dry farming methods. For further information on this subject see the following bulletins: Pennsylvania No. 62, Kentucky No. 78, Missouri No. 69, and United States Bulletin No. 16 on Ginseng. Kains has written a book on this subject published by The Orange Judd Co., Springfield, Mass. (2) The two forage crops best adapted to dry farming methods are corn and alfalfa. "Alfalfa is deep rooted and when the plants have once gained a foothold is likely to resist drought. It should be sown in drills about five or six inches to the acre so as to admit of cultivation. Corn is one of the best and heaviest yielding forage crops. It can be given the necessary cultivation and can be easily stored in the

silos for winter feeding. One of the best books published on this subject is "Dry Farming" by Wildsoe, to be had from Macmillan Book Co., Chicago, 278 Wabash Ave. This book contains an excellent list of valuable bulletins on the subject. Paddock's "Fruit Growing in Arid Regions," by the same company is another good authority.

The Appeal of the Baby

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

"I've been watching for you," she whispered, excitedly. "She's in there," and shoved him into the drawing-room, shutting the door carefully behind him. What he saw was this: an open fire, and before it on her knees a young woman in a dark red gown playing with a little baby who was lying on a cushion in a big chair. The girl was so absorbed with her play that she did not observe his entrance and not until he spoke her name softly: "Bernardine Cutting!" did she turn around. She lifted her radiant face to his astonished gaze and said simply:

"Isn't he a darling? And best of all he's mine."

"Yours?" exclaimed the perplexed young man.

"Yes, mine for keeps. Oh, I haven't realized what I have missed, as you once told me," the happy, softened look on her face made its own appeal and he strode towards her with arms outstretched.

"Bernardine, come here and tell me what it all means."

She rose and looked deeply into his eyes, and read there his great love for her, and the next thing she knew she was sobbing happily on his breast and he was trying to draw from her the story. After it was told, or the bare outlines of it, she lifted her face to his and said:

"Whoever takes me must take my baby."

"I am only too glad to, for without him I fear we would never have come together, and oh, Bernardine, I have been so lonely! Not only because I was alone in the world, but because I knew you did not understand the greatest joys and bliss that can come to us mortals from any earthly experience, and I knew not how to waken you, or bring you to see it."

"Words never would have done it, Rodney. Never. It was my own loneliness and the touch of those baby fingers. That appeal I could not withstand. It some way melted the lump of ice was carrying around in place of a heart, and now, why now, Rodney, I just love everybody."

"Including me, sweetheart," as he kissed her.

"Yes, including you, and you first and last always."

"And all in between, dear one. What are you going to name him?"

"I have decided on John, Rodney, because it means 'The gift of God.'"

There were tears in his eyes as they met hers, and he said quietly:

"Good, that was my little boy's name. So this one is the gift of God to me too, and will always bind us together, Bernardine, my darling."

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12 YOUR NAME IN GOLD 10c or town greetings on 12 Fine Post Cards

GROSS ONARD CO., 214 Arthur Ave., New York.

Asthma

REMEDY sent to you on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send \$1.00; if not, don't. Give express office. Rational Chemical Company, 874 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio

I CURED MY RUPTURE

Shall I Show You How You May Cure Yours? Then See What You Can Obtain FREE.

Being helpless, bed-ridden for years with a double rupture, which physicians said could only be cured by a mutilating surgical operation, and which involved the risk of my life, I made use of valuable information, which I had luckily obtained and was completely cured. Many others have since adopted the same means of self-treatment and were soon rid of distressing, dangerous, life-shortening rupture—single, double, inguinal, labial, femoral, scrotal, etc. Don't send a cent, merely write, mentioning what kind of rupture you have, and you shall receive a Free Trial Treatment, with book of thrilling interest and valuable information, absolutely free. Address Capt. W. A. Collings, Inc., 308 S. Arsenal St., Watertown, N.Y.

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(Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.)

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when you are cured, I mean just what I say—O-U-R-E-D, and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you what I know what am talking about. If you will write me TO-DAY, I will send you a FREE TRIAL of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claim. By writing me today you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it and you will see I am telling you the truth.

Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 654 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo.

Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some sufferer of Eczema?

6 HARDY EVER-BLOOMING ROSES

Where They Go, They Grow

The roses listed below comprise the best and most beautiful productions of the famous Rosarians of the world and all lands have contributed to this collection. By reason of the past favorable producing season, our grower is enabled to give us the largest, heaviest well-rooted plants we have ever been able to procure and this collection is six of the finest varieties in cultivation, the kind that grow rapidly and vigorously, and bloom most lavishly, producing innumerable chaste beautiful flowers the entire growing season. They are noted for rare beauty of color and delicious fragrance; everyone can grow them as they succeed in any ordinary garden soil and amply repay any little care and attention given.

Not only has careful selection been used in the choosing of these varieties, but equal care is exercised in packing them for shipment and we guarantee all collections to reach you in good healthy condition. With each package we send complete directions for planting, care and culture.

BLACK ROSE

The production of a rose of this rare color has long been sought after and the rose-loving public is to be congratulated upon its introduction. It marks the highest attainment of the hybridizers' skill and for grace, form and magnificent color, it is supreme in its chaste beauty. The plant grows shapely and vigorously, covering itself with a coat of elegant foliage, which is absolutely immune to black spots and mildew. The color and texture are the most wonderful ever seen in a rose, each petal appearing as though cut from the heaviest rich velvet, shading from deepest maroon-red to blackish crimson. It blooms constantly in great successive crops of large, double flowers, which possess a most delightful fragrance.

MY MARYLAND

A rare combination of a poetic name and exquisite beauty has made this new variety a dangerous rival of all the most famous pink beauties. A great outdoor rose of extreme hardiness, rapidly producing a sturdy, shapely plant, which in itself is a distinct ornament to any garden.

The rich green foliage is not the least of its charms, clothing the long-stemmed stems with cool verdant beauty. All summer through the large perfectly double magnificent flowers are borne, flowers of indescribable charm, composed of thick, heavy petals unapproached in elegance of form. As they expand, their beauty seems to be enhanced, the brilliant lively shade of pink deepening until it fairly glows with its warm rich color and delightful fragrance.

WHITE AMERICAN BEAUTY

This brilliant white rose has become renowned as the very highest type of its class and the best snow-white rose ever produced. It has won more prizes in Europe than any variety sent out in years, well deserving to be called the white companion of our national red beauty. It is an extraordinarily strong grower, branching freely and has the vigor and hardiness of an oak. The foliage is large, of very heavy texture, but the glory of this plant, however, is its magnificent flowers, immense in size and produced with great freedom on long stiff stems. Indeed a single plant will produce hundreds of massive flowers, which are full, very deep and double and composed of broad, long charmingly veined petals of splendid substance. The color is marvelously white, positively without a suggestion of any tint or shade of color. It is absolutely hardy everywhere and its regal beauty is not excelled by any other rose known.

YELLOW KAISERIN

This charming rose created quite a sensation when introduced, surpassing all others of its color. A description is inadequate to portray the exquisite beauty of the buds and flowers of this variety which are the glory of the plant. It is a robust, rapid grower, very hardy, quickly making a well formed symmetrical bush, which produces most liberally great quantities of exquisite roses. They are handsomely made, extra large and perfectly double of a rich canary yellow, celebrated for their delicious fragrance and elegance of form and contour.

RHEA REID

A wonderful new introduction, possessing every quality a perfect rose should have. Everyone raves about its extraordinary beauty and after having seen it bloom; we can appreciate their enthusiasm. It is a strong, healthy grower, throwing forth long graceful branches, which are densely covered with heavy deep green foliage and handsome double flowers, which are produced in the greatest profusion all through the growing season. It has the vitality necessary to withstand all attacks of disease and insects which so frequently destroy our best roses. The buds develop into large double flowers, formed of thick petals of excellent substance which retain their freshness and beauty for an extensive time. The color is a vivid scarlet crimson, and the flowers are marvels of beauty, large and bold.

DOROTHY PERKINS

This rose is a most valuable addition to the list of hardy climbing varieties and without question one which should be extensively planted. It is perfectly hardy, standing very severe winters unprotected, and without an exception in the most rapid, vigorous grower of all climbing roses. The beauty of the foliage produced by this rose is deserving of special mention and is one of its valuable and charming assets. The leaves are thickly and evenly distributed over all branches from the ground to the top. In habit of bloom it is extremely liberal, producing flowers in immense clusters, each rose being perfect in form and of good size. The color is an exquisite shade of clear, shell pink, deepening to a darker shade near the center.

If you send your order NOW, EARLY, you are assured first choice of best stock, to be shipped direct to you from the nursery, carefully packed with instructions all ready for planting with assurance of positive results or we replace free.

TO THOSE WHO SEND NOW we make this liberal offer for early acceptance: Send us one new subscriber to COMFORT (the same must be for some person whose name is not now on our list) and we will immediately send you the assortment of Six Choice Roses. If you wish to extend your own subscription and obtain Six Roses, send 35 cents for COMFORT for 12 months and receive Roses Free. A club of two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months secures One Dozen Roses, two of each. Remember we guarantee success and urge the importance of ordering early.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A cartoon illustration of a man with a wide, happy smile, looking up at a large sack of money. The sack is tilted, pouring a massive stream of gold coins into his open hands. The sack has the text "\$1.300 PAID E." printed on it. The man is wearing a suit and tie. The background is dark and indistinct.

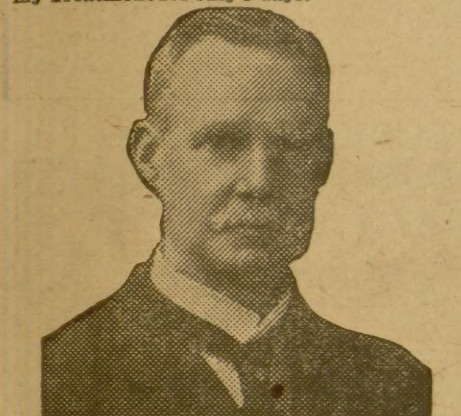
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ENTER NOW: Win an April Prize; Win a Grand Prize, too. April is Your Last Chance.

Conquered! Drunkennes In 72 Hours!

Science triumphs and by my Safe, Reliable, Perfected Remedies, the liquor habit may be positively conquered if the drinker will take my Treatment for only 3 days.



I Was a Heavy Drinker

I drank heavily for many years; averaged over a quart daily of whisky and many "chaser" of beer, also cocktails, etc. After wasting money and time on various ineffective treatments, some of which were absolutely worthless, I found at last a genuine anti-alcohol remedy. I was myself saved—made into a new man, strong, healthy, with clear brain. I possess a true Set of Remedies. It has saved legions of others. Also an effective and very successful Secret Remedy which is to be given without drinker's knowledge.

Wives! Mothers!

Read about what is being accomplished and learn that no matter what you have tried in the past, you can now succeed with my gentle, safe, guaranteed Remedies. Full addresses of these and legions of others will be given you.

Mrs. W. B. Carson, Echo, writes: "My husband drank heavily for over 30 years, lost positions and was in awful condition. In 3 days he was completely cured by the Woods Home Treatment. We have been very happy ever since."

Edw. F. Colgrove, Worcester, writes: "My wife gave me your treatment. I had not been sober in many years; now all craving is gone and it is a positive cure; health wonderfully improved. Your Method is safe, mild and sure."

Mrs. Sarah Meek, Wey, writes: "My husband did not want to stop drinking, although it was killing him and also me. Tried other remedies in vain. I gave him Mr. Woods' B Treatment secretly. He soon began to detest liquor and thought a miracle had happened. In a few days he was completely cured; has never touched a drop since and is wonderfully changed for the better."

Mrs. Maria N. Lane, Spotswood, writes: "I cannot find words to express my joy. Your treatment worked wonders. Mr. Lane is completely free from all craving."

Mrs. Wm. Fring, Hyde Park, writes: "I started giving your remedies to Mr. Fring on a Friday night and by Sunday he was completely cured. That was long ago. He has never had any craving since. Was hard drinker many years."

John L. Corish, M. D., 50 Herbert St., Brooklyn, N. Y., certifies: "To my personal knowledge, the Woods Method for overcoming drink craving is perfectly safe and reliable. I know many successful cases."

Fred A. Giddings, Gorham, writes: "I drank liquor over 40 years, could find no cure until I got Woods' Set of Remedies. Am completely free from craving."

Mrs. C. Mills, Palmer, writes: "I first drank gin as a medicine, got the habit and could not stop until your mild and pleasant Treatment did it in 3 days."

Dr. A. B. Griffiths, Ph.D., F. A. S.: "I certify having analyzed the Woods Treatment. The remedies are perfectly harmless yet exceedingly effective; eminently adapted to banish permanently the craving for alcohol."

W. E. Slade, New Freedom, writes: "I have not been in such good health for 10 years as I am now. Peaceful sleep, clear brain. Used to average a quart of liquor daily. Was completely cured in 72 hours."

J. P. Eckenroth, Chester, writes: "Had been a drinker many years, heavily; health was nearly ruined. Could never stop until I took your Remedies."

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I appeal to everyone who wants to save a drinker, to obtain my Free Book, "Confessions of an Alcohol Slave." It tells how every person (male or female) who drinks can be rescued with or without his knowledge in own home. No tedious, expensive and doubtful institute or sanitarium treatment. Low cost. Absolute guarantee given. My Set of Remedies is saving lives—making homes happy. Do not confuse it with fake pills, powders, etc., that do no good. Mine is medically endorsed. Write frankly, stating whom you want to save and give some particulars. No more unhappiness. I prove all I say by voluntary testimonials given me with privilege to publish. Don't delay in writing—hasten your joy!

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The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given to an inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

C. C. Johnston, Pa.—As we cannot examine you we can scarcely do more than say that you have some one of the various cutaneous diseases which affect the skin, and also to say that you did not contract it from anywhere, but it simply manifested itself as those diseases ordinarily do. Skin diseases are very common and in many instances they result from lack of cleanliness, though yours does not appear to be in that class. The remedy you have been using seems to be of more benefit than the doctor to whom you paid two dollars and fifty cents, and we advise your continuing it until you prove that the disease has gone beyond its power. Then try a hospital. While skin diseases are rarely fatal, they are difficult of cure and they cause so much suffering of mind and body that the patient should not hesitate to spend money in their removal if possible. At a venture we might suggest that you use cocoa butter, which you may buy at drug-stores by the pound. It is very fine indeed, for the skin and it may be of benefit. Rub it into the skin night and morning.

E. L. Boyden, Ia.—The regurgitation of food after eating is the result of poor digestion, notwithstanding you are careful in your eating. A good home remedy is a quarter teaspoonful of soda in a glass of hot water half an hour after eating, or sooner if the trouble manifests itself sooner. Another good home remedy for stomachic troubles is Rhubarb and Soda Mixture which you can get in any quantity at a drug-store. Take a teaspoonful in a wineglass of water two or three times a day. If you drink coffee, stop it.

Miss M. H., Ft. Worth, Texas.—If you have chronic bronchitis, the chances are that you will never recover from it and it may go into consumption, as it often does. That is to say, you will not, if you remain in Ft. Worth. If you will go to Arizona or to Colorado, if you like the colder climate, and work as hard as you do where you are, you will not only make more money, but you will probably get rid of the bronchitis. Either that or you will stop its farther progress and be in much better general health.

A. H., Traverse City, Mich.—For chilblains bathe the feet at night in warm water to which salt has been added and rub them perfectly dry as a preventive, and do not keep feet bundled up in heavy wraps either by day or night. Too much warmth is almost as bad as the cold which produces them. When they do come use a lotion on them made of two drams each, of alum and sulphate of zinc in half a pint of water, to be rubbed in warm and gently. It may be made more stimulating by adding an ounce of camphorated spirits. When the chilblains break, different treatment should be given. Apply then bread poultices and afterwards cooling ointments, such as acetate of lead with forty drops of Goulard ointment added to the ounce. Always wipe the hands thoroughly dry after washing, and rub on them some oatmeal to absorb any remaining moisture.

Gray Eyes, Prairie du Sac, Wis.—Discard your heavy stockings and wear light cotton in case of chilblains. Bathe the feet night and morning in warm water with a little salt in it, and plenty of lotion with a rough towel in drying them. Apply a rubbing composed of two drams each of alum and sulphate of zinc to half a pint of water and rub in warm. Add an ounce of camphorated spirits, if you want it more stimulating. If the chilblains are broken and ulcerated, you must let a physician see them and prescribe. Avoid the cold as much as possible.

G. V. S., Everett, Wash.—The nervous trembling of the hands is not uncommon as persons grow older, though in some it is much less pronounced than in others. In your father's case it is predisposed by inheritance, as his father, you say, was affected similarly, and you are beginning to show signs of it. It cannot be cured, though it might be relieved by electric treatment. Has he ever tried using one of the small batteries that may be bought from any drug merchant, or give electricity a trial with a doctor first. A battery is not expensive; but we advise a trial before buying one. (2) In the ailment of your own which you mention, continue with your doctor. Outside treatment will do no good.

Mrs. J. W. F., Electra, Fla.—We have given more advice in this column for indigestion than for any other ailment, and yet you seem not to have taken any notice of it. We suggest that you read through half a dozen back numbers of COMFORT and follow the advice given in this column. In the meantime take quarter teaspoonful of cooking soda in a glass of hot water half an hour after meals and when you get up in the morning. Drink no tea or coffee and never

A PRIZE FOR EVERYONE WHO TRIES

Cash Prizes All Sizes—Other Prizes Two Sizes

make it worth your while to CUT THIS PICTURE OUT and fit it together according to directions. If you FIT IT TOGETHER correctly and mail it to us with ONE fifteen-month subscription to COMFORT for 25 cents, before the tenth of May, AS A PRIZE FOR YOUR SKILL we will send you by return mail

25 Easter Post Cards, printed in many BRILLIANT tints and gold effects, and embellished with appropriate designs of the CROSS, CHICKS, EGGS, LAMBS, RABBITS, EASTER LILIES, BELLS and LOVELY HUMAN FACES and FIGURES, and prettily inscribed with such apt sentiments as "A JOYOUS EASTER," "EASTER GREETINGS," "A HAPPY EASTER," and "BEST EASTER WISHES," beautifully executed in splendid harmonies of colors with contrasts of gold effects, giving you the latest and most artistic assortment.

UNDERSTAND, all you have to do is to send us ONE 25-cent subscription to COMFORT with the cut-up picture puzzle in order to GET ONE PRIZE SURE, perhaps two prizes, but that subscription MUST NOT BE YOUR OWN nor that of any member of your family.

OR WE WILL SEND YOU 50 OF THESE SPLENDID CARDS, all different designs, if you send us TWO 25-cent subscriptions with the cut-up picture puzzle; but REMEMBER that you have to get both subscriptions outside of your family.

BESIDES THE EASTER CARDS OFFERED as above, which you are sure to receive as explained above, we will give for the BEST and MOST NEATLY CUT OUT, FITTED TOGETHER AND MOUNTED COMPLETE PICTURE formed of these cut-up pieces and SENT US WITH ONE OR MORE subscriptions before the tenth of May

A FIRST PRIZE OF - - - \$3.00 cash

For second best a prize of - - - 2.00 "

For third best a prize of - - - 1.00 "

For fourth best a prize of - - - 1.00 "

For fifth best a prize of - - - 1.00 "

For each of the 10 next best a prize of - - - .50 each

YOU MAY WIN TWO PRIZES. THE LOVELY EASTER CARDS come to you by return mail SURE, if you cut out the picture, fit it together and send it to us with one or more subscriptions as above explained, and if your work in fitting together and mounting the cut-up picture is among the fifteen best you ALSO RECEIVE A CASH PRIZE.

Directions. All the parts of the entire cut-up picture are printed above. Cut out the pieces and fit them together. Match the pieces together and paste them on a piece of paper or cardboard

mount so as to form the complete picture, and then mail it to us with one or more subscriptions. IT'S AS EASY: IT'S LOTS OF FUN AND WINS A PRIZE SURE, perhaps TWO PRIZES.

Address COMFORT'S PICTURE PUZZLE, Dept. E., Augusta, Maine.

Don't Send the Puzzle to Us Unless You Send the Subscription with the Money.

Read offer carefully. We do not give a box of Cards with your own subscription.

swallow a mouthful of food until you have chewed it to a pulp. Drink only hot milk and hold it in the mouth for a while before swallowing it in order to have the saliva act upon it. Stop the calomel and Castor oil and take olive oil every night before going to bed, say two tablespoonfuls to begin with. The soda may be taken at any time that the belching annoys you.

C. J. R., Connell, Ida.—There is no cure for bunions, when once they get a fair start. The only sure relief is to wear shoes that are the easiest on your feet. The advertised bunion remedies are useful in relieving the pain and they are good to have handy, but the easy shoe is the only way to prevent the bunion becoming worse. You had better have serviceable feet than pretty feet that you cannot walk on.

M. N. N., Margie, Minn.—The eyes are too important to be treated by mail and when they give you trouble you should have a physician examine them. Sight is too valuable to tamper with and try remedies on. As to your hands cracking when you get them wet, don't put them in warm water any more than possible, and when you wipe them rub them perfectly dry and rub oatmeal on them till they are smooth and soft. A little oatmeal may be put in the water you wash in. Mutton tallow rubbed on at night and sleeping in thin gloves will be found good.

"In One Hour I Learned to Play the Piano at Home"

Without Lessons or Knowledge of Music You Can Play the Piano or Organ in One Hour.

Wonderful New System That Even a Child Can Use.



"Just Think, I Never Touched a Piano Before."

Impossible, you say? Let us prove it at our expense. We will teach you to play the piano or organ and will not ask one cent until you can play.

A musical genius from Chicago has invented a wonderful system whereby anyone can learn to play the Piano or Organ in one hour. With this new method you don't have to know one note from another, yet in an hour of practice you can be playing the popular music with all the fingers of both hands and playing it well.

The invention is so simple that even a child can now master music without costly instruction. Anyone can have this new method on a free trial merely by asking. Simply write saying, "Send me the Easy Form Music Method as announced in COMFORT."

FREE TRIAL

The complete system together with 100 pieces of music will then be sent to you free, all charges prepaid and absolutely not one cent to pay. You keep it seven days to thoroughly prove it is all that is claimed for it, then if you are satisfied, send us \$1.50 and one dollar a month until \$6.50 in all is paid. If you are not delighted with it, send it back in seven days and you will have risked nothing and will be under no obligations to us.

Be sure to state number of white keys on your piano or organ, also post office and express office. Address Easy Method Music Company 2561 Clarkson Building, Chicago, Ill.

Seven Wheel Chairs in March

THE CLUB EARNS SIX

Mr. Gannett Gives One as an Easter Present
139 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

As the angels rolled the stone away from the mouth of the tomb so that our Lord might walk forth to catch the first rays of the rising sun on that first Easter morn, so our March wheel chairs will enable seven suffering cripples to come forth from the tomblike dreariness of a shut-in life out into the fresh air and blessed sunshine of this Easter Sunday, perhaps even being wheeled to church to enjoy divine worship for the first time in years.

That, my friends, is what we have done with our seven March wheel chairs, and that is what we have to think of on Easter Sunday, to make us happy in the consciousness that we have brought a ray of happiness and hope into the desolate lives of these poor unfortunates.

The Club subscriptions, including those sent in by the applicants in their own behalf, almost earned six of these March chairs and I gave the Club the seventh chair as an Easter present in fulfillment of my promise last month.

As usual I assigned these chairs to the seven applicants that had done the most to help the Club. The following are the names of the recipients of the March chairs and the number of subscriptions which each has sent in aid of the Club.

Byron Chapman, Lockhart, Texas, 164; Oscar Morris, Jasper, Ga. 95; Daisy Favor, Whitesboro, Texas, 60; D. V. Barnes, Canton, Texas, 55; Miss Delia Mitchell, Spartanburg, S. Car., 45; Hannah Vickers, Braxton, Tenn., 43; Dortha Gregg, Winfield, Ala., 43.

This is a fine record for March and now let us try and see if we can't beat it in April.

Now is the time for the wheel chair applicants on our waiting list and their friends to make a push and get some subscriptions in their own behalf. Those who make a serious effort get a chair very soon with the help of the Club.

I call attention to our splendid Roll of Honor and interesting letters of thanks for wheel chairs.

With Easter Greetings and best wishes to all,
Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT, Director of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, deserving, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

Crippled Little Girl Can Move About Without Help in COMFORT Wheel Chair

SUMMIT, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received my wheel chair safely. It is oh, so much better than I expected it to be, in fact it is perfectly lovely. I am so thankful that I can now move around without assistance for anyone. It is such a blessing to be able to do that. I want to thank all those who have helped me get this beautiful chair. May God bless and reward you all, in the loving wish of your little friend,
PEARL J. RYDER.

No Longer a Prisoner, Thanks to COMFORT'S Wheel Chair

KING MILLS, ARK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I got my wheel chair last Thursday evening, and to say I am pleased would be putting it mildly. I cannot find words to thank COMFORT and all the kind friends who helped me in any way to get this wheel chair. Now I have got it I can go out into the open air, and won't be a prisoner any more. Once more I thank you and may God bless you all.
Your grateful friend,
MRS. MAGGIE SHELLEY.

Can Get Out in the Fresh Air and Sunshine in His COMFORT Wheel Chair

MONROE, IND.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: The wheel chair came today. It surely is a splendid present and marvellous value for the little wheel that was necessary to procure it. I wish to thank you and Mr. Gannett and all kind friends who helped me get the chair. I can wheel myself around the house, and when the warm weather comes I can get out in the fresh air and sunshine. Again I thank you for your kindness, and may God bless you all.
Your grateful friend,
ALBERT KIDWELL.

COMFORT Wheel Chair Arrived on His Seventieth Birthday and Was a Welcome Present

WASHINGTON, IND.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I wish to thank you, Mr. Gannett, the Wheel-Chair Club and friends who helped me to get my wheel chair. I am just delighted with it, and could never find words to properly express my thanks to you all. It arrived on my birthday, and surely was a welcome birthday present. I am seventy years of age, and cannot walk a step.

May God bless Uncle Charlie, Mr. Gannett and COMFORT'S readers in their good work.

Your grateful friend,
JOHN W. LYONS.

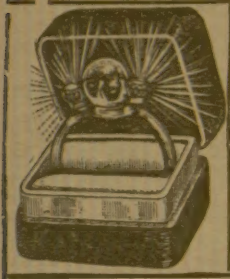
The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous.

Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

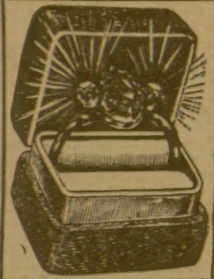
COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Mrs. Tolleson Kirby, Ga., for Oscar Morris, 95; William Bennis, Tex., for Byron Chapman, 40; Mrs. N. E. Brady, Kans., for Albert Kidwell, 42; Mrs. Andrew Chapman, Tex., for Byron Chapman, 41; Fred Miller, Ind., for A. Kidwell, 34; Sarah J. Parsons, Md., for own wheel chair, 31; Mrs. P. P. Bates, S. C., for Miss Della A. Mitchell, 25; Miss Bettie Haywood, Va., for C. L. Wingate, 25; S. F. Barnes, Ohio, for Miss D. V. Barnes, 21; Mrs. Louis Elmann, Ohio, for Albert Kidwell, 20; Miss Florence Recker, Tex., for Byron Chapman, 20; Mrs. Z. W. Moore, Tex., for D. V. Barnes, 20; Mrs. Myrtle Rhoads, Ky., for Loretta Hossay, 20; Mrs. Stella Week, Tex., for Daisy Favor, 20; Mrs. S. W. Sanders, Tex., for mother's chair, 17; Miss Theresa Lier, Ill., 15; P. D. Layman, Va., for Julie Koger, 13; Miss Katie Lee, Ohio, for A. Kidwell, 12; Mrs. Nancy Uhrich, Ind., for A. Kidwell, 12; Mrs. Lizzie Davis, Mo., for Bessie Long, 12; Lee Tingty, Ohio, for Mrs. Collins, 12; Mary Harvey, Tex., for own wheel chair, 11; Mrs. G. A. Smith, Miss., for Miss Minta Goss, 10; Mrs. Della Preston, Neb., for Mrs. Mary Jones, 10; Mrs. Lilly Reeder, Ind., for small boy, David Wilson, Tex., for own wheel chair, 10; Mrs. Rufus Galloway, N. C., for Hanna Vickers, 10; Albert Kidwell, Ind., for own wheel chair, 10; Mrs. John Weber, Wis., for Olive Weber, 8; Amelia Meek, N. Mex., for Clarence Long, 7; Eliza Riley, Ill., for Olive Weber, 7; Mrs. Clarence Williams, Miss., for Mrs. Annie Collins, 7; Mrs. Anna Gilliam, Ark., for Dollie Peck, 7; Mrs. W. M. Sue Patton, W. Va., 7; Mollie Faulkner, 6; Sylvia Stiner, Ohio, for Mrs. Nannie Collins, 6; Edward H. Ober, N. J., for Nannie Collins, 6; Mrs. Elizabeth Rapp, Pa., 6; Mrs. M. E. Witter, Mo., 5; Mrs. May Serine, Ind., for A. Kidwell, 5; C. Box 193, Mich., for Nannie Collins, 5; Mrs. A. C. Murphy, Ohio, 5; Miss Annie Matthews, Kans., 5; Mrs. Ethel A. Moore, Fla., for Mrs. W. P. Smith, 5; Mrs. Saline Johnson, Miss., 5; Mrs. Viola Sexton, Iowa, for Mrs. Mint Goss, 5; Mrs. E. Matthews, N. C., 5; Mrs. Mabel H. Greer, Mich., for Mrs. Anna Glenn, 5; Edith M. Kellner, Wis., 5; Mrs. Ida Roberts, Tenn., for Nannie Collins, 5; Mrs. Belle Dixon, Mo., for Bessie Long, 5; Mrs. L. H. Collins, Mich., 5; Dortha Gregg, Ala., for own wheel chair, 5; Lizzie Dark, Neb., for Nannie Collins, 5; Geo. Gordon, Pa., 5; Mrs. Carrie E. Mages, N. Y., for Olive Weber, 5; Mrs. Ethel Collins, Ark., for Maggie Shelley, 5; Hannah Stutter, W. Va., for Nannie Collins, 5; John F. Gannon, Wis., for the most needy, 5; Mrs. S. H. Yeaman, Minn., 5; Mrs. S. Weaver, 10; Albert Kidwell, Ind., 5; Mrs. A. B. Simmons, Va., 5; Mrs. Laura Berry, Tex., 5; R. N. Gofer, Ky., 5.

LADIES' GOLD SHELL RINGS YOU CAN GET ONE FOR A CLUB OF ONLY FOUR



Opal.



Emerald.

The delight of every young lady is in having handsome finger rings of the latest style and finish set with three handsome stones. A large center stone with smaller ones on either side same as shown in the illustration. These are Gold shell Rings you may be proud of and they will wear well and not turn; they look like gold, wear like gold, and will stand gold acid tests. These settings are very rich and look refined and just as attractive as rings costing much money. We have three styles of settings and will allow you to make your own selections, Opal, Emerald and Ruby, with the finest imitation chip diamonds which add great brilliancy and set off the whole ring. We guarantee the sparkle of these stones to be quite equal to Genuine Diamonds costing hundreds of dollars and are always behind this guarantee. Each stone is set separately in Tiffany style and is sent in a nice Ring Box, plush-lined, just the ornament for your room and keeps the ring clean and from getting lost when not in use.

These Rings Are Free. We bought these rings to give away and the following offers are liberal enough to enable every reader to own one at once. Mothers should have one. They make a swell present. We will give one ring free for a club of only four 15 mo. subscribers at 25 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

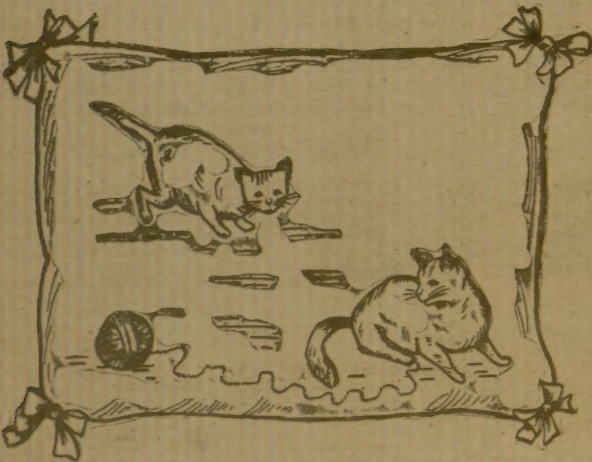
WE GIVE THIS WATCH For a Club of Five.



Thirty Minutes is a short time, but many have earned one of these watches in less time than that. It is one of the very best watches for time ever offered to our readers at no matter what the price asked for it. We know, of course, there are watches that cost more money, because they are in gold or silver cases, but for practical everyday use they are no better timekeepers. This watch keeps not perfect time, we never saw the watch that did, but it keeps as near perfect time as watches usually do. We have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one a guarantee just as binding as that given with any watch, no matter what make. We are willing to give you this watch if you will do us a slight service, which you can easily do in an hour. We wish to increase our subscription list, and we want the assistance of every reader of this paper to that end. We do not want you to do it for nothing, we will reward you for it. You can easily secure this valuable watch if you get a club of 5 subscribers to COMFORT, at our special subscription price of 25 cents for 15 months. Do this, sending us the money with the names, and we will send COMFORT to each subscriber and we will send you the watch to reward you. Start out now and see what you can do. Remember we guarantee every watch. If you get subscriptions and send us NOW at once, we will also send you a nice chain.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A CAT PILLOW IN A COMBINATION OF HAND PAINTING AND OUTLINE EMBROIDERY

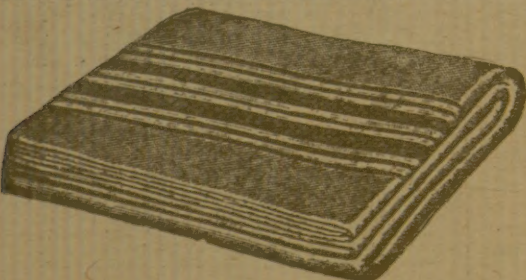


Is a Cute, Pleasing Design of Frolicking Kittens, a subject which is sure to amuse the young and old and add to the cheerfulness of any room.

Combination means that when you receive this pillow the design will be hand painted in a beautiful blending of colors and you are to outline the whole design in a dark shade of mercerized cotton. Painted on Art Pillow Cloth of an exquisite green or softest shade of yellow, this outline embroidery produces an effect that can be had in no other way. It will "bring out" the playful attitude of the Kittens, giving a "raised" appearance which greatly adds to the beauty of the pillow which is 22x22 inches square. Send a new 15-months 25-cent subscriber with 5 cents extra, 30 cents in all, and we will give you the above described pillow.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

A Soft, Warm White Blanket



well made and well finished. Size 55 inches wide and 72 inches long, of good weight. Supplied with the borders worked in fancy colors on the white ground. Large, warm, comfortable blankets for standard size beds. Regardless of advance in costs of raw cotton we have bought a quantity of these blankets at unusually low prices and are certain they are of unusual quality and exceptionally well made. Think of this big warm blanket on your own bed or laying on the shelf for use when needed what a feeling of satisfaction it gives one.

CLUB OFFER. For only eight subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you either post-paid or express free one of these 55x72 White Blankets and you may have either blue or white border.

FOR MOTHER'S SHOULDERS OR THE BABY



We have bought in this connection one of the very best things in the way of a warm wrap for the Baby or for the Mother to use in and about the home that we have ever seen. Made of softest warm flannel, 30x40 inches in size, and they come in two colors, soft dull pink and blue stripes over white, at either end are wider stripes and the blue one has both the wider stripes and a bit of variegated color at the ends. These small blankets are something very new; in all the city stores where they are selling rapidly. We could not resist offering this quick; without illustration our description must convey to you what a splendid little blanket this is and how useful it will be about the Baby; awake or asleep it can be used as a wrap or crib blanket, is splendid as a covering for carriage or as a shoulder throw it cannot be equalled by anything hand knit or made up at home. The edges are finished with buttonhole stitch and the whole idea is just splendid and we know that wherever seen others will be wanted.

Club Offer. for only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, or for a club of ten subscriptions at 25 cents each, we will send both the large and small Blankets. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

A Speaking and Sleeping DOLL FREE

Can Say PAPA and MAMA
I am the Prettiest, Daintiest, Sweetest
Lace-Dressed Doll you ever saw

Observe My Beautiful Raiment. Lace-trimmed Gown and Hat. Openwork Hose, Low Shoes with Buckle and all sorts of frills as a fur-telows.

This newest premium is a Special Extra Large Size Imported French Doll, over a foot tall, and can be made to sleep and speak. To be exact, she measures sixteen and one-half inches from the sole of her feet to the top of her lace hat, requiring a big box eighteen inches long to pack her in. It is one of the most beautifully dressed Dolls ever given away as a premium for so few subscriptions or for such little effort as we require.

This is a wonder Doll and will positively please every little or big girl who receives her from us. Her pretty head is made of bisque, with long, natural curls; her handsome costume of lustrous silk finish; latest fancy trimmed, lace-bordered MAT; lace-trimmed underwear; openwork stockings, dainty low shoes with buckles, etc., etc. She is dressed throughout in the latest Doll fashion.

Our illustration does not do her justice; we can only show about how splendid she is. It would be impossible to show up her charms and graces, but you get a very good idea, and will be delighted when you receive and open the package and see her; and to see her is to love her, she is such a GRAND DOLL BEAUTY.

CLUB OFFER.

For only six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send free and post-paid, one of these magnificent, large Dressed Dolls.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FREE for Only Six Subscribers
I Can Say Papa and Mama and also Close My Eyes

Cathedral Angel Chimes

Three Sweet Musical Bells. A New and Striking Musical Novelty
Suitable both for Ornament and Amusement all the year round.



Cathedral Angel Chimes consist of 5 beautiful Angels with trumpets, 3 candle sticks with 6 beautiful colored wax candles, 3 tuned bells and a turbine motor. Surmounting the whole, imposed over the turbine, the Herald Angel with trumpet, the machine being twelve inches high and six inches broad. It is made of bright silver nickel-plated metal, the turbine is finished in blue enamel with gilt stars. Then we have an added feature in our New Chimes; under the three musical bells is a metal tablet upon which in eight or more colors is the beautiful picture of the Birth of Christ in a Manger. The effect is as though it were hand painted, and is very beautiful and inspiring.

The Chimes are so constructed that when the candles are lighted the Turbine revolves, the rising hot air from the candles giving the power that causes the Turbine Motor to revolve, the pendants strike gently on the Bells in succession, and as the Bells differ in size, sweet musical tones are produced. The effect is wonderful and unusually pleasing; not only is the soft tinkling of the bells a delight to the ear, but the brilliancy of the reflection of the candle flames on the highly polished silver-like metal parts lends delight to the occasion and entrances the old or the young. A set should be in every home, to be used at all times or for decorative purposes at Christmas or any other time, especially suitable for table decoration in sitting- or dining-room, making a splendid centerpiece, and one never used indefinitely by removing candles from time to time, as used for Birthdays, Parties, Balls, Christmas, or other festivities. Each is packed in a separate box with full instructions how to put together and operate. Any one can do it and we warrant every machine to work to satisfaction.

Club Offer. For a club of only four 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you a complete set of Cathedral Angel Chimes, postpaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SIDEBORD AND BUREAU SCARF

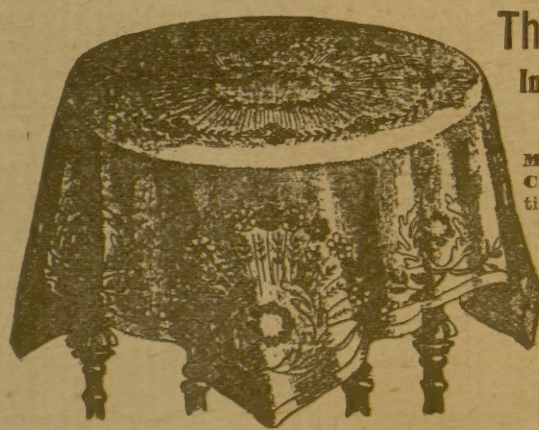


Also two nine-inch dollies to match. This scarf design is stamped on fine quality material 60 inches in length, 18 inches wide, over ONE THOUSAND SQUARE INCHES; the largest pattern outfit we ever offered. In addition are two large dolly designs making a complete bureau or sideboard set that will please our lady readers. The edge of the scarf is to be worked in buttonhole stitch, the design in the center to be embroidered in long and short outline, stitch or solid. The two dollies may be worked the same; that will be very useful and gain the envy and admiration of your friends. We send a circular describing many other patterns; all are free to you.

Special Offer: For a club of two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT we send this stamped pattern free. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

This Exquisite Table Cover

In a Beautiful Pattern Especially Designed
Outline for Embroidery



Made from a new material called Yachting Cloth with real Irish Linen finish, in a beautiful shade of light brown that will harmonize with all shades of embroidery silk or cotton and is especially designed for table covers. The stamping includes a centerpiece as well as a border of an unusually graceful design and is one yard square.

For two 15-mo. subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each will be given this beautiful cover, which can be used in any room. It is worth working for. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A PAIR OF Nottingham Lace Curtains Each Curtain Nine Feet Long.

This Most Beautiful and Elegant Premium Has
Just Been Added for Selection to All Who
Send a

Club of Only 5 New Names.



The Curtains are full width and just what anyone needs to adorn the home with. Everyone of taste will tell you that there is nothing which "dresses up" a room so much as a pair of Lace Curtains. The finest effects are obtained by these draperies. They show from the outside as well as from the inside. They are of the real Italian pattern and formerly sold as high as \$6.00 or \$8.00 a pair. They are delivered free to you, all charges paid.

SPECIAL OFFERS. If you will send us a club of only 5 subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send one pair of Curtains to you as a free premium. A club of only nine 25-cent fifteen month subscriptions secures two pairs and we send three pairs for only 14 subscriptions at 25c. each. COMFORT goes to each subscriber 15 months and Curtains to you.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

THIS BEAUTIFUL NARCISSUS ASSORTMENT EXTRA HEAVY SILVER PLATED WARE.

Now offered in eleven different pieces comprising an elaborate and complete assortment. Especially desirable Wedding Gift, equally as desirable to all housekeepers.

Unless you have some of the Spoons in this pattern you have no idea how beautiful it is, with the soft gray frosted handle with high polished blades or bowls. You may think you have enough silverware now; even if you have a variety there is always use for more, especially such very Beautiful ware as we now offer you, and COMFORT is such a great monthly, people readily subscribe, so you actually will obtain these Spoons for but a moment's time.

The combination of twenty-six pieces in the Narcissus pattern, French Gray finish enables you to have all the assortment for complete table set, or as few pieces as you require. The lovely pattern is a very heavily embossed design, in relief, ornamenting the entire length of each article, on both sides.

For every-day service and special occasions this durable ware embodies every requirement and although delightfully attractive will stand constant use.



Club Offers. We have arranged the following schedule of club offers, enabling you to obtain free as much of the assortment as you require, if not all.

For only two 25c. subscriptions to COMFORT, we will send your choice: Six Teaspoons, Two Tablespoons, a Dessert-spoon, Sugar Shell, or Butter Knife. For only three subscriptions to COMFORT, we will send your choice: either a Gravy Ladle, Pie Knife, Cold Meat Fork, or Berry Spoon. For a club of twelve subscriptions to COMFORT, a set of Six Knives and Six Forks. A club of thirty subscriptions to COMFORT for the entire assortment of 26 pieces. All must be 25c. fifteen-months subscriptions.

Carefully look over the different articles and decide which ones you desire most then first send in a small trial club for sample after that we are sure you will get the entire assortment when you find how nice the goods are.

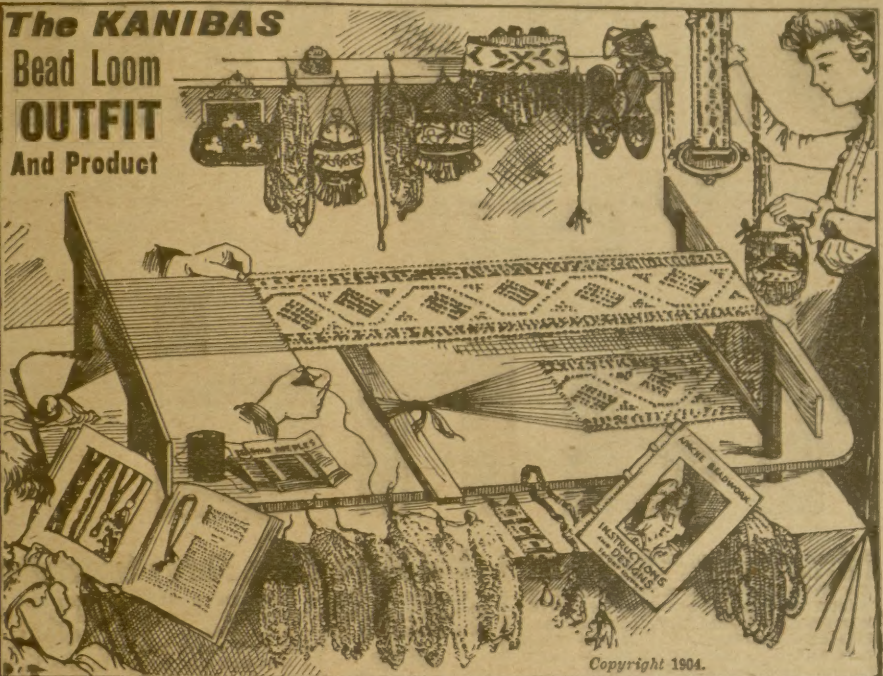
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

14,000 BEADS @ LOOM OUTFIT FREE

PROFITABLE BEADWORK AT HOME MAKING BAGS, CHAINS, NECKLACES, PURSES, BELTS, COLLARS AND CUFFS, SHIRT-WAIST SETS, SLIPPERS, WATCH CASES, FOB WATCH CHAINS, CARD CASES, POCKETBOOKS, WRIST BAGS, DRESS TRIMMINGS, ETC., ETC.

The KANIBAS

Bead Loom
OUTFIT
And Product



Copyright 1904.

The great revival in Art Beadwork has brought about a Wonderful Loom Invention for easily doing this fascinating work. The product of the Penobscot Indians of Maine as well as the Apache Tribes, has made them famous the world over. For thousands of years Venice has produced wonderful beads. Columbus first brought articles of Venetian Beadwork to America that completely fascinated the early settlers. Now the most dainty and artistic costumes are not complete without a dash of beautiful color such as can only be gotten from these same exquisite shades of artistically arranged beads. That beadwork is entirely practical can be proven by its thousands of years of usefulness. No art in existence has given the world more profitable employment or genuine happiness than Bead working; the articles that are now being made with beads sell for many times the cost of material—all that is necessary is a little time and patience for any one to become proficient in the art. With the invention of this Bead Loom, the mechanical possibilities of which are nearly unlimited, the simplicity of weaving the beads is at once astonishing and rapid. The old-fashioned work was mostly knit after the beads were strung yards at a time, when the miscount of even a single bead would throw the pattern out all over the design. All of our grandmothers' beautiful designs can now be reproduced with half the expenditure of energy and nerve force. Another wonderful help is the use of the regular Bead Needle. These are long and slender and have a very long eye built especially for holding a lot of beads at one time and doing the work easily and rapidly. The Kanibas Loom as illustrated shows the method of working, the hands holding the needle and thread, giving an idea of the progress of the warp in making a Belt or Woven Chain. The outfit consists of 1 Kanibas Loom, 5 Bunches Black Beads, 2 Bunches Green Beads, 3 Bunches White Beads, 2 Bunches Pink Beads, 3 Bunches Blue Beads, 1 Paper containing a dozen Special Bead Needles, 1 Gold Swivel Snap for chain, 1 Paper Special Strong Bead Thread, and the Apache Bead-worker of Instruction and Designs. This great book was gotten up especially to show some of the wonderful possibilities of Artistic Beadwork. It has a beautiful photograph cover and contains seventy-five different cuts and designs in popular beadwork, giving full easy detail instructions just what color beads to use and how to work them; it shows some of the Lady Washington Bags illustrated from these old Revolutionary articles themselves that cannot now be bought for hundreds of dollars. It shows how to make all sorts of Chains, Bags, Collars, Cuffs and Dress Trimmings, Purses, etc., etc., giving full directions for all designs. All the popular Secret Order Emblems can be worked with great effect in beads for Fob Chains, etc., and this book shows Masonic, Odd Fellow, Royal Arcanum, and other styles with directions. Some of the Bag designs shown bring \$12.00 or \$15.00 when worked out and the extra beads cost so little that very large profits come from doing the work. It only requires your time to make a lot of money doing these designs. You get these Fourteen Thousand Beads with the Loom and Book of Directions, Thread, Needles, in fact, the entire outfit above described absolutely Free. So popular and instructive has beadwork now become in teaching color schemes that the educational boards have adopted Loom Bead instruction and introduced it in all large city schools.

Club Offer. For a club of only five 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will deliver the entire outfit free. Get up your club now. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SPLENDID THREE-PIECE SILVER SET

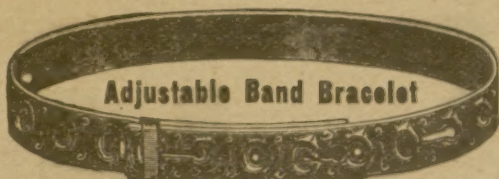
The Smaller Round Dish
for Candy, Olives, Nuts,
Whipped Cream or Pickles.



The Seven-inch Dish
for Salad, Fruit,
Nuts and Candy.

The illustration represents only the general style of the three-piece set. One gets no idea from this of the unusual beauty, nor of the effectiveness of this rusted silver effect. The whole set or single pieces will prove exceptionally useful. A cream pitcher, sugar bowl and the large dish make up the set. The large dish may be used for berries, fruit, nuts, whipped cream, jelly, preserves or other purposes, or if preferred as an ornament for the table or mantle, but the pitcher will be useful daily on the dining table, or may be kept for best, and the same with the sugar bowl, which will often be of use for other things, such as olives, nuts or whipped cream. These sets are unusually large, full size, practical size, the big bowl is seven inches in diameter, four inches high, with capacity of at least three pints, the sugar bowl and cream pitcher are of just the right size, have four feet and handles. Each piece is gold lined and will positively wear for years and give entire satisfaction.

Club Offer. Send only 8 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for this Gold Lined Silver Set of three pieces, which will be sent by mail or express prepaid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Adjustable Band Bracelet

WARRANTED TO WEAR FIVE YEARS

Will Perfectly Fit Largest or Smallest Wrist
As shown in illustration, it is a beautifully engraved band of gold one quarter inch wide, has three adjustment slots and a pin. The pin may be put in first slot for largest size, in last slot for smallest size and in center for medium. It is a simple, practical adjustment that does just what it is intended to do and does it well. You cannot lose this Bracelet. **Warranted for five years;** meaning, the gold finish is durable as a new style and new idea this season, you all want one right off while they are fashionable. We are making extra special inducements for clubs, so we have purchased this Bracelet in such quantities we are enabled to offer them to you now at a tremendous bargain rate.

Club Offer. Send us only one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one of these beautiful Bracelets free. It positively must be a new subscription. Send 10 cents extra, 35 cents in all, for your own sub. or a renewal. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

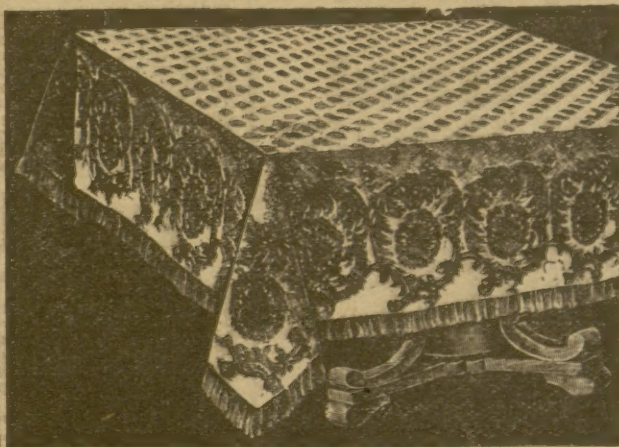


Complete Household Cabinet

Containing over two hundred different articles always useful in and around the home, particularly to the mother who must do all the making and mending. The assortment of articles has been put together, after repeated calls for such an outfit, in convenient arrangement to provide the great variety of really useful and much wanted articles most likely to be needed. Each article is of full size and good quality and is such as you would usually purchase at any store. The following list of contents of each package will at once convince you we have made a good selection and in the right quantities.

1 Aluminum Thimble, standard size and weight. 1 Card with 3 doz. best quality Shoebuttons. 1 Paper with 2 doz. best Hooks and Eyes. 1 Card Household Mending Cotton. 1 Linen Tape Measure, 60 in. long. 1 Paper with 400 best quality Toilet Pins. 1 Card with 1 doz. Safety Pins. 1 Card with 6 doz. Pearl Lintle Agate Buttons. 1 Tube with 80 invisible Hairpins. 1 Paper best quality straight Hairpins. 6 Skeins of 5 yds. each Embroidery Cotton, assorted colors. 6 Stamped Linen Dollies in assorted Designs. 4 Papers of Needles, Sharps, sizes 5, 6, 7, 8/10. 7 Ladies' Shawl Pins, assorted sizes, glass beads. 1 Tape Bodkin. 4 Darning Needles. 10 Embroidery Needles. 1 Glove Buttoner. 1 Key-Ring. 1 Doz. Agate Collar Buttons. 1 Doz. Best Kid Cutters. 1 Special Linen Thread. 2 Glass-head Hat Pins. 1 Pair Shoelaces. 1 Pair Corset Laces. Each Cabinet packed ready for shipment and positively contains all articles as described. A nice present for mother.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four 15-mo subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we send this Cabinet of useful articles, post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Imported Scotch Turkey Red Cloth.

A superior quality genuine Scotch imported Turkey red damask table-cloth, fringed. These table covers are of heavy weight, closely woven material, with heavy fringe, and the designs are all up-to-date floral effects that are very attractive, guaranteed fast color. Size 60 x 60 inches.

Club Offer. Send only six subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months and receive one of these Scotch Turkey Red Table-Cloths. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Silken Shower from a Necktie Factory. A Big Lot of Real Silk, also REMNANTS Plush and Stamped Satin FOR CRAZY PATCHWORK.

ART in needlework is on the advance. We know the ladies delight in odd pieces of silk and satin—"CRAZY QUILT" making is again VERY POPULAR. We are sure we have a bargain that all ladies will now delight in. Bright, handsome, odd-shaped, and pretty colored goods accumulate very fast at all NECKTIE FACTORIES; the styles were never so bright and pretty as they have been the past season and they are now burdened with remnants of MANY HIGH GOODS. We have thousands of pieces of silk and satin on hand which we are going to give you a big trade on. People at a distance have hard times getting the right assortment to put into sofa-pillows, quilts, etc., and we can help you out now. Our packages contain from 99 to 166 pieces of the best quality assorted goods, and we want to get our great monthly and a lot introduced into every home, then you can order as you like for your friends, and MAKE MONEY doing our work and helping yourself also. Remember these



pieces are carefully trimmed, and especially adapted to all sorts of fancy, art, and needlework. Many ladies sell tidies, fancy pillows, etc., at a great price made from these remnants. Order one sample subscription let new for only 35c. **Grand Offer:** If you order at once, we will give you several rich, bright and beautiful stamped satin pieces; each piece contains nine square inches and being stamped by hand with a graceful design for embroidery, is a big bargain. **Five Skeins Embroidery Silks Free.** In order to work your stamped satin and other pieces, we also send absolutely FREE, five skeins of elegant embroidery silk, all different bright colors. This silk is worth nearly the price we ask for the remnants; but we know if you ORDER ONE lot we will sell many in your locality, so make this liberal offer besides giving you a large and elegant piece of Plush. **BEST WAY.** We send ONE of the above complete assorted lots FREE as a reward to all who send 35 cents for 15-months subscription to "COMFORT," the best Home Monthly now published, and order to get you to advertise "COMFORT" and this big bargain to your friends and neighbors, we will send free with each package, our great book with Eight Full-Page Illustrations for ornamenting the seams of Crazy Patchwork, or for other ornamental work where Fancy Stitches are used, it has no equal. It shows how pieces for patchwork may be put together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join edges, etc. This book illustrates every one hundred and fifty of these, besides directions for taking ART EMBROIDERY STITCHES comprising the Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille Embroidery, Ribbon Work, Plush or Tufted Stitch, etc. It also tells how to do Kensington Painting. **REMEMBER** we send one big lot (over 100 pieces) 5 Skeins Remnants, the assorted stamped satin piece, 5 SKEINS Embroidery silk, plush, and a great book on embroidery together with 15-months subscription to "COMFORT," all for only 35 cents, or you may send two subscribers at 25c. each for 15 months and receive one lot free. Three lots and 15 mos. subscription, 65c.; five lots and subscription, for \$1.00. Address COMFORT, Silk Dept. 4, Augusta, Maine.



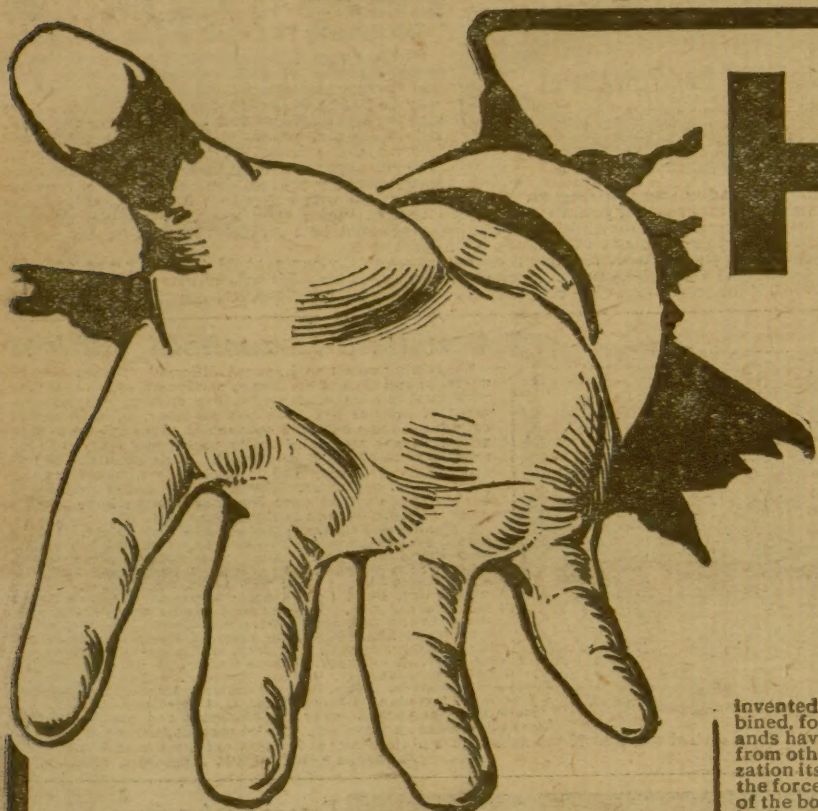
FREE This Beautiful Monogram Dinner Set of 42 Pieces

Each Piece Decorated with your Initial in Gold. Positively the Biggest and Finest Dinner Set ever Given Away as a Free Present. Any Lady Can Earn this Set in a Few Hours' Time.

This beautiful Monogram Dinner Set, full size, for family use, consisting of 42 pieces just as shown, is a present that will bring delight to the heart of any housewife and can be had absolutely free of charge for a few hours' easy, pleasant work among your neighbors and the people of your vicinity. This set is made of finest Parisian china, is a pure delicate white and decorated with wild rose design in colors, with the edges traced in gold. It is a set of dishes that you will be proud to own and put on your table and show your friends.

Your own initial in pure gold will be on every piece except the cups and saucers. The set consists of six large plates, six dessert plates, six large cups and saucers, six sauce or fruit dishes, six butter plates, two large vegetable dishes, one large platter, one cake plate, one bread plate, and one gravy bowl, making 42 separate pieces, positively the grandest array of dishes ever offered for this small amount of work.

Club Offer: For only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, for fifteen months we will present you with one of these beautiful Monogram 42-Piece Dinner Sets. The set will be carefully packed and shipped by freight upon receipt of the club order. Remember only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents for 15 months procure this Gold Decorated 42-Piece Initial Dinner Set. State what initial wanted when ordering. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



It is Yours!

No matter where you are, whether you are a man or woman, twenty years old or seventy, whether you live in the town or country, whether you are rich or poor, all you need do is *hold out your hand* for it. Give us the signal that you want it, say the word, and it will be sent right out to you, without a penny from you. If you need it, if you want to try it and see what it will do, if you are ill, poorly, weak or suffering, hold out your hand and get it—as thousands have done during the past three years. You don't need to write a long letter, don't need to fill out any tiresome blanks, don't need to send references, money or stamps. It is yours to try at our risk, *yours for the asking*, no matter who or where you are, if you will hold out your hand for it, so we will know you want it. We place it right in your hand, deliver it free at your door, and are glad to do it when you ask for it. But we cannot know you need it, cannot know you want it, unless you give us the word, and so we ask you to "Hold out your hand."

Clip the coupon, fill in your name and address, and we will send you a dollar box of Bodi-Tone without a penny from you.

This is how a quarter-million people have already tested Bodi-Tone, many from your own state and neighborhood, including thousands of the readers of *Comfort*, and *this is how we want you to try it*. We know Bodi-Tone, we know how quickly it acts in the body, how it makes its great power felt soon after you begin to use it, how it sends the glow of returning health into every nook and corner, and we want to prove it to you, absolutely at our own risk. If you are entirely satisfied when you see what the trial box of Bodi-Tone does for you, pay a dollar for it. Otherwise, that ends it. *We leave it all to you.* You have all to win and nothing to lose by trying Bodi-Tone in this way. You need not pay us a penny at any time unless you find Bodi-Tone all we claim for it, unless you find that it suits your own individual case and condition.

Bodi-Tone

does just what its name means—*cures disease by toning all the body*, and we want you to try a box at our risk and see what it will do for your body. Bodi-Tone is a small, round tablet, that is taken three times every day. Each box contains seventy-five of these tablets, enough for twenty-five days' use, and we send you the full box without a penny in advance, so that you can try this great remedy and learn what it is, so you can learn how it works in the body, how it *cures stubborn diseases* by helping nature to tone every organ of the body. Tonic is a little word, but it means a great deal, everything in health. When all the organs are doing their part, when each is acting in a perfectly natural way, when the energy, strength and power of resistance to disease are all at a natural point, then the body is in proper tone. When disease has attacked any part, when lack of vitality is found and felt, the tone of the entire physical body should be raised to the highest possible point, to make all the body help to cure and restore. This is the power which underlies all of Bodi-Tone's great work for the sick, this is the power it offers you to help you get new health and strength, new vigor and new vitality.

What it is

Bodi-Tone is not a patent medicine, for its ingredients are not a secret. It contains Iron Phosphate, Gentian, Lithia, Chinese Rhubarb, Peruvian Bark, Nux Vomica, Oregon Grape Root, Cascara, Capsicum, Sarsaparilla and Golden Seal. Such ingredients guarantee its merit and power in the body.

When you use Bodi-Tone you know just what you are using, know it is good and safe and know you are taking the kind of medicine to provide real help for the body. It is a pure medicine that satisfies the most exacting. It contains no narcotics or habit-forming drugs, nothing that your own family doctor will not endorse and say is a good thing. It does not depend on killing pain with cocaine, opium, morphine or other dangerous drugs. It does not excite the body with alcohol, but it tones the body and cures its disorders with remedies nature intended to tone and cure the body when that power was given them. Thus, Iron gives life and energy to the Blood, Sarsaparilla drives out its impurities, Phosphate and Nux Vomica create new nerve energy and force, Lithia aids in the Kidneys, Gentian does invaluable work for the Stomach and Digestive forces, Chinese Rhubarb and Oregon Grape Root promote vigorous Liver activity, Peruvian Bark raises the tone of the entire system, Golden Seal soothes the inflamed membranes and checks Catarrhal discharges, Cascara gives the Bowels new life in a natural way, and Capsicum makes all more valuable by bettering their absorption into the blood. *A remarkable combination that does wonderful work for health.*

All From Nature

Each one of these ingredients serves to assist, to help, to build upon the others work. Each adds a needed element from nature to the body. Each has its work to do and does it well. They are used because of this ability. We claim no credit for discovering the ingredients in Bodi-Tone, each of which has its own well-deserved place in the medical books of most of the civilized world. We simply claim the credit for the successful formula which we

invented, for the way in which these valuable ingredients are combined, for the proportions used, for the curative force which, thousands have found in Bodi-Tone, for the cures which make it different from other remedies. Most of these ingredients are as old as civilization itself, for the curative forces which Bodi-Tone ably uses are the forces which have always existed in nature for the restoration of the body's health. Many are regularly prescribed in some form by the medical profession for various diseases and irregular conditions, being used either separately or in combinations with such drugs as each doctor may favor, for there are wide differences of opinion among the doctors of various schools. The *exact combination used in Bodi-Tone* is what gives it the far-reaching and thorough curative and restorative power that makes possible the remarkable cures experienced by Bodi-Tone users, cures which prove the difference between Bodi-Tone and common remedies, cures which have won the gratitude of thousands.

Try It and See

If you are tired of ceaseless doctor bills and wearied of continual dosing without results, *you need Bodi-Tone right now*. If your local doctor has done you no real good, if you have given him a chance to do what he can and the ordinary medicinal combinations he used have failed, give this modern, scientific combination of special remedies a chance to show and prove what it can do for you. Its greatest triumphs have been among men and women with chronic ailments who had tried physicians and specialists at home and elsewhere without lasting benefit, and for this reason all chronic sufferers are invited to *try it at our risk*.

Bodi-Tone offers you its services if you are sick, if you need medicinal help, if your bodily organs are not acting as they should, if your body is not in right and natural tone. That is what Bodi-Tone is for—to restore health, vigor, vitality and strength by restoring tone to the body.

If there is anything wrong with your Kidneys, Bodi-Tone helps to restore tone to the Kidneys, helps to set them right. If there is anything wrong with your Stomach, Bodi-Tone helps to tone the Stomach, helps to set the wrong right. If there is anything wrong with your Nerves, your Blood, your Liver, your Bowels or your General System, the health-making ingredients in Bodi-Tone go right to work and keep on working day after day, exerting always a definite action that produces curative results of the kind sufferers appreciate. If you have Rheumatism, Bodi-Tone helps to eliminate the Uric Acid from the system while it restores tone to the Kidneys, Stomach and Blood, thereby preventing a continuance of Rheumatic poison and putting new activity into muscles, nerves and joints. Bodi-Tone should be used by all women suffering from any Female Ailment, for its toning properties have been found especially valuable in such ailments.

Old Folks

All elderly men and women need Bodi-Tone, even though they have no chronic ailment. Bodi-Tone acts as a vitalizer for the aged, helping to renew the blood, steady the nerves and promote a good appetite. It aids in digestion, elimination and other important functions and causes sound and refreshing sleep, which is so much needed by all old people. Its special action in the Kidneys is helpful to any elderly person, whether or not there be any known Kidney trouble. Repeated failures to get any real benefit from the ordinary medicines have caused many old folks, variously afflicted, to believe that all kinds of sickness and disease is a necessary part of old age, but the success of Bodi-Tone proves how good health may be enjoyed even during advanced years. We want to send a box of Bodi-Tone on trial to every elderly person to prove through Bodi-Tone that age is no barrier to health. We want to prove how it benefits the aged as well as the young, how it does good work in the body that has carried the weight of eighty years, the same as it does for the body at half that age. This trial offer is open to all "old folks" who are in poor health or suffering from the weaknesses and infirmities of old age. Thousands of elderly men and women have sent for Bodi-Tone on trial, without paying a penny, and found it put flesh on their bones, vigor in their minds, vim in their muscles, victory in their hearts and vitality in every vital function.

Only a Stamp

Why delay another day, when a trial of this proven medicine is yours for the asking. Why keep on suffering, when by filling in your name and address on the trial coupon and mailing it to us, you can get a full twenty-five days' trial treatment of this great remedy which has already restored thousands to health. It just costs a two-cent stamp, and you don't need to pay a single penny for the medicine unless Bodi-Tone benefits you. You have all to win and nothing to lose, no matter what your ailment may be, for such work as Bodi-Tone does in the body is of value in any chronic ailment.

Thousands of cures of Rheumatism, Stomach Trouble, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Ailments, Uric Acid Diseases, Female Troubles, Bowel, Blood and Skin Affections, Dropsy, Piles, Catarrh, Anemia, Sleeplessness, LaGrippe, Pains, General Weakness and Nervous Breakdown, have fully proven the power and great remedial value of Bodi-Tone.

Its history of success has proven beyond a shadow of doubt how the Bodi-Tone plan of *toning all the body* is a right plan that helps to cure these and other disorders, that it is a *real aid to nature*. Many who had for years been in poor health and had tried good doctors and most of all the prominent medicines, have found that *one single box of Bodi-Tone* did more good than all other treatments combined. It goes to the root in the body and cures because its work is rational and thorough, the only kind that makes cures permanent. Read the reports, showing how Bodi-Tone makes new life, health and strength, send for a box on trial at our risk and see if it will not prove the *right thing* for you.

Your Own Opinion Decides!

satisfies, nor to buy any medicine at any time. We leave it all to you—your opinion decides it. You will know if you feel better, if you are stronger, more vigorous and active, if your limbs and back do not pain you, if your stomach or kidneys do not trouble you, if your heart or liver does not bother you. You will surely know if your organs are acting better than they did before using Bodi-Tone, and if health is returning to your body. If you are not sure, don't pay. We don't ask for pay or dun you. You need not even report unless you wish. Your silence can be your answer. Can anything be fairer? We know Bodi-Tone and take all the risk, because we know we can depend on it to make fast friends and win hearts wherever it is used, by the way it cures, by the way it rebuilds wasted bodies, by the way it restores lost health, vitality and strength. None but a real curative medicine could be so offered. Send the coupon today for a trial box on these liberal conditions, and learn just what Bodi-Tone will do for you. ADDRESS US AS PRINTED IN THE COUPON.

Did More Than Three Specialists

CARTERS, GA.—I have been diseased for the last fifteen years with what the doctors called Catarrh of the Head, or Systemic Catarrh. Some called it one thing and some another. I had pains all through my body, in my Bowels, Stomach and Back, and my Heart would flutter and beat and smother so it appeared that I could not live. I had indigestion and Constipation, with blind spells. Everything I ate soured on my stomach before I would get through eating. It seemed that I could not stand it much longer. I tried all the doctors in my settlement and three specialists of Atlanta, Ga., and most of the patent medicines and drugs that I heard of, without any relief, until I got Bodi-Tone. By the time I had taken a treatment of Bodi-Tone I could eat anything I wanted, and there was not a pain in my body. Bodi-Tone has done more for me than all the doctors could do. I am seventy-five years old. My wife, who is in her seventy-fourth year, has also been greatly benefited by its use. J. F. PETTY.

Gall Stones Dragged Her Down

THOMASVILLE, COLO.—A year ago I gave birth to a baby girl who lived only a very short time, and I was sick and not able to work for six months. I tried three different doctors and got worse all the time. I had Liver and Kidney trouble and was ever so weak and nervous. I had no appetite and had such a hard feeling in my chest that I would have hard work to get my breath. I also had Gall Stones. My next-door neighbor came in one day and told me about Bodi-Tone, and wanted me to try it. I had taken only five or six doses when I felt so much better that I sent at once and got a treatment. I haven't taken anything since but Bodi-Tone, and it has brought me out of my trouble. I now do all my work for six in the family. I walk to our store and back without any trouble or fatigue, a distance of two miles. I am 42 years old. I recommend Bodi-Tone to all my friends. MRS. N. MOONEY.

Doctor Said He Had Bright's Disease

DANA, IND.—I doctored for four years for Bowel, Stomach Trouble and Rheumatism and gradually grew worse. One doctor told me at last that I had Bright's Disease and could not be cured; then I went to a specialist at Indianapolis. He doctored me for a long time and finally told me to go to the Springs at Martinsville, Ind. I did so and stayed there for some time, but no cure. I commenced taking Bodi-Tone ten months ago and went to work four days after I commenced its use. I am well now and weigh 200 pounds, for I am a large-boned man. I believe that I would have been under the ground if I had not taken Bodi-Tone. G. M. HILL.

Free from Pain at Eighty-One Years

GLEN ROSE, TEXAS.—I have been in poor health for thirty years, and at times it seemed I was afflicted with most every trouble flesh is heir to. I had Catarrh of the Head, Asthma, Stomach Trouble, My Liver was bad and Kidneys and Bladder were deranged. At times I would lay in a cold sweat for hours with Bilious Colic. I suffered in this way until a year ago, when I saw the Bodi-Tone trial offer, sent for a box and began to take it. I am now in my eighty-first year, and have been altogether free from pain and any distress since I took the first few boxes. Every body speaks about how well I have been this year, and all realize the great good Bodi-Tone has been to me. MRS. E. RAMFIELD.

Female Weakness for Five Years

FORT SILL, OKLA.—For five years I had been troubled with Female Weakness. I always had trouble during menstruation. I doctored all the time, but was only throwing my money away. I sent for a trial box of Bodi-Tone, which helped me so that I took two more. My periods became regular and my health was benefited generally. I always speak a good word for it. MRS. C. R. BODMAN.

Trial Coupon

Clipped from *Comfort*

**Bodi-Tone Company,
Hoynes & North Aves., Chicago.**

I have read your offer of a dollar box of Bodi-Tone on 25 days' trial and ask you to send me a box by return mail, postpaid. I will give it a fair trial and will send you \$1.00 promptly when I am sure it has benefited me. If it does not help me I will not pay one penny and will owe you nothing. Neither I nor any member of my family have ever used it.

Name _____

Town _____

State _____

St. or R. F. D. _____